



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1854.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

It is possible at length to head a few pages devoted to the record of Arctic discovery by the long-coveted phrase—the North-west passage. Not that such a passage has, in reality, been opened—that a British ship has as yet passed through from Pacific to Atlantic, or *vice versa*, by the Polar Seas; but that the fact of a sea-communication has been established to exist between the two; only it is blocked up by what appears to assume the form of almost permanent ice. As far, therefore, as the discovery of a passage for purposes of navigation is concerned, we are, in reality, no farther than when Mr. Kennedy, of the *Prince Albert*, (Lady Franklin's private Arctic Expedition,) discovered a passage leading from Prince Regent Inlet to the Western Sea, and the gallant and unfortunate Bellot gave his name to another. These were, as far as navigability is concerned, just as much north-west passages as the Prince of Wales' or Parry's Straits. For the north-west passage now determined is not at the western termination of Wellington or Queen's Chan-

nel, to which attention has been so much directed since Capt. Penny's discoveries, but where every common-sense man would have persevered in searching for it, in Parry's Strait, which is the westerly prolongation of Barrow's Strait.

Captain Sir Edward Parry, the discoverer of this strait, found it occupied by a fixed body of ice as far back as 1819. Since that time the way even to the strait has never been open to navigation. When the news first came to this country of the further exploration of Wellington Channel, and the discovery of a north-westerly passage also in that direction, as well also as by Jones's Sound, while granting all due importance to those discoveries, we still upheld the paramount importance of the acknowledged Arctic highway. Arrowsmith's map, then published, enabled us to say still more positively, that the opinions that we emitted of the insufficiency of the data obtained by Ommaney, Osborne, Browne, and McClintock, to determine whether or not Sir John Franklin was frozen up in westerly or south-westerly

ices, was further corroborated. We particularly insisted upon the fact, that the whole extent of country from Cape Walker and the most westerly shores explored by Captain Omanney to Banks's Land, had been left unexamined, and it is precisely in that region that Prince of Wales' Strait has been discovered. Our hopes then lay in the progress of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, which we said would, on their way from Behring's Straits to Parry Islands, have to cut through a portion of these unexplored regions. In April, 1852, we again repeated: "Our greatest hopes are, at the present moment, centred in the progress of Commander M'Clure and his party in her Majesty's ship *Investigator*, now frozen in somewhere between Behring's Straits and Melville Island." And so it has really turned out to be the case.

Curious enough, Lieutenant M'Clintock must have been with the sledge *Perseverance*, when he attained his extreme westerly point of 114 deg. 20 min., in lat 74. deg. 38 min., in May, 1851, within fifty-five geographical miles' distance of the Bay of Mercy, where the *Investigator* was frozen in in September of the same year. Capt. M'Clure and his party had to travel some 150 geographical miles, or more, before they could convey despatches from the Bay of Mercy, in Baring Island, to Winter Harbor, in Melville Island; but in reality some sixty geographical miles, from shore to shore, is all that remained to be passed over to establish the existence of this frozen-in "North-west Passage."

It will be remembered that the *Investigator* was last seen on the 6th of August, 1850, running to the north-eastward, with studsails set. It appears that she rounded Point Barrow, on the north coast of America, with great difficulty, and that the ship was also detained in its further progress along the same coast by thick weather, fogs, and contrary winds, in addition to the ordinary difficulties presented by shallow water, and the necessity of working to windward between the polar pack and the gradually-sloping shore. On the 21st of August, however, the *Investigator* made the Pelly Islands, off the river Mackenzie, and on the 24th, communicated with some Esquimaux a little to the westward of Point Warren, still on the coast of Arctic America.

The Esquimaux at this place are said to have shown great apprehension as to the object of the *Investigator's* visit, fearing, according to their own statements, that the ship had come to revenge the death of a white

man they had murdered some time ago. They related that some white men had come there in a boat, and that they built themselves a house, and lived there; at last the natives murdered one, and the others escaped they knew not where, but the murdered man was buried in a spot they pointed out. A thick fog coming on, prevented Captain M'Clure examining this locality, which is much to be regretted, as this is just the point that a boat's party from the expedition under Sir John Franklin, who was intimate with the geography of the coast of Arctic America, from his overland expedition in 1819, would—supposing the *Erebus* and *Terror* to have been wrecked in the intricate passage of the archipelago south-west of Cape Walker, or in the pack west of Baring Island—have sought to gain the Mackenzie, and which presented to them the most favorable—indeed, under their circumstances, almost the only route by which they could hope to reach the settlements of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. This notice, then, of the destruction and dispersion of a party of white men who came there in a boat, now some time back, obtains, in the absence of all other clue to the fate of our gallant countrymen, a very deep and melancholy interest. Capt. M'Clure, for reasons which do not appear in the information as yet conveyed to us, does not attach any importance to the circumstance here alluded to; for, after visiting another party of Esquimaux at Cape Bathurst, on the same coast, he says: "We now took our final leave of the Esquimaux upon the American coast, fully convinced that neither the ships nor any of the crew of Sir John Franklin's expedition have ever reached their shores." It would certainly appear strange, if such had been the case, that neither Sir John Richardson, nor the boat parties under Captains Pullen and Hooper, should have heard any thing about it. Still it is to be hoped that Dr. Rae's attention will be called to the fact, to which it is evident Captain Inglefield attaches more interest than Captain M'Clure.

On the 6th of September, being to the northward of Cape Parry, the next most remarkable cape of Arctic America, east of Cape Bathurst, they discovered some high land, upon which they landed the ensuing day, naming it Baring Island. On the 9th they discovered more land, which they named Prince Albert's Land, and which is said to be the westerly prolongation of Wollaston and Victoria Lands. The northern part of Baring Island also corresponds to Banks'

Land of the arctic explorers from the east. This multiplication of names appears, therefore, very unnecessary; Prince Albert's Land being part of Wollaston Land, and Baring Island part of Banks' Land. Baring Island is separated from Prince Albert Land by a strait which was called Prince of Wales' Strait, and which Captain McClure satisfied himself, by travelling parties, communicated with Barrow's Strait, thus establishing the existence of a north-west passage (when free from ice) in that direction.

Prince Albert's Land was found to be inhabited, in its southern portions, by a primitive people, described as being of quiet, simple, and inoffensive habits. They had never seen white men before, and were at first naturally much alarmed. There were also musk oxen, five of which formed a welcome addition to the stock of the *Investigator*.

The ice did not break up till the 14th of July, 1851, when the ship was allowed to drift with the pack towards Parry's or Barrow's Straits till August 14th, when, having attained lat. 73 deg. 14 min. 19 sec., long. 115 deg. 30 min. 30 sec., or a distance of only fifteen miles from the previously-discovered entrance to Parry's or Barrow's Straits, (the said entrance being in lat. 73 deg. 30 min. north, long. 114 deg. 14 min. west, and according to the map attached to the Parliamentary Blue Book printed in 1852, forty-five miles distant from the nearest coast of Melville Island, which is therefore the width of Parry's Strait at that point,) their farther progress was unfortunately arrested by a north-east wind setting in, which set large masses of ice to the southward, and carried them back with them. Had the *Investigator* been supplied with a screw-propeller, it is possible she might have confronted this difficulty, and have effected the north-west passage, and been in England in 1851.

Thus driven back, however, Capt. McClure bore up to the southward of Baring Island, and ran up with clear water as far as to lat. 74 deg. 27 min. N., long. 122 deg. 32 min. 15 sec. W., within a mile of the coast the whole distance, when his progress was impeded by ice resting upon the shore, and the ship was at the same time in great danger of being crushed or driven on shore by the ice coming in with a heavy pressure from the Polar Sea. The *Investigator* was detained by these difficulties from the 20th of August to the 19th of September, or a month within a day, when, observing clear water along shore to the eastward, she was cast off from a large grounded floe to which she had been

secured, and worked in that direction, with occasional obstructions from ice and mud banks, and several narrow escapes from the stupendous polar ice, till the 24th of September, when, being in lat. 74 deg. 6 min. N., and long. 117 deg. 54 min. W., or fifty-five miles from the nearest shores of Melville Island, and at or near the entrance to Parry's Strait, they observed the said strait to be full of ice, large masses of which were setting down towards them. So, finding a well-sheltered spot upon the south side of a shoal upon which they had grounded the night before, and which was protected from the heavy ice by the projection of the reef, they ran in and anchored in four fathoms. That very same night they were frozen in, and the *Investigator* has remained ever since in the same spot, which has very appropriately been designated by its gallant commander the BAY OF MERCY.

Baring Island, or Banks' Land, was luckily found to abound in rein-deer and hares, which remained the entire winter, and the officers and crew were enabled to add upwards of 4000 lbs. to their stock of provisions during their first year's detention. Captain McClure states that in these latitudes a ship stands no chance of getting to the westward by entering the Polar Sea, the wind being contrary and the pack impenetrable; but this does not apply to higher latitudes, supposing Sir John Franklin's expedition to have gone to the westward by Queen's Channel. Prince of Wales' Strait he conceives to be more practicable, but that apparently only to ships going westward or south-westward.

A party, consisting of Captain McClure, Mr. Court, second master, and six others, went over the ice in April, 1852, to Winter Harbor, Melville Island, where they deposited a record of their proceedings up to that time. This despatch was discovered by a party from the *Resolute*, Captain Kellett, which wintered the same year at Dealy Island, Melville Island; and as far as we can make out, the gallant Lieutenant Pim, the same who proposed the Siberian expedition of succor, was despatched at once to communicate with their long-lost, frozen-in countrymen.

The account of Lieutenant Pim's arrival at the Bay of Mercy, as given by Captain Kellett in a private letter, is one of the most affecting incidents that has yet sprung out of the Arctic expedition. There is only one other possible event of a similar kind that could exceed it in that respect.

McClure and his first-lieutenant were walk-

ing on the ice. Seeing a person coming very fast towards them, they supposed that it was one of their party being chased by a bear. They accordingly walked towards him, but had not got above a hundred yards when they could see by his proportions that he was not one of them. Pim was at this time throwing up his hands and hallooing out, his face being described as appearing as black as his hat—we must suppose from running and excitement.

At length Pim reached the two lonely strollers, quite beside himself; and yet under the circumstances he exhibited an amusing specimen of naval etiquette, still more amusing if we consider the position of the parties, two of them ice-imprisoned for two long winters, the third coming over the desolate ice from no one knew where. "Who are you, and where do you come from?" inquired Captain M'Clure. "Lieutenant Pim, *Herald*, Captain Kellett," was the answer stammered out by the happy sailor. "This was," says Captain Kellett, "more inexplicable to M'Clure, as I was the last person he shook hands with in Behring's Straits." He at length found that this solitary stranger was a true Englishman—"an angel of light." The arrival of a stranger had also by this time been made out by the ship's crew, and the news had spread like lightning. There being only one hatchway open, the men got fairly jammed in their attempts to get up one before the other. Strength and health suddenly returned to the sick, who are described as jumping out of their hammocks; every one forgot his previous despondency; "in fact, all was changed on board the *Investigator*!"

It does not appear why Lieutenant Pim should have been "a solitary stranger." It is not likely that, however adventurously disposed, Captain Kellett would have let him start on foot a journey of some hundred miles over the ice alone. We must suppose that he ran on in advance of his sledge party.

This opportune and welcome visit was soon returned by Captain M'Clure, and Captain Kellett describes the arrival of his gallant friend with delightful enthusiasm:

"This is really a red-letter day in our voyage, and shall be kept as a holiday by our heirs and successors for ever. At nine o'clock of this day (April 19th, 1853) our look-out man made the signal for a party coming in from the westward; all went out to meet them and assist them in. A second party was then seen. Dr. Domville was the

first party I met. I cannot describe my feelings when he told me that Captain M'Clure was among the next party. I was not long in reaching him, and giving him many hearty shakes—no purer were ever given by two men in this world. M'Clure looks well, but is very hungry."

No wonder! He had, at the time Lieutenant Pim arrived at the Bay of Mercy, thirty men and three officers, fully prepared to leave for the dépôt at Point Spencer. "What a disappointment," says Captain Kellett, "it would have been to go there and find the miserable *Mary* yacht with four or five casks of provisions, instead of a fine dépôt!"

Another party of seven men were to have gone by the river Mackenzie, with a request to the Admiralty to send out a ship to meet them at Point Leopold in 1854. Captain Kellett adds, he had ordered the thirty men over to the *Resolute*. The captain had also sent his surgeon to report upon the health of the crew. He had further desired that, should there not be among them twenty men who would volunteer to remain another winter, Captain M'Clure was to desert his vessel. Lieutenant Cresswell, of the *Investigator*, has returned to England with Captain Inglefield, of the *Phanix*, who brought home the news we now transcribe.

According to a letter written on board the *Investigator*, and dated April 10th, 1853, Captain M'Clure states it to be his intention, should the ice break up in the Bay of Mercy sufficiently early to permit of his getting through Parry's Strait this season, to push forward at once; but if the ice does not permit this, he still hopes that it will break up sufficiently to enable him to take the ship to Port Leopold in Barrow's Strait, and complete a twelvemonth's provisions, and he will then risk wintering in the pack, or getting through, in preference to remaining at that port.

If, however, the *Investigator* should not be able to get out of the Bay of Mercy, it was his intention to leave towards the end of April, 1854, and make for Port Leopold, where there is a good boat, a house, and supplies; and with this he would try to make the whalers in Pond's or Baffin's Bays. But it is evident that the Admiralty will not allow our gallant countrymen to be driven to such extremities. If the *Investigator* cannot get out the present season, parties can supply the crew with provisions from Sir Edward Belcher's squadron; and by leaving one or more vessels in Barrow's Strait to

insure the safe return of the crew, they could remain on board the *Investigator* till another chance presented itself for the liberation of the ship in the summer of 1854; and such chance failing, the officers and men could then desert the vessel, and reach a ship in Barrow's Strait in time to get to England the same season. It may also be a matter of consideration with the Admiralty, whether it may not be worth while to re-man and re-provision the *Investigator*, to find her way back the same way she came.

Hope is said to live upon less than will sustain any thing else; but there are very few grounds for expecting that the *Investigator* will be saved by getting through Parry's Strait. When discovered by the distinguished navigator whose name, as the westerly prolongation of Barrow's Strait, it justly bears, it was blocked up by a fixed body of ice, and excepting in sledge parties, not one of the numerous expeditions of succor has since been able to get even so far westward as Captain Parry did. Captain McClure has now arrived and knocked at the same icy gate, but from an opposite direction—from the eastward.

When the *Investigator* got so far as it has, it must, as in Sir Edward Parry's instance, have been under the auspices of an unusual open season, as is shown by its being frozen in ever since; yet, on this occasion, Parry's Strait, when approached by Prince of Wales' Strait, and by the west shores of Baring Island, was apparently as permanently frozen up as on all former occasions. What, therefore, but the most unreasonable hopes can we entertain that that strait will be opened in 1853 or 1854, which has never, that we are aware of, been seen open since first discovered in 1819?

If the results of recent Arctic exploration—however anxious we may be for the fate of those engaged in them—have been of a brilliant description as far as geographical discovery is concerned in the south-west and west, they have not been less so in a north-easterly direction.

Sir Edward Belcher quitted Beechy Island on the 14th of August, and steamed direct up Wellington Channel, determined to have nothing to do with any land which could have been seen and named by Penny's people. He thus pushed on direct for Cape Beecher, which he reached about midnight of the 16th, and leaving a *caché* at that point, he at once proceeded to the extreme land called Cape Sir John Franklin by Captain Penny, but which he designated as Mount Percy,

calling the territory "Northumberland of North Britain," and the "islet-covered sea" beneath him, "Northumberland Sound." And here, in lat. 76 deg. 52 min. north, long. 97 deg. west, the *Assistance* passed the winter of 1852-53. The warrant for this change of names was found in the fact that this land was quite differently disposed, and in a totally different latitude and longitude to what has been described by the bold pioneer, but not very scientific explorer, Penny. From this point Sir Edward Belcher could see Cape Lady Franklin, Captain Penny's extreme point westward; but as he had reached the extreme land north of Cape Beecher, he transposed the name of Sir John Franklin from where it stands on the chart in the Blue Book to the foot of Mount Percy, giving to an island next to him the name of Point Sophia, from the same map. Sir Edward Belcher considered himself as wintering in the Polar Sea, which he adds is probably composed of a great archipelago of islets and sand-banks—a rather hasty deduction.

The ship being frozen in, boat and sledge parties were at once set to work. One started under Sir Edward Belcher, another under Commander Richards, and a third under Lieutenant Osborne. On the 25th of August Sir Edward Belcher describes himself as landing on a low point, where the coast suddenly turned to the eastward, and discovering the remains of several well-built Esquimaux houses, not simply circles of small stones, but two lines of well-laid wall in excavated ground, filled in between by about two feet of fine gravel, well paved, and withal presenting the appearance of great care—"more, indeed," adds Sir Edward, "than I am willing to attribute to the rude inhabitants, or migrating Esquimaux." What is meant to be conveyed by this? If the impression was that these were traces similar to what were found at Beechy Island, why not say so? but if so, some fragments of European art would also have been inevitably found. Coal was discovered in this neighborhood, and bones of deer, walrus, seals, &c., were strewed around.

On the evening of the 27th of August, Sir Edward Belcher took possession of a large island, which he named Exmouth Island, and its summit Milne Peak, in lat. 77 deg. 15 min. north, that is to say, northward of any thing discovered by Captain Penny. From hence he navigated with great danger to land still farther north, in lat. 77 deg. 33 min., long. about 97 deg., and which he named North Cornwall. This was the ex-

treme point reached upon this occasion; and the party returned to the ship on the 8th of September, having been absent sixteen days.

In a subsequent despatch, dated Beechey Island, July 26, 1853, Sir Edward Belcher, who had before given it as his opinion that the so-called Smith and Jones's Sounds were connected with the sea he was then exploring, describes himself as having discovered the outlet of the latter in about lat. 76 deg. 30 min., and 90 deg. west long., the Polar Sea open, and extending as far as the eye could reach. This was on the 26th of May. A despatch of Sir Edward Belcher's, written in the month of April, has not appeared, and thus renders it difficult to follow the gallant officer's proceedings between the winter of 1852 and the spring of 1853; but it appears from this last despatch that he named other portions of the region around him, Prince Alfred Bay and Princess Royal Island, and that he discovered a whole group of islands in the very high latitude of 78 deg. 10 min. which he called Victoria Archipelago. The easternmost of these islands, which is said to form the channel to Jones's Strait, he called North Kent, in honor of his Royal Highness the late Duke. The Victoria Archipelago is therefore the most northerly land known, as Victoria Land is the most southerly; and the limits of *Queen Victoria's dominions have now been made to extend very nearly indeed from pole to pole!*

Sir Edward Belcher returned to his ship from this remarkable expedition on the 22d of June, after an absence of fifty-two days. Commander Richards had, in the same interval, crossed from the Polar Sea to Melville Island, exploring in his way Sabine Island and Hecla and Griper Gulf, and determining the connection of Byam Martin Channel with the Polar Sea. Lieutenant Osborne was exploring the coast of the Polar Sea at the same time, on its western side.

The *North Star*, Captain Pullen, passed the winter of 1852-53 on Beechey Island, in a most dangerous position. She was driven on shore by a violent gale, and remained there the whole winter, and was only got off last spring; luckily, it is said, without much difficulty or damage.

As late as the month of August, this year, M. Bellot having volunteered to lead a small party with despatches for Sir Edward Belcher, that gallant officer left the *North Star* with four men, a sledge, and an India-rubber boat, the ice being at the same time still heavy in Wellington Channel. A sudden and unfore-

seen disruption of the ice took place, however, very soon after the departure of the party, and on the third day they came to open water, supposed to be off Cape Grinnell. M. Bellot tried to fetch land twice in the India-rubber boat, but without success. William Harvey, the boatswain's mate, and William Madden, A.B., were more successful, taking a line with them in order to establish a communication with the shore. By this means three loads were landed from the sledge, when unfortunately the ice began to break up, moving from the shore, and M. Bellot, two men, and the boat and sledge, were drifted rapidly away. The men left on the floe with M. Bellot were Johnson and Hook. Johnson's account of what followed, under such fearful circumstances, must be given in his own words:

"We commenced trying to draw the boat and sledge to the southward, but found the ice driving so fast, we left the sledge and took the boat only; but the wind was so strong at the time that it blew the boat over and over. We then took the boat with us under shelter of a piece of ice, and M. Bellot and ourselves commenced cutting an ice-house with our knives for shelter. M. Bellot sat for half an hour in conversation with us, talking on the danger of our position. I told him I was not afraid, and that the American expedition were driven up and down this channel by the ice. He replied, 'I know they were; and when the Lord protects us, not a hair of our heads shall be touched.' I then asked M. Bellot what time it was. He said, 'About a quarter-past eight A.M.' (Thursday the 18th); and then lashed up his books, and said he would go and see how the ice was driving. He had only been gone about four minutes when I went round the same hummock under which we were sheltered to look for him, but could not see him, and on returning to our shelter saw his stick on the opposite side of a crack about five fathoms wide, and the ice all breaking up. I then called out, 'Mr. Bellot!' but no answer; (at this time blowing very heavy.) After this I again searched round, but could see nothing of him. I believe that when he got from the shelter the wind blew him into the crack, and his south-wester being tied down, he could not rise. Finding there was no hope of again seeing Lieutenant Bellot, I said to Hook, 'I'm not afraid; I know the Lord will always sustain us.' We commenced travelling to try to get to Cape de Haven, or Port Phillips; and when we got within two miles of Cape de Haven, could not get on shore, and returned for this side, endeavoring to get to the southward, as the ice was driving to the northward. We were that night and the following day in coming across, and came into the land on the eastern shore, a long way to the northward of the place where we were driven off. We got into the land at what Lieutenant Bellot told us was Point Hogarth." (?)

In answer to a question as to how the survivors got on shore, Johnson replied :

"In drifting up the straits towards the Polar Sea, we saw an iceberg lying close to the shore, and found it on the ground. We succeeded in getting on it, and remained for six hours. I said to David Hook, 'Don't be afraid : we must make a boat of a piece of ice. Accordingly we got on to a piece passing, and I had a paddle belonging to the India-rubber boat. On being asked what became of the india-rubber boat, he replied, "It was left where Lieutenant Bellot was lost. By this piece of drift-ice we managed to reach the shore, and then proceeded to where the accident happened. We reached it on Friday. Could not find our ship-mates, or any provisions. We then went on for Cape Bowden, and reached it on Friday night. We found Harvey and Madden there. They told us they were going to the ship with the mail-bag. We rested that night in a miserable state, and in the morning got some bread and pemmican out of the *caché*, and after we had refreshed ourselves, proceeded to the ship."

Thus it was that M. Bellot—who had endeared himself to every member of the Arctic expedition by his zeal, his gallantry, and his cheerfulness, and more especially to the officers and crew of the *North Star*, who had most of them served with him under the extraordinary difficulties which accompanied the exploring expedition of the *Prince Albert*, previously detailed in these pages—was lost to his country and to Europe. It is by such united labors in the cause of humanity that the cause of general peace and civilization is best served. The men looked up to M. Bellot, although a foreigner, as a man they were always ready to follow ; and such an example of mutual confidence and friendly union ought never to be forgot by both nations.

The *Phanix*, Captain Inglefield, which has happily reached our own shores, had also its share of disasters. Being with its consort, the *Breadalbane*, off Cape Riley, on the 20th of August—a day which is noticed by Captain Pullen, of the *North Star*, lying at the time off Beechey Island, as one of exceeding boisterousness—the ice closing obliged both ships to quit the cape before midnight, and, endeavoring to push the ships into a bight in the land floe, the *Phanix* touched the ground, but came off again immediately, without damage. The whole night was spent in struggling to get the ships into a place of security, but the ice drove both vessels fast to the westward, when, at 3.30 A.M. of the 21st of August, the ice closing all round, both vessels were secured to a floe edge, but with steam ready to push through the instant the ice should loosen.

Shortly, however, a rapid run of the outer floe to the westward placed the *Phanix* in the most perilous position. Captain Inglefield ordered the hands to be turned up, not that aught could be done, but to be ready, in case of the worst, to provide for their safety ; the ice, however, easing off, having severely nipped this vessel, passed astern to the *Breadalbane*, which ship either received the pressure less favorably, or was less equal to the emergency, for it passed through her starboard bow, and in less than fifteen minutes she sank in thirty fathoms of water, giving the people barely time to save themselves, and leaving the wreck of a boat only to mark the spot where the ice had closed over her. Anticipating such a catastrophe, Captain Inglefield says he got over the stern of the *Phanix* as soon as the transport was struck, and was beside her when she filled ; and he unhesitatingly states that no human power could have saved her. Fortunately nearly the whole of the Government stores had been landed.

Having taken on board the shipwrecked crew, every precaution was used with regard to the safety of her Majesty's steam-vessel ; but it was not till the morning of the 22d of August that they succeeded in getting her to a safe position in Erebus and Terror Bay, where the ship was again secured to the land floe.

Captain Inglefield describes himself as having obtained information on his way home of the existence of a most productive coal-mine, at a distance of twenty-five miles from the Danish settlement of Lively Disco. The importance of such a discovery cannot be over-estimated. With this we must conclude our notice of these recent brilliant discoveries ; but we shall wait for further details, more especially in connection with the fate of her Majesty's ships *Enterprise*, Captain Collinson, and the *Investigator* and its gallant crew, with anxious interest. As it is, the record of the doings of the latter, and of the privations of her crew, as well as of the explorations of Sir Edward Belcher and his assistants, will add some most remarkable and heart-stirring pages to the now long annals of progress in Arctic discovery and research. Alas, that we cannot also say of succor to the long-lost expedition ! All the chances are increased by the negative results obtained by Captain McClure, that that expedition entered into the Polar Sea by Wellington Channel ; and the habitations discovered on the shores of that sea by Sir Edward Belcher might possibly turn out to be a continuation of the traces discovered at Beechey Island.

From Hogg's Instructor.

HUGH MILLER.

HUGH MILLER is a good specimen of the self-asserting, self-educating, individual man of the nineteenth century: old Time will say to the centuries yet to come, It was in the nineteenth century I began to produce Hugh Millers. Other ages, indeed, produced such, but it was exceptionally; the man who rests on the basis of his manhood, independent, yet not alone—in the isolation of freedom, yet in the union of sympathy—is, as distinguished from the man of other times—from the feudal man, for instance,—characteristic of the nineteenth century. Arnold held that the very idea of chivalry was false and dishonoring: it merged, he would have said, individual inferiority and individual superiority in the recognized transmitted inferiority of one class, and the recognized transmitted superiority of another; it destroyed, on the one hand, the strength and nobleness of individual manhood—on the other, the majesty of law. Arnold possessed not a sufficient power of what we may call dramatic sympathy—of that sympathy which made Shakspeare a citizen of every realm, and an inmate, one might say, of every heart—to enable him fully to appreciate and heartily admire chivalry, as playing its part and performing its task in the course and evolution of human history; yet his profound conviction that the Christian idea of man is in essence different from, and nobler than, that of chivalry, and the proclamation and protest of his life, that the latter should now be swept into the darkness of the past, were worthy of the practical Christian philosopher, and the wide-awake modern man. We are far enough yet from a society constituted on the Christian idea; but the feudal idea of transmitted inferiority and superiority of classes we have left behind us; and in whatever form its reëstablishment is proposed, whether social or ecclesiastical, such proposal deserves not so much as a hearing from men. A man for the future must stand or fall by what he is in himself. Even within sixty years, we have made considerable advances here. There was something of

the luxury of a proud condescension in the reception of Burns by Edinburgh grandiosity, at the close of last century; a certain self-satisfied complacency in the smiling, as if it was peculiarly beautiful and praiseworthy in such fine and lofty people to encourage the really entertaining and talented ploughman—a certain patronage of their king. Alexander Smith, whose origin seems to have been about as humble as that of Burns, and who has come only some sixty years after him, finds a strong figure in the loathing with which he would spurn “a rich man’s dole,” whether, doubtless, of condescending patronage or of hard cash; Tennyson, whose poems breathe the spirit of the most refined and cultured society, yet sees that chivalry is in the past—

“Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heaven above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.”

The duke who would come condescendingly to patronize Hugh Miller, and honor him by taking his hand, would be simply laughed at. Whatever our faults and failings at present, we will maintain against all comers, that, in our poor century, a man’s worth is surer of recognition, a man stands more firmly and more independently on the pedestal of his individuality, than was ever the case before. And no man is in this more boldly or definitely characteristic of his time than Hugh Miller; in the firm, deliberate planting of his heavy step, in the quiet, wide-open determination of his eye, in the unagitated, unaffected, self-relying dignity of his whole gait and deportment, we see the man who feels that, whatever his origin, he may, without pride or presumption, measure himself simply by the nineteenth century standard—the manhood—and so look every one, of what station soever, fairly in the face.

Hugh Miller, too, is peculiarly of the nineteenth century in his education: in his culture and attainment, he embodies certain

facts that prominently characterize our era. Thomas Carlyle enunciates what may in general terms be styled the modern formula of education in these words:—"The grand result of schooling is a mind with just vision to discern, with free force to do: the grand schoolmaster is Practice." In education, the error which of all others is always and indubitably fatal, is to lose sight of the great time-current—to miss, as has been said, the time of day; to sit, for instance, in solemn conclave in the mystic atmosphere of the Past, and there, while the Present is sweeping by on his fire-steeds, their white manes streaming in the wind, evoke some talismanic formula like that of Apostolic Succession, some troubled ghost like Puseyism, to regenerate the world. This is contrary to the genius of the time; its hour has struck, however long its destruction may be deferred; the present and the practical are the watch-words of our century. Let it not be imagined that we undervalue the study and the understanding of the past: we know that every thing done in the past ages has been done for the man who can now seize and use it; we deem the past a great, ever-ascending pyramid, to which every generation has added a layer or stratum, and from the top of which each generation, as it emerges into the light of the present, may see farther than its predecessors; we merely expose the error of entering that pyramid, to grope among its mummies and hieroglyphs in the ancient darkness, without again emerging, and making it a station of prospect. Hugh Miller's education is of the nineteenth century, in that it has been almost entirely that of practice, using the word in a wide sense; what he knows of books, he has obtained from no teachers save a strong sympathy, and a strong faculty, and a large capacity; what he knows of action and of men, he has gained in the quarry, and the bank, and the printing-office, and the general jostling of existence; what he knows of the world beneath him, the empire of physical science, he has gained mainly by a most piercing eye, and a most curious brain, that prompted him to look, and enabled him to see, and fitted him to remember. This is the culture which has made him what he is, both as a man of science, and as a practical guide, and, so far, governor, among men. In each of these capacities we shall briefly survey him.

An intensely acute, yet comprehensive and uniting faculty of observation, is the first grand mental characteristic of Hugh Miller: the second is a warm and keen sympathy,

which, be it observed, demanded always that, as it were, its eyes should be open, that it should see what it was about. These two, nurtured and disciplined by many and varied influences, explain his intellectual attainments and achievements; they show us also their limit: we consider it unnecessary to give separate prominence to his imagination, deeming it, as we do, of subordinate importance in his mind, and requiring, to explain the facts of the case, no more than a clear, calm, open eye, and a large, warm heart. It was the first which fitted him to be the explorer of the old red sandstone; it was the second, characterized as it is, which prevented its mastering the language of antiquity: in their union and modification they have made him what he is both in science and in action. Our first glance shall be directed to his scientific capacity.

In the autobiographic work which he is at present publishing, and of which we shall have a word or two to say ere we conclude, we meet with the following telling little glimpse into his childish life:—

"I have my golden memories, too, of splendid toys that he [his father] used to bring home with him—among the rest, of a magnificent four-wheeled wagon of painted tin, drawn by four wooden horses, and a string; and of getting it into a quiet corner, immediately on its being delivered over to me, and there breaking up every wheel and horse, and the vehicle itself, into their original bits, until not two of the pieces were left sticking together; further, I still remember my disappointment at not finding something curious within at least the horses and the wheels," &c.

Here was certainly a young man of scientific curiosity; precisely the same curiosity which sent him to dissect his wooden horses impelled him, in other years, to search for the pterichthys and coelocosteus, and lighted his eye with inquisitive wonder, when first he struck open their stony tombs.

In the "Old Red Sandstone," we have an account of his first determining attraction to geology, and, as the passage is remarkably characteristic, we shall quote a large part of it. His life as a mason had commenced on the day previous to that of which he speaks:

"All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore. There was not a wrinkle on the water, nor a cloud in the sky, and the branches were as moveless in the calm as if they had been traced on canvas. Ben Wyvis rose to the west, white with the yet unwasted snows of winter, and as sharply defined in the clear atmosphere as

if all its sunny slopes and blue retiring hollows had been chiselled in marble. A line of snow ran along the opposite hills; all above was white, and all below was purple. . . . I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it. The gunpowder had loosened a large mass in one of the inferior strata, and our first employment, on resuming our labors, was to raise it from its bed. I assisted the other workmen in placing it on edge, and was much struck by the appearance of the platform on which it had rested. The entire surface was ridged and furrowed like a bank of sand that had been left by the tide an hour before. I could trace every bend and curvature, every cross hollow and counter ridge of the corresponding phenomenon; for the resemblance was no half resemblance—it was the thing itself, and I had observed it a hundred and a hundred times when sailing my little schooner in the shallows left by the ebb. But what had become of the waves that had thus fretted the solid rock, or of what element had they been composed? I felt as completely at fault as Robinson Crusoe did on his discovering the print of a man's foot on the sand. The evening furnished me with still further cause of wonder. We raised another block in a different part of the quarry, and found that the area of a circular depression in the stratum below was broken and flawed in every direction, as if it had been the bottom of a pool recently dried up, which had shrunk and split in the hardening. Several large stones came rolling down from the diluvium in the course of the afternoon. They were of different qualities from the sandstone below, and from one another; and what was more wonderful still, they were all rounded and water-worn as if they had been tossed about in the sea, or the bed of a river, for hundreds of years. There could not, surely, be a more conclusive proof that the bank which had enclosed them so long could not have been created on the rock on which it rested. No workman ever manufactures a half-worn article, and the stones were all half worn! And if not the bank, why, then, the sandstone underneath? I was lost in conjecture, and found that I had food enough for thought that evening, without once thinking of the unhappiness of a life of labor."

Such was the commencement; this was the course, so to speak, of study:—

"My curiosity, once fully awakened, remained awake, and my opportunities of gratifying it have been tolerably ample. I have been an explorer of caves and ravines—a loiterer along sea-shores—a climber among rocks—a laborer in quarries. My profession was a wandering one. I remember passing direct, on one occasion, from the wild western coast of Ross-shire, where the old red sandstone leans at a high angle against the prevailing quartz rock of the district, to where, on the southern skirts of Mid-Lothian, the mountain limestone rises amid the coal. I have resided one season on a raised beach of the Moray Frith. I

have spent the season immediately following amid the ancient granites and contorted schists of the central Highlands. In the north I have laid open by thousands the shells and lignites of the oolite; in the south I have disinterred from their matrices of stone or of shell the huge reeds and tree ferns of the carboniferous period."

That company of quarrymen on the banks of the Cromarty Frith, on that fine spring morning, had been a sight worth seeing. Nothing, probably, would have struck us as we marked the group going out in the morning; nothing would have arrested our attention in the somewhat lank, bushy-headed, quiet-looking lad, who worked hard, but who seemed somewhat of a novice, as we watched them at their toil: but when we observed, at the hour of noon, that while the others went to lounge, or smoke, or doze, this young man found his rest and pleasure in gazing upon that sublime panorama, where, in the west, the proud Wyvis presides among the mountains, and the glassy frith lies lake-like at his feet, reminding us of the fine lines in which an American poet describes a great mountain, that looks down in the pride of a monarch—

"While far below the lake in bridal rest
Sleeps with his glorious picture on her breast;"—

when we observed that his eye brightened with the glow of pure delight, and continued to rest on the scene until every feature was pencilled out and hung in the hall of memory, we might have begun to suspect that there was something unusual in this mason; we might have begun to surmise that nature had twined around his heart some of those finer threads of sympathy which draw her favored child away from the crowd to her own breast: we might have ventured to predict that the man before us would not die in his present capacity. And then, when we returned with him to the quarry, and noted that, while the others who toiled with him, as they turned up stone after stone, found no sermons therein for them, and felt no questionings arise in their minds, his eyes kindled with the quick, piercing gleam of curiosity, and he could not resist the impulse to question, and examine, and infer; we might again have ventured to affirm, that nature had here a son who would one day know her well, and perhaps reveal her to men.

We of course cannot follow Hugh Miller through the various geologic provinces which he has conquered and shaped into an empire for himself, and from which, as from a citadel,

in the eyes of all the world, floats the banner of his fame. This last is too simply a fact and too little a metaphor to require any proof. He is recognized by all as a very successful explorer in a field formerly little known; he takes a broad philosophic glance over the whole domain of geology; and the engaging clearness and beauty of his description have made his peculiar field a special favorite with geologists. To detail his discoveries were inconsistent with the limits of this paper; but the style in which he has given them to the world, as characteristic of the man and the time, demand notice.

Dr. Buckland has complimented Hugh Miller's style in terms that must astonish, from their unmeasured enthusiasm:—"He," we are informed by himself, "would give his left hand to possess such powers of description as this man," and, recollecting the staid and prosaic habits of professors in general, we cannot but feel that he must have been very much struck indeed. The scientific doctor had certainly reason, although perhaps not quite sufficient measure, in his avowal. Hugh Miller's style is one of very rare excellence. Easy, fluent, and expressive, it adapts itself like a silken shawl to every swell, and motion, and waving curve of his subject; it is graphic yet not extravagant, strong without vociferation, measured yet not formal; it is the soft flow and easy cadence which marked the best distinctive styles of the eighteenth century, stubborned with a little of the sterner music of the nineteenth.

It is not, however, one of the styles which are our first-class favorites. We must confess that we cannot echo the almost universally-received canon of English style, that it should be extremely Saxon; we rather hold that the Saxon may be trusted pretty generally to take care of itself; and that mass, and majesty, and power, and deep rhythmic cadence are generally secured by an infusion of the Latin element. The grandest prose styles in the language have been cased in the Roman armor. "The cathedral music of Milton" was toned by the classic tongues; Johnson certainly went to an unnatural excess, yet the power exercised by his style, when he used it, must never be overlooked; Burke was a classical scholar; so, with emphasis, was Gibbon; De Quincey, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Macaulay, the most wonderful stylists of our day, are all imbued with the ancient languages. We shall not say that this element is absolutely necessary to an English style of the highest order;

but the foregoing instances, together with the fact, that a very important component of our language—a component which embraces more than mere words, and must have influenced the very idiom of the tongue—is derived from antiquity, may be sufficient excuse for us when we say, that we can conceive Hugh Miller's style to have gained in stateliness and in range, had he become in earlier days a thorough classical scholar. In the vast majority of subjects, a simple Saxon style, of the Bunyan or Goldsmith type, suffices; a good Saxon style is as superior to a bad Latin style, as that of Goldsmith was to that of Johnson; but in the highest flights of an author—and Hugh Miller has thought to sustain him in the loftiest linguistic flights—one floats best on the strong pinions of Latin. We very strongly regret that Hugh Miller neglected Latin in his boyhood, and that he can even for a moment imagine that, because he knows the elegant modern *Metamorphosis*, Pope's "*Iliad*," he has breathed the wild mountain atmosphere of Homer's. But let no one imagine that we do not consider his style one of sterling excellence; we deem it one of those styles which can belong only to men of genius; it is a rich, clear, pictorial style, which casts fascination over the old armor of the pterichthys, and shows us a whole county or country in its grand physiognomic points, and robed in its own scientific beauty, at one view.

In a late paper, in this magazine, upon Mr. Ruskin, great stress was laid upon the fact of his having formed a union between science and poetry; and allusions were made to the subject of these paragraphs, as if he were in some way associated, though of course unconsciously, in the work. Description of nature will no longer be permitted to be general description; poetical it may be; beautiful, if it can, it may be, but scientifically correct it must be. Ruskin started from beauty; he looked over nature for the beautiful; were scientific accuracy inconsistent with beauty, he would have discarded scientific accuracy, and wrapt himself in the garb of fantasy. But, as he looked over the world through the glass of science, he discerned, as he believed, that the beauty revealed was greater than that of fantasy or fiction; that science was the handmaid of beauty, and that imagination looked on her with a smile. Hugh Miller started from the side of science. He sought for, he described, bare truth; he wished, primarily, to know what the world was, without any postulate in behalf of beauty; he opened his eyes and looked; he followed

the lines and remembered the colors; he brought them to his page, and, lo, the result was beauty! Ruskin went with poetry to meet science: Miller went with science to meet poetry. Ruskin's imagination is of grander sweep and more brilliant hue than Miller's; but Miller's eye is calmer, and we think even more minutely accurate in its comprehension than Ruskin's. Both are scientific painters of nature.

But we must hurry on to survey Hugh Miller as a guide and teacher of his age; as a man of action and influence; as a practical man. There are regions of serene, inexpressible beauty where Ruskin soars alone, and into which Miller does not come; but on the practical side Miller has the advantage: to use a couple of Richter's incomparable antithetic metaphors, Ruskin has the finer wings for the ether, Miller has the stronger boots for the paving-stones. Not that Ruskin's influence is unavailing, even when tried by the practical, or, if you will, utilitarian standard; you do not say the clouds are useless because the corn does not grow upon them, but upon the valleys they fertilize; say not that, when such as Ruskin lead men, by the very contemplation of their nobleness, to purity of life and manly gentleness of emotion, and so spread health through the whole social system, they are unpractical. But this last is the distinctive task of men who live in the regions of the ideal; and it is not well when they abandon it. Their characteristic is, that they do not constantly and accurately perceive the boundaries between the possible and the realizable, the ideal and the actual; that limit and line of separation which Mackintosh defined in his beautiful and rightly philosophic letter of consolation to Hall. They always forget that maxim of Hesiod's, which Arnold knew well, although he at times seemed to forget it, "He is a fool who does not know how much better the half is than the whole." They are for reforming churches and commonwealths in the easy wholesale way of precept and proclamation. The man of action, on the other hand, knows what portion of the ideal will actually be received by men, and beaten into the actual; he takes the half very thankfully; he is glad of a wall though it is not marble, and a roof though it is not gold.

Hugh Miller is a man of action by birth, by education, by profession. He is come of a wild, strong, determined kindred, who seem from of old to have lived a life of "sturt and strife." That old father of his—

whose portrait, by the way, is in itself sufficient to impart a value to the autobiographic chapters now publishing — was as tough, and violent, and withal as kindly, as an old sea-king. He himself has little of the ideal in his aspect; rugged, shaggy, burly, like a rough-hewn statue of old red sandstone, and with a head about the size of a hat-box; not like Thor in any of his ideal aspects, but not unlike his last appearance as "a stranger, of grave eyes and aspect, red beard, of stately robust figure." His more strictly practical education can be pretty accurately defined. Learning in all things rather by the eye than by the ear, and going whither his sympathies led him, he did not, when a boy, learn very much in school, but he learned a great deal out of it, both in the playground and at home. He commenced Latin: but he found nothing to attract him in the first pages of the rudiments; they were exceeding dry, and he saw no prospect of their becoming alive or useful; he felt his eyes bandaged, and he would not open his mouth to receive the necessary though unpalatable fare. It was precisely such a craving after the tangible and practical, which made Arnold, when a boy, refuse to master quantities and accents, and other little philologic niceties, and turn from "words" to "things;" but Arnold regretted afterwards his refusal, and Miller may still more regret his early aversion to the Latin. A teacher ought to endeavor by his skill to throw an interest around the barest matters, yet it must ever be recognized as an indubitable principle in early education, that the pupil is to receive much blindfold, without either liking or understanding it. Both for the culture of faculty, and to fit for the many cases in life in which a man must proceed unfaltering, when for the time interest flags, and even the result is obscure or uncertain, this is of capital importance. The schoolmaster under whom Hugh Miller commenced Latin, exhibited, in his instance at least, essential deficiency; he neglected, on the one hand, to awaken the boy's determination to press through a difficulty, or a curiosity to know what lay beyond; he failed, on the other, to exert a sufficient authority to compel accurate preparation. When the rudiments were past, and the class arrived at translation, Hugh made a good enough figure; for the teacher used to read the English of the day's lesson in the morning, to the boys who were to be examined on it in the evening, and the keen memory of the child enabled him to remember it all, and give it off by rote.

Now we hold it absolutely unassailable that the man, be he whom he will, that has missed a knowledge of the ancient world in his youth, and such a sympathizing, thorough knowledge as can be won only by a study of ancient writers, (we had almost said in their native language,) has missed a most important portion of that education which is now possible for a man. True it is, that we have now a vast and noble modern literature; true it is, that the mighty ancients had a comparatively contracted literature of the past to master; true it is that the man who knows a few modern languages and modern history, must have undergone a very valuable intellectual training; yet it is a fact, whose statement is its proof, that every man is the "heir of all the ages" behind him; that, in virtue of his manhood and the sympathy thereof, he is connected with earliest times; and that he may nourish and practise—in one word, educate—his mind, by a sympathizing acquaintance with every form of national and individual life, and every masterpiece of mind, which the centuries behind him can show. As a vast armory of weapons, as a vast gymnasium for exercise, the past stands open to every man. Education in every age is more difficult than the education of that preceding it, and one would say must occupy more time; yet our literary boy, of little more than twenty, now takes it upon him, as if forsooth he were educated, to enlighten the world; whereas Plato was more than as many years, even after attaining manhood, engaged in his education. It requires something heroic in one nowadays to make him resolve that he will be an educated man.

But if Hugh Miller has never looked through the eyes of Cicero and Cæsar, of Plato and Thucydides, he has been educated in that portion of culture which is the more essential, and which is the more distinctively characteristic of our age. With an open sympathy and a quick faculty, he mastered all English books that came in his way; he commenced to read about six, and to form a little library for himself; our invaluable nursery literature and heroes—the epic Jack, the travelled Sinbad, the interesting Cinderella, the shifty and politic Puss, that knew how to turn boots to advantage—these, or such as these, awakened his young faculties; Pope's heroes in his metamorphosis of Homer's "Iliad" came next, and every noble boy's heart is stirred by their fierce and fine-spoken valor, and the clear ringing melody in which it is set; the "Pilgrim's Progress,"

that book for the nursery, the home, the study, and the death-bed, followed; at ten he came athwart Blind Harry's "Wallace," and some time afterwards, Barbour's "Bruce," and was forthwith and for ever a patriot and a Scotchman to the finger-tips. During all this time he was under the full influence of Presbyterian opinions and prepossessions; besides that his eye was for ever open upon men as upon nature. For a long time he worked for his daily bread with the pick or the trowel in his hand: for a time he looked and learned in a bank; he went on adding to his book lore until a proficient in British history and literature; he became a contributor to magazines, a writer on his own account, and lastly, one of the untitled and uncrowned rulers of our era—an able editor.

The able editor, as we read the signs of the times, is an interim phenomenon, who may continue for we know not how many centuries, but yet marks a great Æonian change. In the olden time, in the days of Abbot Sampson, for instance, men were led blindfold by some one man who had his eye open; the chief saw for his vassal, and led him along, unknowing whither he went; the priest saw for his flock, and told it what he chose, and was believed; it was, in Fichte's phraseology, the time of unquestioning submission to authority. We are bound, though not by any way of Fichte's excogitation, towards his consummating condition of "freedom in consistence with reason." Meanwhile, the time is characterized by partial submission and partial freedom; the great mass of men judge more, know more, are more free and self-established, than the retainer or Papist of the middle ages; the editor still thinks much for men in general, and men submit so far their thoughts to him; but by the action of the newspaper press you obtain on the one hand a greater amount of freedom than ever belonged to the mass before, and on the other, a higher average of opinion than, unassisted by newspapers, men would form for themselves. We by no means join in the Carlylian sneer at the able editor. If we experience any regret in contemplating the matter, it is that men, often of great sagacity and reach, should spend their strength in the "continual dropping" of editorial work. We sympathize with Hugh Miller in these words:—"I remember that I was a *writer*; that it was my *business* to write,—to cast, day after day, shavings from off my mind (the figure is Cowper's)—that went rolling away, crisp and dry, among the vast heap already on the floor, and were never more

heard of," &c. Yet we must recollect that it is every man's duty to lay so much of his heart's blood on the altar of his time, to speak to and guide his own generation, even though other generations hear him not; and that now more than heretofore, we must be content to see a man spreading over twenty years, in weekly dispensings, that teaching which, if condensed into one work—the endeavor of twenty years—might have lived for twenty centuries. Miller has not been thrown away as an editor. Look to the columns of the "Witness," for the last fifteen years or so, and say whether he has: meted his influence over men for that time, and say whether he has; look at the Free Church, and say whether he has!

Of the influences which have added to the shaping of Hugh Miller's character and work, we can notice at any length only the religious. Presbyterianism works at the very heart of his being; it makes him look with Scotch eyes when in England; and made him uphold with bold determined hand the blue banner, when assailed in Scotland. But there is another influence, deeper than that of Presbyterianism, which has shaped his character and life. In his mother's cottage was that "one BOOK, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him," and which is still the Word of God, whatever the author of these words may think: in Hugh Miller's education, the most important agent of all was the Bible. And this leads us to what is perhaps the most important aspect in which he can be viewed—that great practical aspect, namely, in which he unites the theologian and the man of science. We shall introduce our remarks upon him in this capacity by a quotation from the remarkable chapter which closes his "Footprints of the Creator:"—

The first idea of every religion on earth which has arisen out of what may be termed the spiritual instincts of man's nature, is that of a future state; the second idea is, that in this state men shall exist in two separate classes—the one in advance of their present condition, the other far in the rear of it. It is on these two great beliefs that conscience everywhere finds the fulcrum from which it acts upon the conduct; and it is wholly inoperative as a force without them. And in that one religion among men that, instead of retiring, like the pale ghosts of the others, before the light of civilization, brightens and expands in its beams, and in favor of whose claim as a revelation from God the highest philosophy has declared, we find these two master ideas occupying a still more prominent place than in any

of those merely indigenous religions that spring up in the human mind of themselves. . . . There is not in all revelation a single doctrine which we find oftener or more clearly enforced, than that there shall continue to exist, through the endless cycles of the future, a race of degraded men and of degraded angels. Now it is truly wonderful how thoroughly, in its general scope, the revealed pieces on to the geologic record. We know, as geologists, that the dynasty of the fish was succeeded by that of the reptile—that the dynasty of the reptile was succeeded by that of the mammiferous quadruped—and that the dynasty of the mammiferous quadruped was succeeded by that of man, as man now exists—a creature of mixed character, and subject, in all conditions, to wide alternations of enjoyment and suffering. We know, further—so far, at least, as we have yet succeeded in deciphering the record—that the several dynasties were introduced, not in their lower, but in their higher forms; that in each of the great divisions of the procession the magnates should walk first. We recognize yet further the fact of degradation specially exemplified in the fish and the reptile. And then, passing on to the revealed record, we learn that the dynasty of man in the mixed state and character is not the final one, but that there is to be yet another creation, or, more properly, re-creation, known theologically as the Resurrection, which shall be connected, in its physical components, by bonds of mysterious paternity, with the dynasty which now reigns, and be bound to it mentally by the chain of identity, conscious and actual; but which, in all that constitutes superiority, shall be as vastly its superior, as the dynasty of responsible man is superior to even the lowest of the preliminary dynasties. We are further taught, that at the commencement of this last of the dynasties there will be a re-creation of not only elevated, but also of degraded beings—a re-creation of the *lost*. We are taught yet further, that though the present dynasty be that of a lapsed race, which at their first introduction were placed upon higher ground than that on which they now stand, and sank by their own act, it was yet part of the original design from the beginning of all things, that they should occupy the existing platform; and that Redemption is thus no after-thought, rendered necessary by the fall, but, on the contrary, part of a general scheme, for which provision had been made from the beginning; so that the Divine Man, through whom the work of restoration has been effected, was in reality, in reference to the purposes of the Eternal, what he is designated in the remarkable text, "*the Lamb slain from the foundations of the world*." Slain from the foundations of the world! Could the assestors of the stony science ask for language more express? By piecing the two records together, that revealed in Scripture and that revealed in the rocks—records which, however widely geologists may mistake the one, or commentators misunderstand the other, have emanated from the same great Author—we learn that in slow and solemn majesty has period succeeded period, each in succession ushering in a higher and yet higher scene of

existence; that fish, reptiles, mammiferous quadrupeds, have reigned in turn; that responsible man, "made in the image of God," and with dominion over all creatures, ultimately entered into a world ripened for his reception; but, further, that this passing scene, in which he forms the prominent figure, is not the final one in the long series, but merely the last of the *preliminary* scenes; and that that period to which the by-gone ages, incalculable in amount, with all their well-proportioned gradations of being, form the imposing vestibule, shall have perfection for its occupant, and eternity for its duration. I know not how it may appear to others, but, for my own part, I cannot avoid thinking that there would be a lack of proportion in the series of being, were the period of perfect and glorified humanity abruptly connected, without the introduction of an intermediate creation of *responsible* imperfection, with that of the dying irresponsible brute. That scene of things in which God became Man, and suffered, *seems*, as it no doubt is, a necessary link to the chain."

The theologian of the nineteenth century will have to know and ponder such passages as this, to scrutinize carefully the intimations they read him, to follow conscientiously the clew they put into his hands. The seventeenth century is known among the centuries as that in which the written Word of God was explored, so to speak, to its inmost recess. We say not the work was finished; but, of all ages, the most strictly biblical, that which seemed to live in and upon the simple and separate Bible, was the seventeenth. One great task of the nineteenth century seems to be, to search into and know the works of God; it stands distinguished as the age of physical science. There was a certain danger that theologians should forget that their "God made the world," and that therefore it was holy. The gaze of hallowed ecstasy with which David had looked from the battlements of Zion upon the palm-crowned mountains that stood around, while he seized his harp, and burst into a song of praise to his God, the Maker, seemed to have darkened and narrowed into a cold, critical, peering look, that searched for flaws in creeds, and glanced rather timorously towards the mountains, as if it might turn out that God had not made them, after all. As must ever and universally be the case, partiality was error; a certain littleness was imparted to the views of the physical world, as a piece of God's workmanship; a certain glory was taken away from the Word of God, as the oracle of the moral world, by the absence of that light which they were fitted to cast on each other. Such men as Thomas Chalmers, and Hugh Miller, and John Pye Smith, and others,

have essayed to show the inter-reflection of light and glory between the two, and the day will come when the work they have commenced will be fully accomplished. Its even partial accomplishment will mark our century. As it is, the theologian who accepts the facts of God's workmanship as not to be disputed; as facts which, if once well proved, it were irreverent, nay, blasphemous, to deny, may already, we think, obtain dim but glorious glimpses into far regions of spiritual truth—into the destinies of man, into the essentials of judgment, into the meaning of death—which the lamp of science faintly indicates when hung over the Word of God. But much has yet to be done, and much must be acknowledged to lie yet unrevealed. Meanwhile the two grand perils are, on the one hand, ignoble fear, and, on the other, presumption. The man who looks over the moral world, and discerns that it is an inexplicable chaos, a standardless battle, a sick and fevered dream, unless God has spoken in the Bible, may surely have such manlike trust in God that he can fearlessly examine every story of the physical dwelling that He made for him, although, for the present, God does not reveal to him how its apparent discrepancies with the moral fabric He has let down from heaven are to be harmonized. Surely, on the other hand, the man who talks in the fashionable pagan language of the day of "the gods," and who yet must see these gods preparing this earth for man, with much fuss and commotion, and then sitting, like a set of fools, to see the great game of blind-man's-buff which their children play, and laugh at the gropings and mistakes,—the man who, if he is honest and bold, and unhesitating in discrowning God and his religion, must accept as the correct and unexaggerated scheme of world-history, that ghastly poem of Poe's, in which, with perfect honesty from his point of view, he portrays man, since his arrival here, as running after phantoms, of which the central phantom is merely the most phantasmal of all, and which very appropriately concludes in these words:—

"The play is the tragedy Man.
And the hero the conqueror Worm;"

this man, we say, might surely pause ere he declares that the scientific information of yesterday contradicts the alone explaining theory of man's existence. Let the Christian have faith in God's Word: let the infidel tumble his moral world into ruins; there is not the slightest fear of his tumbling *the* moral world into ruins. Both infidels and

Christians are always thinking God is "such an one" as themselves; the one party thinks it has got the Sun of the moral universe fairly out, the other takes to trembling and vociferating, and holding up supplementary rush-lights, as if it feared the Sun was going out. Meanwhile the ages roll on, and the mist rolls off, and the Sun is there still. From every new elevation of science, fear it not, there will be a wider prospect of truth. Just now we may be in the valley, and the ocean may be shut out which we saw clearly from the lower hill behind us; but onwards! when we reach the top of this other hill before us, the ocean of truth, and the Sun that clothes it all in gold, will be seen spreading farther than ever before. Hugh Miller's clear, strong intellect, fine poetic discernment of nature's all-pervading analogies, and manly piety, fit him well to pioneer the scientific, the cosmical theology of the latter time.

We have not spoken of Hugh Miller's poetry, and we are unable to do so. His finest poetry, we presume, is his prose. He would, we feel assured, agree in this himself. We go on to mention a characteristic which harmonizes finely with the general strength of his nature, and which seems the result of this in combination with the kindness of his heart: we mean his humor. This is not one of the most important or engrossing of his qualities, but, as far as it goes, it is genuine, and remarkably pleasing. It is a perception of the laughable in nature; of those weaknesses which are not sins, those incongruities which do not hurt, those self-revelations which oscillate amusingly between the egotism that is offensive and the vanity that is despicable—of all those things which were manifestly intended to be kept in check by no ruder weapon than laughter, and which are not checked absolutely, because laughter is good for men in its time. Hugh Miller's laugh is always quiet and kindly; never, to our knowledge, cynical and contemptuous, save when some real iniquity is to be mocked into air. He has no feeling of contempt for the "young-lady passenger of forty, or thereabouts," who took her seat in the same railway-carriage with him, and who "had a bloom of red in her cheeks that seemed to have been just a little assisted by art, and a bloom of red in her nose that seemed not to have been assisted by art at all." It is merely a smile of hearty geniality which lights his features as he encounters two of Shenstone's nymphs on his visit to the Leasowes:—

"I had read Shenstone early enough to wonder

what sort of looking people his Delias and Cécilias were; and now, ere plunging into the richly-wooded Leasowes, I had got hold of the right idea. The two waitresses were really very pretty. Cecilia, a ruddy blonde, was fabricating tacketts; Delia, a bright-eyed brunette, engaged in heading a double-double."

Even when he visits St. Paul's, and speaks thus, he is in the best humor, for all the slyness of his laugh:—

"It is comfortable to have only twopence to pay for leave to walk over the area of so noble a pile, and to have to pay the twopence, too, to such grave, clerical-looking men as the officials at the receipt of custom. It reminds one of the blessings of a religious establishment in a place where otherwise they might possibly be overlooked; no private company could afford to build such a pile as St. Paul's, and then show it for twopences."

But perhaps, of all we can say in praise of Hugh Miller, the highest compliment, all things considered, is the last we are to pay him. It is, that he is a gentleman; that he is truly and strictly polite. We intend, by this, very high praise indeed; true politeness we consider one of the rarest things. The word has been variously defined. We have heard it indicated as being a knowledge of the little usages of society; such as not pouring tea into a saucer, not speaking in company without an introduction, and such like, and the habit of strictly and naturally conforming to such. This requires no refutation: its very utterance, on the principle that in speaking of a thing you set in the foreground your main idea regarding it, implies hopeless ignorance of the nature of politeness:—

"The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons through the gilded pale."

True politeness may be met in the hut of the Arab, in the courtyard of the Turk, in the cottage of the Irishman, and is excessively rare in ball-rooms. It is independent of accent and of form; it is one of the constant and universal noble attributes of man, wherever and howsoever developed. It has been defined again, "perfect ease, without vulgarity or affectation." Here manifestly a great advance is made; one half of politeness is correctly defined. Yet we think there is overlooked that part of politeness which refers to others besides one's self; and politeness, as it consists wholly in a certain dealing of man with man, must include both parties in its reference. The truly polite man is not

merely at ease, but always sets you at ease. We venture to define it thus: Politeness is natural, genial, manly *deference*, without hypocrisy, sycophancy, or obtrusion. This, we think, is at once sufficiently inclusive and exclusive. It excludes a great many. We cannot agree that Johnson was polite; that is, if politeness is to be distinguished from nobleness, and courage, and even kindness of heart; in a word, from every thing but itself. Burns was polite, when jewelled duchesses were charmed with his ways; Arnold was polite, when the poor woman felt that he treated her as if she were a lady; Chalmers was polite, when every old woman in Morningside was elated and delighted with his courteous salute. But Johnson, who shut a civil man's mouth with, "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig," who ate like an Esquimaux, who deferred so far to his friends, that they could differ from him only in a round robin, was not polite. Politeness is the last touch, the finishing perfection of a noble character; it is the gold on the spire, the sunlight on the cornfield, the smile on the lip of the noble knight lowering his sword-point to his lady-love; it results only from the truest balance and harmony of soul. We assert Hugh Miller to possess it. A duke in speaking to him would know he was speaking to a man as independent as himself; a boy, in expressing to him his opinion, would feel quite unabashed and easy, from his genial and unostentatious deference. He has been accused of egotism. The charge is a serious one;

fatal—if it can be substantiated in any offensive degree—to politeness. And let it be fairly admitted that he knows his name is Hugh Miller, and that he has a colossal head, and that he once was a mason; his foible is probably that which caused Napoleon, in a company of kings, to commence an anecdote with, "When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère." But we cannot think it more than a very slight foible; a manly self-consciousness somewhat in excess. His present autobiography has been blamed as egotistic; we think, without cause. The sketches appear to us much the reverse. They are almost entirely what he has seen; what he has done or been is nowise protruded. And with an august doctor lately enforcing, both by precept and example, that one should write his travels who had the intellect of "a hen," shall we blame a man with the eye and the memory of Hugh Miller, for leading us through the many scenes of Scottish life, which he knows better than any man, because he does so in a very natural and orderly way? But, wherever he is egotistic, he is not so in conversation—the great test of the polite man. Years in the quarry have not dimmed in Hugh Miller that finishing flash of genial light which plays over the framework of character, and is politeness. Not only did he require honest manliness for this; gentleness was also necessary. He had both, and has retained them; and so merits fully

"The grand old name of gentleman."

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE NEW CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

A few years ago, a party of naturalists, proceeding in a boat up some unexplored river in South America, came suddenly upon a floral specimen which filled them with amazement and delight. They beheld, peacefully floating upon the waters, a lily of such gigantic proportions that its petals could not be embraced by the outstretched arms, and whose boat-like leaves were able to support the full weight of a man. Extraordinary as

this discovery was considered at the time, no one could have imagined the train of events to which it was destined to give rise; that the sudden surprisal of this Broddignagian flower in its native wilds, where for thousands of years it had blown unseen by man, would be the immediate cause of a new order of architecture—yet so it is. When the Victoria Regia lily was brought to this country, and removed to the princely grounds of Chats-

worth, it was found necessary to build a conservatory purposely for its accommodation; this conservatory was constructed by Mr. Paxton of glass and iron, the first of its kind ever erected; and this little house of glass was the first-fruit of that mother-thought which reared the gleaming arch, and stretched the vast arcades upon the emerald sod in Hyde Park, and which is now filling all the important capitals in Europe and America with palaces of crystal, such as we read of only in old fairy tales.

Strange thought!—a gardener, tending lovingly upon a flower, suddenly rears a marvellous palace beneath a wondering nation's eyes, and rises up a belted knight beneath his sovereign lady's hand. If such a thing had happened in the old days of the Persian, Hafiz would have sung that the spirit of beauty in the flower had thus rewarded the gardener for his watchfulness; and perchance the poet would have spoken but the words of truth and soberness, for nature in her flowers gives man his subtlest sense of form, and proffers him her most gorgeous and ever-varying palette.

The glorious fabric of 1851, which held within its fragile walls the art-products of the world, no longer flashes like a wall of fire at sunset between the elm trees of Hyde Park. The spot on which it stood is emerald bright with untrodden grass; of the dusty millions who once thronged its floors, no trace is left behind. The elm trees that stood in the nave, and on whose topmost boughs the civilized world looked down, have come forth again, sickly and sapless, from their long captivity, and stand out in the plain once more, doubtless on clear nights to tell to the listening trees around the many strange things they have seen whilst taken into the company of men. The paths across the park, which from narrow sheep-tracks suddenly swelled into huge dusty roadways underneath the broad rivers of people that rolled towards the Palace, have shrunk into their narrow channels as of old; and not a sign is left of the World's Fair of 1851, and of its marvellous "Palace of Art." The stranger, however, standing beneath the Grecian gateway of the park, and within ride-range of its old site, may again behold it, lying like "a huge leviathan many a rood" upon a distant hill-side in Surrey.

We need not here enter into the old controversy whether the people were to retain their own palace in their own park, or whether they should not, because certain persons would thereby have the view from their

drawing-room windows interrupted: that matter is settled; and, all circumstances considered, it is well it is; for had it been otherwise, the people would have lost a portion of their park, instead of gaining a fresh one, and half the fruits of Paxton's genius would have remained undeveloped. The palace has arisen, phoenix-like, far more beautiful than ever, and in exchange for an ordinary hill-side, the gardener of the lily has revived another Eden for us at its foot.

The method in which the building was saved from destruction is worthy of record, as it affords an instance of the "pluck" of English men of business, and of the confidence entertained by them that the people of England really cared to have the palace preserved. As long as it was everybody's business, the fabric stood a very good chance of being sold piecemeal before the eye of the public. Sir Joseph Paxton's appeal on its behalf called forth, it is true, the universal support of the press, and of almost every individual who had a taste for the fine arts; but all their sympathy was of little avail—the Commissioners insisted upon the fulfilment of the stipulation, to remove it by a certain day; and unless persons could have been found who were determined to do as well as talk, the metropolis would speedily have seen this splendid building, like "the baseless fabric of a vision," slowly, yet for ever melt away. At this juncture, according to the statement of Mr. Scott Russell, "ten Englishmen, believing in each other and in the people of England, and believing that it ought not to pass away, *tabled the money* and bought the palace." A rather spirited proceeding, considering the purse to be made up was no less than £75,000, and that its purchase entailed upon them the launching out into a vast undertaking, necessitating the expenditure of more than ten times that amount. The Crystal Palace Company, registered on the 17th of May, 1852, which comprises the names of the most influential capitalists, speedily, however, took this vast responsibility out of their hands; and a capital of £500,000 being subscribed, the present site of the building and park was fixed upon by Sir Joseph Paxton, and the removal of the materials from Hyde Park took place in an incredibly short space of time—the ground being given up to the Commissioners by the appointed day, clear of all encumbrances.

The estate fixed upon by Sir Joseph Paxton was in every way fitted for the reception of the people's palace. Those who have

travelled on the Brighton line must remember how, after flying over the tops of miserable houses, and skimming the fearful squalor of Bermondsey and its adjacent neighborhoods, they have found themselves all at once skirting the wooded slopes of Norwood and Sydenham, and from the depths of urban wretchedness transported to the height of sylvan beauty. In the most charming portion of this undulating scenery, Penge Park, the Crystal Palace estate is situated. It lies in the parish of Battersea, partly in Surrey and partly in Kent. The original purchase consisted of 389 acres, but 100 acres of this has been resold to Mr. Wythes, of Reigate, at an enormously increased value; there remain, therefore, 289 acres, 20 of which is allocated to the building itself, and 269 to the park and gardens. The character of the ground, as we have before said, is admirably suited to its purpose; it forms a portion of the hill-side lying between the Sydenham and Anerley stations, and has a fall of 200 feet from its highest point—the road which borders the top of Dulwich Wood, where it has a frontage of 3000 feet—to the railway, where it has a frontage of 1300 feet. The spot chosen for the new building was, of course, on the very brow of the hill, from which point London and Westminster and the winding river are clearly visible from the back gallery, whilst the front galleries command all the gardened richness of Kent and the sea beyond.

Here, then, in the very lap of English rural scenery, the first column of the new palace was raised in 1852, the inscription on which will tell its tale to future ages, when the tooth of time shall have brought this noble fabric to the ground. Here it is:

THIS COLUMN,
The First Support of
THE CRYSTAL PALACE,
A Building of purely English Architecture,
Destined to the Recreation and Instruction of
The Million,
Was erected on the 6th day of
August, 1852,
In the 16th Year of the Reign
Of her Majesty Queen Victoria,
By Samuel Laing, Esq., M. P.,
Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company.

The original structure of which this column forms a part, was built after the design of Sir Joseph Paxton, by Messrs. Fox, Henderson and Co., and stood in Hyde Park, where it received the contributions of all nations.

At the World's Exhibition,
In the Year
Of our Lord
1851.

I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you knew not of.

The address of the chairman, on this occasion, showed the noble spirit in which the undertaking was commenced. "And truly,"

said he, "when we consider the work which has this day been formally commenced, it is no light enterprise which lies before us. Former ages have raised palaces enough, and many of them of surpassing magnificence. We have all read of the hanging gardens of Babylon, the colossal palace-temples of Egypt, and the gorgeous structures of Nineveh and Persepolis. Many of us have seen the scattered fragments of Nero's golden palace on the Palatine Hill, and the vast ruins which still speak so magnificently of the grandeur of imperial Rome. But what were all these palaces, and how were they constructed? They were raised by the spoils of captive nations, and the forced labor of myriads of slaves, to gratify the caprice or vanity of some solitary despot. To our age has been reserved the privilege of raising a palace to the people. Yes, the structure of which the first column has just raised its head into the air, is emphatically and distinctly the possession of the people, as it is the production of their own unaided and independent enterprise. On us, to whom circumstances have intrusted the direction of this great popular undertaking, devolves the duty of seeing that it is carried out in a manner worthy of the public spirit of the age in which we live, and of the magnitude of our high mission. I assure you, we feel deeply the responsibility of our position; and although, for the reason to which I have already adverted, we have judged it premature and unseemly to make any formal religious ceremonial on the present occasion, we feel not the less profoundly that in carrying out the undertaking, as we hope to do, to a successful issue, we are acting as the instruments of that beneficent and overruling Providence which is guiding our great British race along the path of peaceful progress."

The promise of the directors, that the undertaking should be carried on in a manner "worthy of the public spirit of the age," is being more than realized. We have watched the works from day to day for many months, and at every visit our wonder is excited at the magnitude of the works on hand. The English people of late years have been familiar enough with royal palaces and royal gardens, both at home and abroad. Versailles, Hampton Court, and Windsor, have shown them the utmost efforts of absolute monarchs, augmented and beautified by many succeeding generations; but nothing of the kind in this country or abroad can compare with the palace which, in two years from its commencement, will be ready for the occu-

pation of the people. Beautiful and novel as the old Crystal Palace undoubtedly was, it had its faults, which the eye of taste instantly detected. It was too long for its elevation; the transept was not in the centre; and the nave lacked the arched roof suggested by Sir Charles Barry. In the new building all these errors are rectified. Indeed, the very character of the site necessitated an entirely new arrangement of the materials. The rapid fall of the land towards the railway has forced the formation of a ground-floor of solid masonry; consequently, an additional elevation is given to the side of the old building, which has now become the front. The magnificence of this façade, with its three transepts, placed as it is upon the sky-line of a steep hill-side, far surpasses the flat, tame structure of three steps, which could not be well seen from any point of view in Hyde Park. Again, in addition to this new arrangement of the old design, the building has gained two wings, which stretch out at right angles from either end of the palace, and beyond are lofty towers of crystal, rising to a height of 230 feet. On the tops of these towers will be vast reservoirs of water, supplying sufficient pressure to drive the highest fountains in the palace and garden.

Returning, however, to the palace proper, a glance convinces the spectator that even the huge structure of 1851 has grown mightily in all its proportions. The nave is now arched, and there are three transepts. The addition of transepts to the ends of the building has the effect of bringing the whole fabric together, and of enabling the mind to measure it with a glance. A very great improvement has also been made by recessing the ends of the transepts looking over the garden, to a depth of 24 feet in the great central one, and of 17 feet in the two others; this expedient affords masses of shadow to the otherwise plain wall of glass, and avoids the ugly appearance of the old flat termination of the transept, which looked marvellously like the end of a trunk. A very great addition, also, is the imposition of low, square towers at the junctions of nave and transepts.

The interior gives a still better idea of the enlargement which the palace has undergone, even than the exterior. The nave, by reason of its circular roof, is 44 feet higher than the old one, and is upwards of 120 feet wide. The monotonous effect produced by the long perspective of pillars, which in the old building fell too close upon one another towards

its end, has been avoided by advancing every 72 feet, pairs of columns (24 feet apart) eight feet into the nave. By this means the length of the nave will be better measured by the eye, and when the pillars become clothed with creeping plants, the charming gradations of light and shade produced by the side-lights, as they checker the long arcade of living green, will have a beautiful effect. The transepts are also enlarged, the centre one being 120 feet wide by 194 feet high, and the side ones 150 feet high by 72 feet wide. The effect of the new nave, viewed from end to end, is astounding; and painted as it will be by Owen Jones, with a yet bolder brush than before, the combination of primary colors will give it (if we may judge the whole by the part completed) the effect of a vast tunnel of rainbows fading off into the pearly glowing hue of an opal cave: this color will show through the green tracery of leaves and trailing stems, and the effect will be gorgeous beyond conception. Whilst we write, the bare glass and iron skeleton is gradually being clothed with all the beauties of nature and art. The ground-floor, a solid and stupendous structure, composed of column, and girder, and massive brick-work, is ready to receive the machinery and the engines ready to move it. "Sir Joseph Paxton's Tunnel," which is a wide underground passage, running the whole length of the building, destined for the convenience of the work-people, is nearly completed, and the boilers—one at every fifty yards—are being placed for warming the water, which will traverse through fifty miles of iron pipes, placed in double rows of seven each, immediately beneath the flooring of the ground-story, for the purpose of heating the building. The ground-floor itself, north of the central transept, (which is entirely glazed,) swarms with foreign artisans. In this portion of the building, art in its thousand different phases is to be exhibited to the spectator. In the old palace, temporary partitions of wood and cloth marked off the different courts, and the visitor could have poked his stick from the Mediæval chamber into the Canada department; but in the new building all will be durable and permanent. A dozen structures of solid brick have taken the place of the calico canopies of 1851; and the curious spectator, as he traverses the galleries, looks down by turns upon the roof and court-yard of a Pompeian house, the massive capitals and entablatures of Egyptian palaces, the solemn gloom of an Assyrian hall, the light beauties of a Greek

corridor, and the gorgeous walls of some court of the Alhambra.

But let us rather descend and see what Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt have designed for the architectural instruction of the multitude; and whilst we pass the massive halls and lengthened vestibules, let us note how, since the earliest recorded time, the genius of different nations has stamped its image on enduring stone. As we enter the building from the Dulwich road by the grand entrance of the central transept, on the left hand lie the Nineveh courts.* It will be scarcely necessary to say that these apartments are placed first in the splendid suite we shall have to traverse, because they come first in chronological order. In these apartments the visitors will be shown not merely the detached casts of the sculptured slabs which tell the stories of monarchs who lived whilst the Bible was being written; not only the fac-similes of the very winged bulls and lions which perchance the robe of Sennacherib has often swept as he went forth to battle, or which must have stood as grim sentinels of the portals through which Sardanapalus carried his incendiary torch; but the very audience-chamber (100 feet long by 48 broad) of the Assyrian monarchs will be presented to us just as it stood in all its magnificence 3500 years ago. To Mr. Fergusson is given the task of constructing this chamber and its courts, and of presenting to the stream of visitors which will flow perhaps for centuries through them, a perfect likeness of the dwellings of those dread monarchs we read of in the Book of Kings. Mere fancy will not be allowed to enter into these revivals: when Mr. Layard first broke through the sand mounds which were piled over a long-lost civilization, enough remained of the brickwork, the dimensions and coloring of these very chambers, to enable the artist to revive them in the exact image of their original appearance. Around the walls, the pictured history of Assyria, now exhibited in the disjointed slabs in the British Museum and in the Louvre, will be displayed; and the vast winged bulls and lions will flank the portals as of old; and the exact cast of the very throne on which Sardanapalus, and perhaps a long line of ancestors, were once seated, the curious specta-

tors will be enabled to inspect as narrowly as the coronation-chair of Queen Victoria in Westminster Abbey.

From the Assyrian chambers we are transported at once to Egypt, and the perspective of mighty columns, crowned with palm-tree capitals, takes us onward in the stream of history to the time of Cheops. Mr. Bonomi, whose long residence in Egypt, and whose knowledge of her architecture, at once pointed him out as the fit artist to preside over these restorations, has reconstructed on a reduced scale the temple of Aousaimbul, with its gigantic guardian deities cut out in the solid rock. A model of one of these statues, in a sitting posture, nearly 70 feet in height, will be placed in the nave. Here also the architectural student will find representations of the different orders of columns, 20 feet in height, to be found in the yet standing temples of Upper Egypt. Copies of the hieroglyphics and statues to be seen in the British Museum and the Louvre, and subjects taken from tombs, temples, and other buildings, engraved upon the walls, will also engage his attention. Not merely bold, glaring plaster casts here will meet the eye, but the gorgeous coloring of the old Egyptian artists, which still remains in the unexposed chambers as vivid as when first laid on. It is strange how entirely ignorant the public has hitherto been with respect to the architectural embellishments of the ancients. The prevalent idea seems to be, that the dull gray of foggy England is the classical color for all massive buildings. But every day shows us how erroneous this opinion is. Owen Jones never used the positive colors so boldly as the artists who adorned the ancient temples of Egypt. The frieze of the Parthenon was colored, and some of the finest pieces of Greek statuary bear evident marks of the brush.

From the massive simplicity of the Egyptian architecture, and the strange though pure formula of her statuary, the visitor passes into the Greek court, beautiful with innumerable statues. And here we must repeat what we have before said of these courts: the spectator sees not merely a reproduction of the marbles of the British Museum, but a collection of casts from the most precious works of art of the civilized world. When Messrs. Owen Jones and Digby Wyatt set out upon a roving art-expedition through Europe, in search of whatever it contained of rarity and beauty, they were backed by two powerful letters of

* This, the original arrangement, has since been altered — the Assyrian chambers now occupying the extreme northern end of the nave — an arrangement which we regret, as it breaks the regular chronological arrangement at first designed, and which we prefer to keep in this paper.

credit, one from the then Foreign Secretary, Lord Malmesbury, to the different European courts, the other from the chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, authorizing the expenditure of 40,000*l.* upon the objects of their mission: with two such powerful persuaders, it need not be wondered at that the palace doors of every sovereign, and the galleries of most museums, were thrown open to these gentlemen and the small army of modellers in their pay. By these means, and by a judicious system of exchange with our own British Museum, they were enabled to return loaded with the richest spoils of European art, both ancient and modern; and it cannot be denied that the artisan who will pay hereafter his shilling and pace these splendid galleries, will see more of the fine arts of Europe than any nobleman who goes "the grand tour" at the cost of thousands; and not only will he see more of what is good, but he will see nothing that is bad; for the good grain has been separated from out of the heaps of chaff that cumber even the best of continental galleries. Of these rarities we shall point out as we proceed some of the principal, as a mere mention of their names will prove to those acquainted with continental galleries the pains and taste with which they have been selected, and to the uninitiated, a guide to whatever is most curious or beautiful.

The two great groups of the Greek courts will be that of the Niobe of fourteen figures, and the Toro Farnese. Of colossal statues there will be the Farnese Hercules and Flora, the Diana of Velletri, and the Venus of Metis. The life-sized groups will include the principal works from the Ludovici Villa; Greek works that are very little known; classical animals, including the Florentine dog and boar, the Torso Belvidere, the celebrated equestrian group from the gallery of Munich, and several others. One side of the long gallery will be adorned with casts of the Elgin marbles restored, and with the blue background and varied colors of the originals, an addition which adds vigor to the sculpture. The monumental pieces from the Parthenon, the most wonderful statues in the world, will be found here, and an entire angle of the temple of Theseus is to be erected. Of course all the well-known statues will take their places in these courts, which will be decorated and painted in the purest Greek taste.

Passing to the Roman Court, the student will immediately see how the Greek teaching was modified by national habits and tastes.

Among the works to be found here will be the colossal equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius from the capitol, the Apollo Belvidere, and all the best Roman statues, together with the Medici, Borghesi, and Vatican vases, many colossal busts, including the Jupiter Seraphus, and the finest known sarcophagi. Among the bassi relievi is that from the arch of Titus, representing the celebrated Jewish Captivity, with the Jewish vessels of the Temple. Here, also, will be erected a complete model of the Roman Forum, 15 feet long; a restoration of the Coliseum, 12 feet long, and a model of the Temple of Neptune at Præstum; and a curious collection of casts of gems, from the antiques in all the museums of Europe. Excellent photographs will also adorn this court, illustrative of the present condition of the buildings and works of Roman art, together with copies of buildings of Venice, and of the Roman remains to be found in France. The courts of the Alhambra, in the Moresque style, follow the Roman department. This portion of the building constitutes its extreme northern end, and is to be used as a place of refreshment. Here Owen Jones is to culminate. It would be impossible to conceive a more gorgeous apartment than we shall have in the Hall of Justice, with its roof, a hanging honeycomb of gold and richly-blended color. The construction of its gorgeous vaulting in the original is a wonder in itself, the whole being composed of 5000 self-supporting pieces. Next to the Hall of Justice will be the Court of Lions, open of course at the top, and surrounded by a colonnade of Moresque architecture. The floors of marble, the pillars and entablatures of jasper and mosaic, green predominating—the effect of this splendid court will be that of coolness to the eye, whilst the alabaster fountains, sending silver streams into the air, will produce a grateful atmosphere to the flushed sight-seer, who will repair hither to eat his ice beneath luxuriant orange trees, brilliant with their golden fruit.

Crossing from the extreme north-western corner of the building to the north-eastern, we enter the Byzantine court, which will be filled with fragments of various friezes, bassi relievi, columns, &c., mostly modelled from works in France and Lombardy, that afford the best idea of this peculiar style of art. Stiff and pedantic as it was, and utterly wanting in all that grace which marked the revival of Roman art, consequent upon the recovery of the ancient Greek sculpture, it

is yet interesting, and possessed of a certain truthfulness, which will attract the attention of the artistic mind. Here the pre-Raphaelite will find a constant field for his individualizing tone of mind. Nothing is idealized; the figures, the drapery, the very ornaments of the sculptors and the painters of this period of art, seem to be taken from nature, without selection; they are in fact portraits of the most minute kind. Nevertheless, throughout every thing they did, a certain disagreeable formula always obtained, which cannot be overlooked.

Close to this court will be found the space devoted to mediæval architecture. Here we shall have specimens of the most curious Saxon, Anglo-Saxon, and Norman remains, gathered from the principal cathedrals of the Continent and of England. Viewed under a subdued light, the student will here see the most beautiful and characteristic forms of early church architecture. The antique ornaments and vessels of the Catholic worship will also be reproduced, to prove what exquisite taste existed among the artists in the pay of the Church, whilst all outside her pale was barbarism and darkness. These courts will be so arranged as to show the progress of the different cognate styles of art, so that we shall be able to trace from the Byzantine, the Anglo-Norman, and the Early Gothic. At the end of the spacious court in which so many styles will be collected, we shall have cool and shady cloisters, and in foreign art the finest works of the Pisani; among these will be found the large altar of the Church of Or San Michele, in Florence, the greatest work of Andrea Orcagna. Of all these courts, however, the next that we enter, the Cinque Cento Court, will afford specimens of precious art most novel to the mass of Englishmen. The very doors of this space will be fitted with copies from Genoa of the most elaborate works of the different artists of this period; and when we begin to enumerate the riches ready for the interior, we almost fear for our space. The principal of these will be a most elaborate window from the Certosa of Pavia, and the door-jamb of the entrance door-way of the Certosa, a work nearly twenty feet high, consisting of elaborate pilasters, including alti relievi by Bambaya, the most minute and astonishing relievi in existence. Then there will be three arches from the cloister Maggiore of the same building, to be reproduced in terra cotta, similar to the original, and making up a twenty-four feet bay of the court; the entire end of the monument of

Jan Galeazzo Visconti, in the Certosa, which is an astonishing sample of carved work in marble, and various specimens of the finest Venetian architecture, and the entire frieze of the Hospital of Pistoia, representing the acts of Mercy. These works will chiefly enrich the walls of the court, whilst in the middle there will be the finest works of Ghiberti, from Florence, including the gates of the Baptistery, said by Michael Angelo "to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise;" the Nymph of Fontainebleau, executed by Cellini for Francis the First; and famous works by Donatello, Jean Goujon, and Germain Pilon.

The next court is that of the sixteenth and seventeenth century work, which will contain Elizabethan and Flemish architecture, specimens of the Renaissance, and the finest works of the revived classical period, by Michael Angelo and others; the figures from the Medici Chapel, the Pieta from St. Peter's, and the Christ from the Church of the Minerva. After the seventeenth century, no country seems to have produced a national architecture; revivals instead of invention appear to have obtained everywhere since that time. The long series of rich forms which, from an early period, changed with almost every century, here suddenly stop—a significant fact in the history of architecture, significantly set before the people by this method of arrangement. The court of modern sculpture follows, and fills up the dreary void. The series is to commence with Canova's works, of which there will be eleven, including the two colossal lions from the tomb of Pope Rezzonico, at St. Peter's; the finest efforts of Thorwaldsen, including the colossal Christ from Copenhagen; and the best works of Gibson, Wyatt, Tenerani, (Canova's most favorite pupil,) Benzoni, Rinaldi, Macdowell, and of a number of foreign artists resident in Rome.

A worthy and fitting termination to this grand architectural march and procession of art, will be the portrait gallery—or, as the Germans would call it, the Valhalla—which will contain the great men of every age and country. Towards this collection, upwards of three hundred busts, and several colossal and life-sized statues have already been obtained, including busts of celebrated Americans by Hiram Power. There is something noble in this idea of collecting together the effigies of the great intellectual captains of the world. Bavaria may have her Valhalla, and France her Pantheon, but England, instead of retaining her old isolation, has

grown so fast that she can afford to be cosmopolitan, and to place beside her own undoubted men of genius those of every foreign land. The future visitor, wearied to satiety by the magnificent scene the Exhibition has offered him, after having gazed upon the masterpieces of art and the grand results of science, might well feel for a moment revived at finding himself among this goodly company; and as he passes in review those ponderous brows, and those eyes which seem bent on goals far beyond the ken of ordinary men, he will not be able to avoid paying due honor to this high company, which, in all corners of the world, from the remotest time up to the living present, has been the main instrument in lifting man from the condition of a savage, and in contributing to the erection of this gorgeous palace and its precious furniture.

As we leave the northern portion of the nave, and enter its southern half, we pass from the region of pure art, and come upon the economical and trading portion of the building—the grand bazaar, or world's fair, in which England will enter the lists, as in the old Exhibition, against the whole world.

We must not, however, omit to mention the Pompeian House erected to the left hand of the south-east transept entrance. This structure is modelled exactly after a house found in Pompeii. As the visitor enters the compuvium, or open court, he is immediately struck with the beauty of the building. The beautiful cornices, supported by the outspread wings of angels, and the exquisite painting upon the walls of the main court itself, and of the chambers or cubicula opening from it, show us how refined must have been the taste of the people of this buried city. Italian artists have covered almost every inch of the walls with designs traced from the original, and here we have the most complete fac-simile of the house of a wealthy Pompeian. The pillars of the peristyle are painted half-way up with a bright vermillion which looks very brilliant, whilst the elegantly-designed cornice is of the most delicate blue and white. Passing between the pillars of the peristyle, we see the Triclinium, a beautiful chamber which is to be used as a refreshment-room for this end of the building. The walls are covered, like those of the other parts of the building, with fanciful designs and figures painted in distemper. On the occasion of her Majesty's last visit to the palace, this apartment was used as a refreshment-room for the accommodation of herself

and suite, and excited the admiration of the whole party.

The ornamentation of the interior of this building gives an excellent idea of the peculiar combination of colors the Romans used in their decoration. Thus the ground color of some portion of the walls is black; others again are chrome yellow; and throughout tints are used which are peculiarly Roman. The court of this building has a very curious effect from the gallery, as the spectator looks down through an open roof of Pompeian tiles into the brilliant court below.

The entire space on each side of the nave will be filled with counters stored with most precious goods. And here we shall have not merely a vast bazaar, struck, as it were, with commercial death, as in Hyde Park, where the sale of goods was prohibited; but an active mart, in which all the world and his wife will be seen from the galleries simultaneously "shopping." Here the chief staples of our manufacture will be, as of old, collected together, and we shall have a progressive march of manufactures, as in the other end we shall have of architecture. The different courts on one side are to be dedicated to hemp, flax, and woollen goods; cottons, plain and printed; silk and lace; whilst on the other there will be courts devoted to Birmingham and Sheffield goods, to furniture, carpets, stationery, book-binding, paper-hanging, &c. It appears to us that the determination to throw open the goods here exhibited for sale will give it some disadvantages as compared with the old Exhibition. Thus, the palace being no longer merely a court of honor for the trial of nation against nation, but a court of profit, there will be temptations, we fear, to exhibit, on the whole, a lower class of goods. A tradesman taking a stall in either of these courts will naturally look to profit, and of course, in driving a retail custom, his interest will lead him to suit the wants of the majority of his customers. These will probably be found in the middle and lower classes, and the purchases will, we should think, tend to take the form of souvenirs of the palace of an inexpensive kind, rather than of articles entailing a heavy expenditure. A bedstead or a sideboard, a carpet or a dining-room table, would cost too much in carriage, even if "persons about to be married" should go as far as Sydenham in search of such things. But a pen-wiper for "our Mary Ann" at home; a work-box, ticketed 10s. 6d., for "Sister Mary;" or "something in the handkerchief way for Tom," will be incessantly called for; and as demand unchecked always brings

supply, there will be a tendency, in the World's Fair at Sydenham, to degenerate into a gigantic kind of Soho Bazaar. We believe the directors have foreseen as much, and have laid down regulations to insure the supply of the best class of goods only to the building. It will require the most absolute authority of this kind to prevent the degeneracy we speak of.

No doubt the great manufacturers will send specimens of their best work, as pattern-cards only, and wealthy persons wishing duplicates will order directly of the manufacturer; in this way much of the difficulty as regards the heavier and more expensive goods will perhaps be got over, orders being executed by commission, as they were openly, and in defiance of the rules of the Royal Commissioners, in Hyde Park. We shall certainly gain a much better idea of the relative worth of continental and British productions by having the prices at which they can be sold made public. Many a victory, or apparent victory, was gained over us in the last Exhibition by our foreign competitors throwing all their skill and time into the production of certain articles, and thus producing a brilliant result. In measuring ourselves, however, with the foreigner, what we wish to know is whether they can *equal or beat us at the same price*. In reality we are struggling for the markets of the world, and not for a royal medal or a certificate of honor.

The galleries will also be dedicated to the counters of manufactures. Here porcelain, china, glass, musical and mathematical instruments, stained glass, works in the precious metals, clothing, and ironmongery will be exhibited. In fact, the galleries along their entire length will contain what the old galleries in Hyde Park did, and, in addition, much that was contained in the northern portion of the ground-floor, all of which is now occupied with works of art.

These galleries will not be nearly of the size of the old ones; in fact, they will present the appearance of mere balconies, hanging into the recessed and irregular lines of pillars which form the sides of the nave, and the chief part of the counter-room will be next to the glass walls of the building, as the middle portion will consist of a series of square apertures to give light to the courts of art and manufacture below, which are much more numerous than in the old building.

And now let us come into the nave, and see with anticipating gaze the wonders that 1854 will unfold to us. Beautiful as the old building appeared, fading off into misty blue,

from its extreme length, something yet was wanting to give variety and richness to the monotonous repetition of rectangular lines, and the endless blending of the tricolor decorations; and this something Sir Joseph Paxton will give by clothing column and girder, arched roof and long-stretching gallery, with emerald-tinted leaves. Trailing and creeping plants of every clime will soon be twining their fingers into every recess of the iron-work, and mounting still higher by every pillar and "coigne of vantage," until they have gained the skylike arch of glass. Others will drop their long pendent tracery, or hang their beautiful festoons from point to point; each plant at its appointed season sending forth its countless blossoms and swinging its censers of fresh perfume. We shall walk, not apparently in a vast corridor of iron, but in the great green bower of some enchanted wood. On the ground, a beautiful garden will extend on each side of the nave, and between the various courts dedicated to manufactures; whilst flower-beds, green banks, and ornamental devices will be grouped around the long-drawn lines of columns, and perpetual blossoms will variegated and enrich the margins of this stupendous covered walk; ten thousand camellias so arranged as to flower throughout the year, and eighty thousand scarlet geraniums, forming two of the items.

But it must not be supposed that we shall see here merely a Chatsworth conservatory many hundred times enlarged, and calculated to give delight only to the senses; the aim of Sir Joseph Paxton is far higher than this. He purposes to divide the nave into two regions—that lying to the north of the central transept representing a tropical climate, and heated to an appropriate temperature; and the division to the south a temperate clime, and moderately heated. Each portion will have its appropriate vegetation. In the one, the lofty palm, reaching to the translucent roof, the feathery sugar-cane, the bread tree dropping its dark pillars of shade, and the date, will take us at once to the regions of India and Africa; the other filled with foliage more familiar to us, and with ever-blooming flowers. As these two regions approximate, however, the vegetation of each will be made to assimilate; thus the ever-green arborescent trees of Australia and New Zealand will form the extreme end of the tropical or northern portion of the nave, while the class of European vegetation which borders upon the tropical regions will mark the commencement of the temperate division

of the nave. But the ingenuity of the plan does not end here. These broad divisions of the flora of the globe will be again subdivided, so as to indicate the particular vegetation of different countries, and grouped together in each division will be specimens of the race of men, animals, birds, fishes, and insects, which properly belong to them. And these are not to be like museum specimens, placed "all of a row," but in the very attitudes they assume whilst in a state of nature. Thus, in the Indian group we may have the Hindoo weaving beneath the shadow of a banyan tree, whilst the branches are alive with gorgeous-colored birds, and the furtive tiger may be seen slinking through the jungle. In the desert region, the Arab will perhaps recline under the date tree, his mare tethered by the well; and near at hand, the dead camel, preyed upon by the jackal and the vulture, will complete the picture. The Australian savage will sleep on his opossum rug, whilst the kangaroo looks fearfully on. In this manner, natural history will be presented to the multitude in a series of pictures which can never fade from their minds; and thus will be carried out to its full extent Lancaster's system of instruction. Some people may smile at this attempt to teach men by a method introduced for the use of the youthful intellect. But experience teaches us that the intellect of the ignorant man is but the intellect of a child, and that he is most impressed by images which appeal directly to his senses. And how much may even the cultivated mind learn from a walk through this splendid educational gallery? Here he will see what he has never been seen before, the science of ethnology illustrated; specimens of men from every race and clime, habited in the very dresses they wear, armed with the very weapons of defence they use, and attended by the very implements of husbandry they employ. How Prichard would have gloried in such a popular exposition of his favorite study! If it is asked, Who warrants the truth of these representations? the name of Dr. Latham will prove an answer that the learned will accept. If it is objected that the specimens of animals, birds, and reptiles may only represent natural history, read by the glasses of some ignorant stuffer or maker of preparations, the directors may with pride appeal to the names of Edward Forbes, Waterhouse, and Gould—names that naturalists hold in respect; and those who are not naturalists may remember the remarkable specimens of stuffed birds and animals in the transept of the old building;

may remember the hawk whose very wings seemed to flutter, and whose foot seemed more rigidly to extend itself as his bloody bill tore up the fibres of his carrion; may remember the still life-fight between the heron and the falcon, where the deadly strife seemed to be going on beneath the eyes of the spectators; in such a spirit and by such artists these specimens will be prepared. But how are the fish, the reptiles, the crustaceæ, and the zoöphytes to be shown? asks a third caviller. Those who have gazed with mingled wonder and delight at the glass vivarium in the Regent's Park Zoölogical Gardens—who have seen the strange fish lying still beneath his native stone, and watched, not without a shudder the sea-worm drive his spiral way in search of food, and the hundred arms of the zoöphyte playing around to seize its prey—those who by this singular contrivance have had brought to their leisurely view the very bottom of the insatiable deep, and have seen here realized in miniature the sights of Schiller's diver, will understand how art can collect together the combinations of nature in her most hidden recesses.

Both ends of the nave and the sides of the three transepts will be given up entirely to rare plants and flower-beds, and these will be so arranged throughout, in fact, that a complete botanical garden, according to the Linnæan method, will add another attraction to those who will seek here for positive instruction. But art will vie with nature in this portion of the building also, and will rear her noblest and most gigantic productions beneath the plume-like leaves of the towering palm, and the sweeping fans of the arborescent ferns. At each end of the nave, noble fountains will be erected, with basins of such extent, that for the convenience of the public they will be bridged in the centre. Here the Victoria Regia lily, in the perpetual movement of the water caused by the falling jets from the fountain, will find one of the chief conditions of its existence, and will open its huge alabaster cups, whilst its great leaves will float motionless around, the lazy golden fish coasting them like continents. In the middle of the centre transept, a crystal fountain of far larger dimensions, and of more beautiful and appropriate form than the old one, will send its woven threads of living silver to the roof. In this spot, too, will be collected all the first works of art which require space to show them. Here Praxiteles will show us how Phaethon drove the Horses of the Sun; this famous

group, it will be remembered, is in the courtyard of the Vatican. The spectator, looking from this spot either to the north or to the south, will see countless lustrous statues of marble and alabaster standing out clear and crisp against the bright green of the foliage. As he looks north, he will see the vast Egyptian seated figure, seventy feet high, one of the wondrous four that ever keep watch at the portals of the temple of Aboussimbal; this enormous god, whose forehead will be level with the top-most palms, is already built up by Bonomi in the exact proportions of the original. Near at hand, shooting up its slender shaft of granite to the light, he will see Cleopatra's Needle, the gift of Abbas Pasha, and removed from the sands of Alexandria at an enormous expense by the company. As he looks south, his eye will catch, towering above the other works of art, the precious north-west corner of the Doge's palace at Venice, with its noble group of statuary, and its elegant colonnades, modelled immediately from the original; and farther on, the serene-looking head of the colossal statue of Bavaria. Here also he will see copies of the finest continental equestrian statues, and find how far foreigners have outstripped us in this branch of art. The imagination cannot paint the magnificent appearance this vast nave will put on when nature has clothed it with her most delicate tracery, and studded it with her choicest flowers; when art has planted in its midst the utmost efforts of the human mind, and when the light balconies, hanging halfway among the verdure, shall hold the moving crowds of beauty clothed in silks and satins glowing with iridescent light.

When the eye is tired of this exciting scene, the spectator will have only to ascend the gallery, and gain the open balcony of the great transept, and whilst the breeze is blowing the hair from his brow, to contemplate such a scene as only England can afford. Looking out from this deep recess, with the gleaming arch of glass rising over his head, higher than the vaulted roof that forms the nave of St. Paul's, he will see before him, not a garden, but a whole hill-side fashioned into a perfect Eden of beauty. Immediately beneath him lies the "pleasure," or Italian garden, held in the embracing fold of the two wings of glass which have been added to the original design of the palace. Here will be thirty acres of ground devoted to intricately-woven flower-beds, and interspersed among them, sumptuous and ever-playing fountains, designed

either by English artists or copied from the most famous continental originals. Throughout the entire length of this garden, for a third of a mile, runs a double terrace. The upper of the two is fifty feet in width, its balustrade adorned with statues in marble from the antique. This noble terrace, built of solid freestone, upon Italian arches, would hold an army upon its level pavement. At every couple of hundred yards deep embayments occur, filled by cedars and other forest trees, which rise in groups from the lower ground. Broad flights of granite steps lead down, at intervals, to the Italian garden. This is faced by the second terrace, which is balustraded like the upper one. After the eye has glanced over this foreground, enriched with every accessory of art and cultivated nature, it rests upon noble sweeps of the most verdant turf, dotted with groups of forest trees, and upon broad walks and fountains, which latter drill the air for 200 feet. Here Sir Joseph Paxton has brought to perfection English landscape gardening, and turned a wooded hill-side into a perfect paradise. Far beyond all, extending for full forty miles on every hand, lies the rich and natural garden of Kent and Surrey. As far as the eye can see runs the finely-wooded landscape, peaceful and quiet, yet alive with labor, dotted with cottages and villas, and the tapering spires of churches. If the spectator wishes to extend his view, he has only, with laboring breath, to ascend either of the crystal towers which rise on each flank of the building to a height of 230 feet; and should the day be clear, he will be repaid by a sight of the blue sea of the Channel on the south, whilst all London, slurred with smoke, will lie below him on the northern plain, towards which the back of the palace looks.

The visitor can descend into the garden by either of the three portals which are situated on the basement immediately beneath the transepts. Long flights of granite steps, flanked on either side by sphinxes, twenty-four feet in length, lead down to the upper terrace. The middle flight, which will form the chief garden entrance, is full a hundred feet in breadth. A noble terrace walk leads from this flight, down the hill-side to the bottom of the grounds, and about midway its line is broken by the grand fountain, the basin of which has a circumference of 1200 feet. Beyond the fountain the walk is flanked on either side with a series of descending steps in solid masonry, which will take their part in the grand system of water-

works we shall presently describe. On either hand gravel-walks will lead off from the main path, through the verdant slopes and woodlike shrubberies of the grounds—some to the Kiosk or Turkish summer-house that Owen Jones has designed, glittering with color and beautiful in form, as a place of out-door refreshment; some to the mounds Sir Joseph Paxton has heaped to the right and left, round which spiral paths will lead the panting citizens to the top; some to the picnic woods, where pleasure-parties may sip the pure bohea in the midst of the shady woodland, where nature has been allowed to retain her ancient form and dress; some to the great lake, where the Venetian gondola will be propelled by the bright-costumed gondolier; and some to the antediluvian world at the very bottom of the grounds. Here the spectator will see the commencement of that history of the creation, the last and most modern phases of which we have already shown him in the nave. Here he will find himself surrounded with animal, vegetable, and mineral forms, such as he has never seen before. On the shores of the lake of thirty acres, he will find vitreous rocks, looking more like the refuse of some vast smelting-works than a simple product of nature; he will see the earth-crust upheaved by volcanic action, in the Plutonic formations in which no trace of a once-organized life is to be discovered; and in this scene he will be told to look upon the fresh form and mould of the earth whilst yet it was under the seething action of fire. All this tract will be without life or semblance of life. In another portion of the lake, the slime and mud of a later period will denote the modifying influence of water; and here the first vegetable life will appear, and the spectator will be startled by sights of gigantic creatures, belonging by form neither to beasts of the field, birds of the air, fish of the sea, nor to creeping things of the earth, but partaking of the characteristic forms of all. Models of gigantic size, but not greater than the life, will appear, as handed down to us embedded in the blue lias; stone puzzles from the pre-Adamite, or indeed the prefloral age which science has at last unriddled. Among these the plesiosaurus will stretch its swan-like neck, as though it were pursuing its prey along the surface of the water, as of old; specimens of crustaceæ, such as no longer exist, will hang upon the rocks, and the curious stone-lily will hold its solid chalice up to the sky, like a tulip flower transformed to stone. A little farther on, the geological book will disclose

a still later page in the history of the globe. Here the slimy mud, exposed to the retreating waters by the action of the sun, will have become dry land, and a profusion of vegetable life will be seen clothing its undulating surface. Vast palm trees will arise on every hand, and the food and temperature being now prepared for the advent of animal life, the huge megatherium and mastodon, monsters of sixty feet in length, built up exactly as they lived in the old world, will be shown bursting through the rank vegetation as easily as an elephant finds its way through a reed-bank. Then again will succeed the period which brings us down to the present condition of the globe. In this epoch have been found many specimens of living plants and crustaceæ mixed with others which have perished from the earth. Thus the fossil forms of the still flourishing nautilus, and of the extinct ammonite, lie side by side in the stratum proper to this period. Fossil forests will also be represented, in which a link of connection is seen between the coniferous structures and the palms and ferns, wrought, as though for the special purpose of preservation to the latest posterity, into the hardest silicified condition.

Well may the poor cockney, who has rarely strolled farther than his own street, feel bewildered when he finds himself of a sudden transported to this strange spot, where the land looks like something he has seen in a nightmare, and the animals like the strange creatures in the wizard scene of *Der Freischutz*. After doubting his senses for awhile, he will, perhaps, look upon the whole affair as a hoax, and many will be found doubtless to put the question, How can any one ask us to believe in representations of the earth as it appeared, ere yet a living thing inhabited it; or to put faith in the representations of huge beasts and reptiles which lived or crawled the earth long before man came upon the scene? Yet there can be little doubt that these restorations will be pretty nearly as like the truth as the restorations of the Assyrian architecture. Science knows that certain forms must arise from the action of certain elements upon each other, and thus the chaotic epoch will be capable of being pretty correctly generalized. For the rest, nature has left us fragments enough of her early rude sketches to enable us to fill up and clothe them in all their details. The anatomy of the earth the geologist has mastered; and he places stratum upon stratum as faithfully as they are placed in the great stone book of nature

itself; neither has he neglected to discover those disjointed fragments of fossil animals, and of vegetable life deposited between its leaves as regularly and as certainly as the dried specimens in a collector's book. Here then, indeed, might all men read "sermons in stones" without fear that they are looking upon mere chimeras of the brain. A Cuvier from a tooth and a hoof could as faithfully build up the fearful bulk of the mastodon as a sculptor could replace the self-indicated limb of some expressive torso.

And now let us suppose the spectator to be at the bottom of the *finished* garden. If he turns his eye towards the palace, he will see at one view the combined beauties of both. The gardened hill, smiling with sunny slopes, interspersed with magnificent fountains, and dotted with noble groups of trees, rises for nearly two hundred feet, until it meets the lower terrace, faced with its bank of emerald turf; beyond this again, over thirty acres of parterre and yet more beautiful fountains, he will see the upper terrace stretching for two thousand feet, its parapet adorned with marble statues from the antique, its façade enriched with Italian arches and innumerable sculptured niches; and yet higher still, the whole is crowned with the crystal diadem of the palace: as his eye drinks in the exquisite beauties of this scene, his ear suddenly detects the beat of the steam-engine, the mighty heart of the garden. It is a fête-day, and the engine has just commenced with its tireless iron arm to lift through the Artesian well, from a depth of 500 feet, the water from the vast cup of the chalk basin on which the country stands. With every beat this pure arterial stream is driven up the hill and forced into the great reservoir on the Sydenham side of the palace, which is 150 feet square and 20 feet deep. Here another engine drives the stream up the crystal towers into the reservoirs placed at their summits, a height of 230 feet. Whilst the spectator has been looking, the unseen flood has been toiling upwards of nine hundred feet from its deep bed to these crystal eyries. At a given signal its vast pressure is suddenly allowed to exert itself. The grand terrace for two thousand feet lets fall a living fringe of silver from dolphins' mouths into the long-drawn basin at its foot; the central fountain shoots up 230 feet—its 1000 jets contrived to form a moving, constant pyramid, like some arctic glittering peak of ice; on every side he sees the thread-like streams of silver drilling the air, and down on either hand of the grand

avenue, leaping floods form long descending stairs of glittering light, and then sweep tumultuously into the lake. Such will be the circulating system of this garden, and such the force of its heart's pressure, that 2000 tons of water will be forced through its entire frame every minute.

The water-works at Versailles, hitherto the finest in the world, are but very rarely set in motion, and the cost of working them is said to be 500*l.* each time. Those of Sydenham will be five times as extensive, and will play fifty times in the year.

But how is the great public to take advantage of all these wonders, located far away in the country, and without easy reach of people's pockets or time? This difficulty has been seen and forestalled by the directors, who, in order to provide for the City and North-eastern traffic to the Palace, have come to an arrangement with the Brighton Railway Company, by which people will be carried from a station especially devoted to the Crystal Palace, direct from London Bridge to the building for one shilling, admittance into the building included. The carriages will run on new rails laid down upon the Brighton line as far as the Sydenham station, where they will diverge upon a branch which makes a wide sweep round the bottom of the grounds, then mounts its southern flank, an incline of nearly 200 feet, and enters a spacious crystal gallery, formed by the right wing of the Palace. Trains will take up and set down here every quarter of an hour. The West-End traffic will be provided for by the Crystal Palace and West-End line, which will have two termini in London, one near the Penitentiary, the line from which will cross the Thames by a bridge between the Westminster and Vauxhall bridges, and run on through Lambeth until it joins the branch coming from the south side of the new Battersea bridge, at the corner of the park, along the eastern flank of which it will run, until it communicates with the South-western line; from this point its progress will be through Norwood to the Palace. By means of this line the north-west of London will be well supplied with railway conveyance to the new Palace, as well as its south-western portion by means of the junction with the South-western Railway. A third communication is sketched out by a company, which proposes to run a direct line to Haastings from a station on the north bank of the river, situated between Blackfriars and Southwark bridges, crossing the river thereabouts, going on through Clapham, and then send-

ing off at Dulwich a branch to the Palace. Thus, it will be seen, there will be three lines of railway to the People's Palace. Still, if the undertaking is to be a success, which we sincerely believe it will, yet more communications will have to be opened; for we question even if the three lines combined could send down as many as a hundred thousand people with any promptitude or comfort; and surely twice as large a number as this will often, in the summer, rush down here on fête-days, when the grand fountains are to be seen in full play. More than 100,000 never visited the old building in one day, yet we all know what a constant river of people was always seen flowing on fine days towards the Palace from every open corner of the Park.

Louis XIV., it is said, was so terrified at the cost of Versailles, that he burnt all the bills. We question, however, if that splendid pile cost any thing like the sum that the people's palace will ultimately draw from the pockets of the shareholders. At the last general meeting of the Company, the report stated that payments had already been made to the extent of 440,550*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* Can it be doubted, then, that a million will be approached, before the undertaking is completed? With such an expenditure, will the Crystal Palace pay? It strikes us that, to insure its paying, the most lavish expenditure is absolutely necessary. Unless the Crystal Palace is made one of the wonders of the world, it will not draw a sufficient stream of people seven miles from their homes, and it will not extend its centripetal force to the uttermost ends of the earth. But there can be no doubt that whatever the ingenuity of man can accomplish, and whatever art, regardless of expense, can produce, will here find their home. Lovers of the beautiful, who are generally a little sanguine, are not the only persons who think it will succeed. On the Stock Exchange, where fancy and imagination are at an awful discount, the shares of the Company are at a premium. More, then, upon the question, Will it pay? need not be said.

On the faith of this success, land in the neighborhood of the Palace has risen to ten times its former value. The Company itself sold 100 acres of the Penge estate, which it did not require, for 100,000*l.* Already we see the skeleton of a city sketched around the Palace. In every direction we find new roads laid out in a rectangular manner, terraces begun, and intimations of "land to be let for building purposes." A splendid hotel

has already been planted close to the Palace, and this one will shortly be eclipsed by a building to be constructed by the Crystal Palace Company, which is, we believe, to be more extensive and beautiful than any thing of its kind in England. From this establishment a covered way will lead direct to the Palace, and it is supposed that many persons affected with chest complaints will take up their abodes here for the winter, and pass their days in the warm and equable temperament of the nave, which will thus become to them a kind of home Madeira, and, it is to be hoped, will prove a valuable aid to the physician, in the attempt to tide valuable lives over the trying portion of the year, in our changeable climate.

It seems to be the "mission" of the present age to bring to a head questions which heretofore all parties have allowed to remain in abeyance. The erection of the Crystal Palace has raised the question whether innocent recreation for the toiling millions on the Sabbath is a thing to be desired or denounced. We must confess that to us shutting the Palace and its grounds on a Sunday would be like playing Hamlet with the character of Hamlet left out by special desire; for on what other day can the working-classes of all denominations escape from the drudgery of life? It is argued by many excellent persons that the opening of the Palace would form a precedent for the universal desecration of the Lord's day. But surely this precedent has long enough been established without such awful consequences by the Government itself, in throwing open on Sunday, to thousands of grateful visitors, Kew Gardens, with its museum, and Hampton Palace, with its picture-gallery. But against this argument it is urged that no charge for admission is made to these places, and the chink of coin does not break the peaceful silence of the seventh day; an argument which seems to us completely disposed of by the fact that more money is taken for Sunday pleasure-trips by railway, upon many lines, than during the whole remainder of the week, or the notorious truth, that on that day it is "high 'change" at the gin-shop.

We cannot help agreeing with the opinion of Mr. Maurice, that "every crystal palace may be closed, but there will not be one human spirit more quickened or purified."* Whilst it is to us equally evident that the Sunday opening of this Palace of Beauty and Instruction will prove "a heavy blow and

* Sermons on the Sabbath Day.

great discouragement" to the publican "interest" of the metropolis. If this positive good were alone to result by answering in the affirmative the question, "Shall the Crystal Palace be opened on a Sunday?" we should say ay most heartily; but it is impos-

sible to deny that the influence of the place itself will have a vast effect in civilizing and *Christianizing* that portion of the populace which cannot be driven to places of worship either by act of parliament or private exhortation.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

RELICS.

BUT a short time since, Aix-la-Chapelle received, in one day, nearly seventy thousand pilgrims to view a famous collection of relics there exhibited—famous alike for their sanctity and venerable antiquity. Some account, therefore, of relics in general may not be uninteresting, seeing that, after so many ages and so many changes, they retain a scarcely diminished respect in the minds of the great mass of our European population. The attraction which the world's accumulation of industry presented in the most populous metropolis in the world, making a combination of wonders never before seen, was scarcely, except at particular times, so well attended as the few fragments of garments, &c., which constitute the treasures of the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The feeling that operates in the mind towards relic-honor is not difficult of explanation, as the desire to retain a memento of the departed is one of the most universal of weaknesses, if indeed such a term should be applied to it. Still there is something different in the reverence of a religious relic; for we value a relic of a departed friend in proportion as we are certain of its authenticity. Our love or respect for the individual is not increased by it; but as we valued the friend, so is the memento respected. But religious relics are said to be useful in promoting religion; and our love towards a hero of the faith is said to be increased, or likely to be increased, by the enjoined veneration of fragments of their clothing, bones, hair, and other trifles, not always conveying the most delicate ideas. But in the history of relic-honor, supposing we struck the balance between the superstition and real devotion created thereby, how

much merit would belong to the relic? The fact is, that, however harmless in its origin, it very soon degenerated into a regular system of gainful traffic. They were not suffered long to remain passive mementoes of mortality, but were called upon to prove their authenticity by a series of wonders, exceeding far in effect and quantity those performed by the saints themselves during life; and it was their reputed miraculous power which constituted the true secret of their value. They were advertisements to monasteries and churches, and the source of ample revenues from the concourse of pilgrims who thronged to the sacred shrines. Not many years ago, the exhibition of the Holy Coat at Trèves drew a concourse which astonished this age of scientific inquiry; and now, but a few weeks since, a septennial festival at Aix-la-Chapelle has proved itself not behindhand in its display of zeal or credulity.

Active rivalry between monastic bodies, each greedy of the honor of their relics, was the common and ordinary result of the system; and if by chance one obtained a relic of unusual power, a rival was sure to appear in the neighborhood. Even this was not enough; for, setting all decency and probability at defiance, it often happened that when a head worked miracles in Rome or some other city, the *same head* was asserted to be in the possession of another place, and sometimes multiplied to three or four, all equally authentic, and equally proving their authenticity by miraculous power. But they were not all kept stationary in their honored receptacles beneath the altars, or enclosed in gold and silver coffers encrusted with gems and precious stones; for some were committed

to itinerants, who wandered about the country, gathering money by means somewhat less honorable than that of the common mountebank. These were the Pardoners, whose immoralities and audacity aroused the indignation of the satirist. Chaucer has drawn an admirable picture of them; and Heywood, the dramatist, though a Catholic, attacked them with wit, coarse and homely, but effective. So singularly contorted were people's minds on this subject, that the theft of a relic, if with the pious intent of enriching some other church or shrine, was by no means so serious an offence as one would suppose; indeed, even sacrilege might be pious, if it supported superstition. This is borne out by the history of the nuptial ring of Saint Joseph, said to be preserved at Perugia.

It had been kept for some time at a religious community of Franciscans at Chiusi, where one of the brethren, Winther by name, a German, secreted it, with the intention of carrying his prize to his native country. But, when on his road thither, he was frustrated by a sudden darkness which struck him with penitence; so he hung the ring upon a tree and confessed his sins before it, and promised to go back again to Chiusi, if it dispelled the darkness. He then discovered that it emitted a great light; but somehow or other he went to Perugia, and abode with the Augustine friars, so far forgetful of his promise that he made a second attempt to bear away the ring; but the darkness once more prevented him. He then took counsel with his landlord, who, representing his danger from the people of Chiusi, and the benefit he would gain from the inhabitants of Perugia, persuaded him to bestow it upon that city. He followed this advice; but soon the Bishop of Chiusi came to get back the ring; but the Perusians, although fully aware of its being stolen, declared that they respected it too much to part with it, and would even defend their prize by arms. None but a pope could decide so grave a controversy, and the case was laid before Sixtus IV., but the honor of deciding it was left for Innocent III., who confided the task to Cardinal Piccolomini, and in 1846 it was adjudged to the Perusians. As for Winther, when he died, two religious communities disputed for his body; the canons of St. Lawrence obtained it, and reverentially interred it before an altar of St. Joseph and Mary; a monument was erected to him, on which his theft had honorable mention, as productive of so valuable a treasure to the city.

In the zeal for relic-honor, the votaries of the Virgin carried themselves to an extra-

gance that fell nothing short of indecency. Surely none but the most irreverent ideas could be suggested by the display of the milk of the Virgin Mary; yet was this a highly honored relic at so many places, that wits, more coarse than pious, cracked their jokes most liberally, and Erasmus has, in his amusing Colloquies, ridiculed with great force the exhibition made of it at the celebrated shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham.* At Rome there was a vial of it at each of the following churches:—Santa Maria del Popolo, Santa Maria in Campitelli, San Nicholas in Carcere, and St. Alexis; one at Venice in the church of St. Mark; another at Avignon, with the Celestines; at Padua, Genoa, and in Provence, in the cathedral of Toulon; and at Chartres one of peculiar sanctity, which was given by the Virgin herself to Fulbert, forty-fourth bishop, on occasion of a burn on his tongue which could not be healed. At Naples there is also some which becomes liquid every Feast of the Virgin, but is dried up at any other time; this is evidently a rival to the blood of St. Januarius. Contrariwise, at Royaumont, is some which thickens on the fête-days, and is fluid at all other times. This list is but a few of the most noted, and many of these were very remarkable for divers miraculous powers, particularly the cure of cancer and other ills of the breast.

Nicephorus, a writer of the fourteenth century, narrates with much circumstance the bequest that the Virgin made at her death of two *chemises* to two widows. In the year 810 these were at Constantinople, and were presented as most precious gifts to Charlemagne, who gave them to the Church of Our Lady at Aix-la-Chapelle. Afterwards, Charles the Bald gave one to the cathedral of Chartres, where it attracted crowds of pilgrims; and when the Normans ravaged France, in 908, and laid siege to Chartres, the pious bishop, Gousseaume, made a standard of it, and, marching at the head of his flock, the Normans were put to flight, which was attributed to the divine favor of Our Lady. A *third* chemise was brought from Constantinople, in 1205, by Bishop Nivelon, and given to the church of Soissons; a *fourth* was shown at Utrecht, and, doubtless, there were many others either entire or in fragments for the pious veneration of the faithful. The same writer also gives an account of the girdle of the Virgin Mary, which, it is said, she let fall when being borne by angels to hea-

* Vide Pilgrimage to Canterbury and Walsingham, by J. G. Nichols, p. 21.

ven, and which St. Thomas picked up.* It was brought to Constantinople in the fourth century, and the Greek Church keeps a fête of the girdle of the Mother of God, on the 31st of August. This was also brought in 1205 to Soissons; but, notwithstanding, that did not prevent a girdle being shown also at our Lady of Montserrat, in Spain, or at Notre Dame at Paris. One was also to be seen at Chartres in a crystal reliquary, and honored at Assisi on the other side the Alps, as well as at Prato in Tuscany. Before the Reformation, this country was not behindhand in her claims, for in Westminster Abbey, a girdle, worked by her own hands, was preserved with due veneration and faith. Many or all of them performed miracles; that at Prato gave safe delivery to pregnant women, and was so attached to its church that all attempts to take it away were rendered abortive. It escaped from the hands of the thieves, and went back of itself to its reliquary.

To the relic-mongers the wardrobe of the Virgin Mary was a most profitable investment; but it is suggestive of whimsical ideas to find Jews trading with the Christians in such commodities.

In the fifth century an old Jewess boasted of the possession of the Virgin's gown; Constantinople was the favorite depository of such treasures, and to Constantinople it went, and was honored with special veneration, the 2d of July being set apart for its fête-day. At Rome they preserve another in the church of St. John Lateran, a third in the church of Santa Maria supra Minerva, a fourth in Santa Maria del Popolo, a fifth in the church of St. Barbe, a sixth in the church of St. Blaize, another in San Thomas in Parione, and one in Santa Susanna; making eight in that city alone. But the catalogue does not stop here, for there is one at San Salvador in Spain, and one in the Escorial; one is at Avignon, and another at Marseilles; one at Toulon, at Arles, at Berre in Provence, at the Abbey of Montier-la-Celle in Champagne, and at the Chartreuse de Mont Dieu. At Assisi is another, at Novogorod, at Brussels, besides many others less known, but perhaps quite as authentic. That so precious a garment as the relic of Constantinople should be 400 years and more in the possession of one of an opposite faith, would argue that the early Christians were not quite so careful of such treasures as their descendants; but these are questions that the faithful never ask.

The veil of the Virgin Mary is another famous relic, gifted like the rest with almost ubiquitous presence. It came from Jerusalem to Constantinople, and was oftentimes used by the emperor as a standard, giving assurance of victory. Trèves boasts the possession of this treasure, and it is asserted that it was brought from Constantinople in 1207. Chartres, Montserrat, Rome, Moscow, and the Escorial, dispute the honor of possession of the *true* veil; and there is one at Marseilles, and others elsewhere.

The hair of Our Lady is exhibited in a great number of places, and would at least be less improbable, but for the great variety of colors, when, if tradition be true, it should be golden. Fêtes in honor of the Virgin Mary's hair are held at Oviedo, Bruges, and St. Omer, &c.; and there is a current witticism of a hair so fine as to be *invisible*. A monk showing this, among other relics, a peasant, with open eyes, said, "My reverend father, I do not see the holy hair." "Parbleu, I well believe it," replied the monk: "I have shown it for twenty years, and have never seen it myself."

The relics of the Virgin alone would require a volume to illustrate them; but I shall now give a few notices of those of St. John the Baptist, whose decapitated head, of course, was the most famous, and it was one of those which favored the faithful by showing itself in more places than one at the same time. According to Theodoret, the tomb of St. John the Baptist was at Sebaste in Syria, and was desecrated by the heathens at the time of Julian the Apostate, who burnt the bones and cast the ashes to the winds; but Eusebius states that a few were preserved, taken to Antioch, and walled up by Athanasius. Sozamen asserts that the head was taken by the Emperor Theodosius to Constantinople. Not to enter into too many particulars, to complicate the story, it appears that in the fifth century there were two acknowledged heads of the Baptist at Emesa in Phœnicia, and in consequence the Greeks instituted a fête to the *two* heads on the 4th of February—a proof of their faith, if not of the truth. Another head is preserved by the Maronites of Libanus; but Ducange proves, that that at Amiens was the real, *true* head, and that it was brought from Constantinople—a fact the Greeks do not admit. One of the *proofs* in favor of the head at Amiens is, that it shows the mark of a wound under the eye given by Herodias with a knife. The celebrity of this relic was very great in the western world; it drew multitudes of

* Vid. Lippomano de Vitis Sanctorum.
VOL. XXXI. NO. II.

pilgrims, and the tokens of their pious journey have recently received illustration by Mr. Roach Smith, from various examples found here, as well as in France.* Another head was preserved at St. Jean d'Angely, in Saintonge, brought from Alexandria in the reign of Pepin-à-Bref; and Rome had one in the church of St. Sylvester, which they say was brought to them by some Greek monks. Pope John XXIII. sold this to the Florentines for 50,000 ducats, but a revolt of the Romans compelled him to break the bargain, which was stigmatized at the Council of Constance as a simoniacal contract. This relic was destroyed in the taking of Rome by Charles V. in 1527. Baronius, however, gives to the nuns of St. Clair the honor of saving the relic from the hands of an impious soldier; a valiant but dangerous attempt for ladies under such circumstances.

France was not content with having more than one *true* head already, but the pious King St. Louis brought one to Paris, a present from Baldwin II., Emperor of Constantinople; but this does not appear to have been a very attractive one. There was another at Soissons, also brought from Constantinople, so that France was foremost in this race of fraud. The Escorial had one with similar pretensions to authenticity, and Moscow claimed another, doubtless as *true* as any. But, notwithstanding that twelve heads in a tolerably perfect condition can be counted, there were numerous large and important fragments of the skull in all sorts of places, especially at Malta, which contained the best part of another head. There were no less than seven extra jaws of great note in different parts of Christendom, as well as other important and necessary portions of the cranium.

We are told that some of the ashes were saved from dispersion by the winds of heaven; these, therefore, possessed wonderful powers of multiplication, and churches without number claimed to possess the ashes of St. John the Baptist, notwithstanding the dispersion in the air. But even this was not so marvellous as the perfect bones in great numbers, whose miraculous power attested their authenticity. But I will pass over these to give the story of the finger of St. John the Baptist, venerated in Brittany at a place which derives its name from the fact, and is called St. Jean-du-Doigt. This small town is on the borders of the sea, and was previous to the Revolution famous for its pilgrim-

ages, and supported by the offerings of these pious travellers.

This finger, saved from the cinders of the burnt body, was sent to Philip the Just by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. A virgin lady of Normandy found means to possess herself of it, and brought it to her own country. In 1437 a young man of Lower Brittany formed a plan to carry it off; but the finger did not wait for this act of violent rapine; of its own free will it put itself in the sleeve of its adorer, who was, however, quite ignorant of his good-luck. He is drawn towards his native country by a supernatural power; he passes through a town; the bells ring out joyfully of their own accord, and the very trees bow themselves in homage and delight. He is seized as a sorcerer, and put in prison, but next day he awakes miraculously in his native village, near a fountain, since called "the Fountain of the Finger." He enters the chapel of Saint Meriadec, but he is hardly upon his knees, before the finger goes and places itself upon the altar. He remembers the object of his adoration; the tapers light of themselves, the people all prostrate in prayer; at length it reaches the ear of the Duke John, who hurries to the spot, and ends by erecting a church to his patron saint. This relic had great affection for its church in Brittany, for when Henry VII. of England sent aid to Anne the Duchess against Charles VII., King of France, under the orders of Richard Eggesmil, his vassals carried off the finger; but when they had arrived at Southampton, the coffin was empty, and the relic gone home. But this relic, if not destroyed, no longer produces its miracles, and pilgrims no longer think it worthy of their honor.

The singular history of the true cross has found an historian in Lord Mahon, but that of the nails is not less marvellous. These were, of course, discovered at the same time as the cross by St. Helena, who, however, disposed of one by casting it into the sea during a tempest to appease the waves. Constantine, her son, made use of another in the bit of his horse's bridle, and it is asserted that the iron crown of Lombardy is made out of another; but the same thing is said to have been done at the command of St. Helena for her son, so that *two* crowns were made out of them. Milan cathedral has another nail, which is said to be one that was *attached* to the bridle of Constantine, a variation from the story which made it a component part. This is elevated above the high altar, between five lights, which burn day and night. There were three nails preserved at

* Collectanea Antiqua, vol. i., p. 88.

Rome; the same number in Paris. One of great sanctity is preserved at Nuremberg; two at Naples; one at each of the following towns:—Assisi, Ancona, Sienna, Venice, Cologne, Trèves, Bruges, Draguignan, &c. The original number of three has been multiplied into twenty-seven notorious instances, besides others less known, which would swell the list to a much larger amount.

The great number of this relic claiming authenticity seems to have puzzled even those disposed to credence; for Godescard tries to explain the fact in a way that can scarcely mend the matter. He says, "The true nail, which is at Rome, in the church of the Holy Cross, has been filed and has no longer a point. These filings have been enclosed in other nails, made like the true one, and by this means they have in some sort been multiplied. A yet other mode of multiplying it has been found. That was, to touch similar nails with it, which were immediately distributed. St. Charles Borromeo, a very enlightened prelate, and of the most scrupulous exactness in the fact of relics, had many nails made like that which is kept at Milan, and distributed them after they had touched it. He gave one of them to Philip II. as a precious relic."^{*}

This ingenious and ingenuous explanation tells its own story, and gives a tolerable hint of the mode of making relics; and if the imitations had as much virtue in them as the original, which cannot be doubted, there is no reason to complain; and one must acknowledge that Saint Charles was worthy of being himself enshrined as a relic, as he is, in the costly chapel at Milan. His body is as yet too recent, or modern faith less easy, for any rival; but his wardrobe enriches many a treasury, while the miracles performed at his tomb may be estimated by the *ex voto* offerings, which Ribadeneira states to have amounted in 1610 to as many as 10,350.

It is perhaps unnecessary to inquire into the authenticity of the *horns* of Moses, which Misson tells us† were preserved at Genoa, having been brought in a bottle by a pilgrim from the Holy Land; or whether *feathers* from the wings of Saint Michael were edifying to the faithful who visited Mont St. Michael in 1784, but they are doubtless as veracious stories as many others of more received credibility.‡

^{*} Vie des Pères, &c., 3 Mai.

† Misson, Voyage en Italie, &c., vol. ii., p. 148.

‡ The author of Vathek, in his Travels in Spain, speaks of a feather he saw at the Escorial, taken from the wing of Gabriel.

It is not by examining the acts of councils that we can understand the actual feeling prevalent in the Church during the middle ages on the question of relic worship, but the contemporary writers afford us all we can desire, and of these, Cæsarius of Heisterbach is replete with information in his pleasant but wondrous stories. These were indeed especially interesting, from the fact that this worthy monk speaks of events and things in his own immediate neighborhood, and nearly always pertaining to his own order. The following is remarkable in more than one point:—^{*} "A certain convert of our order, [Cistercian,] when from that society of virgins [the 11,000 virgins] he brought a certain head to our monastery, out of devotion, he washed it with wine, kissing it. The same night a most beautiful damsel appeared to the convert in his sleep, and embracing him, said, 'To-day when you washed my head you kissed me so amiably, I will repay you in the same way.' He, considering his profession, that the kiss of the girl would corrupt, withdrew his head, and thus by this motion awoke." The novice to whom this story is told then says, "When in the streets and gardens of the city of Cologne bones of the eleven thousand virgins are found, it seems to me to be scarcely possible but that oftentimes other bones are mixed with them." The monk answers that relics will not suffer any false ones among them, and relates a wonderful story to confirm it, how the bone of a horse was thrust out of sacred company. A number of relics were laid out on the seats in St. Mary's church in the capital at Cologne, covered with clean cloths, and as they dried, a great smell arose from them. Goswin the Abbot immediately knew this was the work of the Devil, and, having clothed himself with his sacerdotal garments, proceeded to exorcism, and a great horse's bone jumped out of the midst as if projected in a whirlwind, and the stink was succeeded by the usual sweet odor of relics.†

This narrative derives some interest from its locality; the great number of bones that fill almost every church of Cologne with relics cannot fail to arrest the attention of all who visit that interesting city, and the above stories tend to show how they were accumulated, by the evidence of one who was a contemporary witness. Great numbers of bones have always been dug up in the neighbor-

^{*} Cæsarius, Dialog. Miraculorum, distinct. oct. cap. 88.

† Ibid. cap. 89.

hood of Cologne—not a great thing to marvel at, considering that it was an important Roman colony: is it not exceeding probable that these remains belong to a large interment of the colonists, thus disturbed to become sanctified and paraded, for an honor the living possessors little anticipated?

The wide-spread devotion to relics is certainly a singular fact. It was universal in pagan antiquity; it is rife among the followers of Mahomet and in the more ancient religions of India; it forms a not inconsiderable

means of acquiring power over the minds of the people; and it seems to be so gradual a step to pass from an innocent weakness to a gross superstition, that minds of high intelligence are carried by the force of habit, or of the system, to admit things contrary to the plainest dictates of common sense; and we have seen, from the events of the month of July last, that thousands upon thousands still crowd to see a few vestments, whose history, if examined, would present the most positive evidence of fraud.

From the Eclectic Review.

INSTINCT AND INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.*

THE little book before us is a product of the "Jardin des Plantes." It is one of its fruits. It is a growth of the garden which has been fecundated by the Academy. The philosophical observations of M. Flourens are based upon the zoological studies and experiments made by M. Frederic Cuvier upon the instinct and intelligence of the animals in the "menagerie" of the Museum of Natural History during the long period of thirty years. Frederic Cuvier was four years younger than his brother George, and was born at Montbéliard in 1773. When George Cuvier was preparing his collection of comparative anatomy in 1800, he called his brother Frederic to Paris to assist him in preparing the catalogue. Four years afterwards, the "menagerie" was confined to his care, and he passed his life there. He secluded and buried himself in the "menagerie," as other naturalists have done in the solitudes of forests and sea-shores. Having

caught his brother's enthusiasm for the natural sciences, he surrounded himself with animals, and occupied his time in spying their instincts, and seeking, from experiments contrived with ingenious sagacity, the solution of the philosophical questions which have been raised respecting them.

In 1810, Frederic Cuvier was appointed an inspector of the Academy of Paris, and he was raised to be Inspector-General in 1831. The result of his experience in these capacities appeared in a work upon "Instruction in Natural History in the French Colleges." Like every other man of sense, he wished to avoid disgusting children by learned terminologies and abstract methods, while training them to observation and admiration of the surprising works of the Divine Hand. Curiosity and wonder can, under intelligent guidance, become worship. "It is inconceivable," says the celebrated Rollin, "how many things children might learn if they only knew how to profit by all the opportunities which present themselves." M. Frederic Cuvier advocated a proposition which originated with Rollin, that there should be two kinds of natural history, one for the learned, and another for children.

Frederic Cuvier was appointed a professor of the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle in December, 1837, and in July, 1838, a few months afterwards, he died. His pride and affection for his celebrated brother was such,

* *De l'Instinct et de l'Intelligence des Animaux.* Par P. Flourens, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences et Membre de l'Académie Française, (Institut de France), Professeur de Physiologie Comparée au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris. Troisième Edition, entièrement refondue et augmentée. [*On the Instinct and Intelligence of Animals.* By P. Flourens, Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, and Member of the French Academy, Professor of Comparative Physiology at the Museum of Natural History of Paris.] Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. 1851.

that one of his last requests was, "May my son place upon my tomb, 'Frederic Cuvier, frère de George Cuvier.'"

The bases of the publication of M. Flourens are the memoirs published by M. Frederic Cuvier upon the instincts, sociability, domesticity, and habits of animals. M. Flourens presents his readers with a curious series of extracts, illustrative of the opinions of ancient and modern philosophers and naturalists upon the subjects of which he treats; and then he compares their opinions with the positive results of recent zoölogical researches.

Aristotle is the first name by which we are arrested. There is something sublime in the destiny of this man, who still reigns over the minds of men thousands of years after every wreck or fragment of the empire of his patron Alexander has passed away. Not having a copy of the original Greek at hand, we are obliged to translate the quotations of M. Flourens from the translation of Camus. Every thoughtful reader will, we think, be charmed with the profound and delicate insight displayed by Aristotle.

The transition from inanimate existences to animals is made by degrees. A continuity of gradations covers the limits which separate these two kinds of existences, and withdraws the eye from the point which divides them. After inanimate existences come plants, which vary in this, that some appear to have more life than others. All plants seem almost animate when they are compared to other bodies; they appear inanimate when compared with animals. From plants to animals the passage is not sudden and abrupt. Bodies are found in the sea respecting which it is doubtful whether they are plants or animals. . . . The same insensible gradations which give to certain bodies more movement and life than others, take place in regard to the vital functions.

There are found in most beasts the traces of the affections of the soul, which show themselves in man in a more marked manner. We may there see a character docile or wild, gentleness, ferocity, generosity, baseness, timidity, confidence, anger, malice. We perceive in many, even something which approaches the reflecting prudence of man. . . . We may apply here what has been said of the parts of the body. Certain animals compared with man differ from him by excess or defect. . . . Sometimes man, in regard to some of his faculties, has more than the beasts; sometimes the beasts have more than man; and there are other points respecting which there are analogies between them. As, then, man has for his share, industry, reason, and prudence, some animals have a sort of natural faculty of another kind, although capable of comparison, which guides them. This becomes more obvious if man is considered in his infancy. We observe, indeed, the indications and seeds of

future habits, but at that age the soul differs in nothing, we may say, from that of the brute's. It is not, then, going too far to say, that there are between man and animals faculties in common, near and analogous.—pp. 42-44.

Aristotle gave the elephant the character of being the most tamable and teachable of animals. But he says, "One sole animal, man, can reflect and deliberate. True, other animals partake with him the faculty of learning and memory, but he alone can come back upon what he has acquired." Aristotle saw, from the brute to man, a succession of degrees. Man alone can come back upon his acquisitions, but "many animals have something which resembles the reflective prudence of man. The weasel shows reflection when hunting birds."

Plutarch makes Gryllus, in a dialogue with Ulysses, ascribe more virtue to beasts than to men. Their virtues shame the human species. Probably this is the origin of the homilies which have been founded upon the examples of beasts. Ants have been cited as models of frugality, and children have been told, like "the little busy bee," to "improve each shining hour." Plutarch himself was of opinion that beasts have little discourse of reason to soften their manners, and not much subtlety of understanding, but inclinations and appetites unregulated by reason.

Montaigne wished men and beasts to be kept within the barriers of the same police. He asks, "Why does the spider spread his net in one place and unloose it from another, and at a certain hour have one sort of knot rather than another, if he has not deliberation, thought, and decision? Montaigne compared himself to his cat. "We entertain each other with monkey-tricks, and if I have my hour of commencing and refusing, she also has hers. His goose in his yard reasons, and concludes every thing was made for her; the rising and setting sun, the fruits of the earth to nourish her, the house to lodge her, and man to take care of her, who, indeed, if he sometimes cuts the throat of a goose, does the same to his fellows."

Arcussia, a nobleman of Esparron, and a writer upon "Fauconnerie," declares "that no animal reasons so perfectly as the birds." He demands, "if birds have not reason, how do they contrive to find new inventions to oppose to the daily new inventions of man to surprise them?"

Leibnitz quotes with approbation the opinion of Locke: "We will not deny that beasts have a certain degree of reason. To

me it appears as evident that they reason as that they feel. But it is only upon particular ideas that they reason, according as their senses present them." . . . "When his master takes a stick, the dog fears a blow." But Leibnitz prefers to conform himself to received usage, and not to call that a consequence of reasoning.

Locke says, that "The power to form abstractions has not been given to beasts, and that the faculty of forming general ideas is that which establishes a perfect distinction between man and brutes." Leibnitz was delighted with this view. Leibnitz and Locke agreed with Descartes that the grand distinctions of man are Universal Truths and Speech.

Bonnet applied Hartley's doctrine of vibrations to the instincts of animals. Ideas are vibrations of fibres. Some fibres of the brain are sensitive, and others are intellectual. The association of fibres gives the association of ideas. Such is the mechanism of our ideas. Let us suppose that certain ideas acquired by man are original in animals, the direct effects of the combinations of their fibres, natural and primitive, without imitation and without experience. The human architect must study his plan, but, according to Bonnet, the animal architect is placed, by his system of fibres, at his birth, precisely in the state in which several years of study have placed the architect.

Reimarus, professor of philosophy at Ham-burgh, published, in 1760, a work upon the instinct of animals. He clearly distinguishes instinct from intelligence. "Every operation prior to experience which animals execute in the same manner immediately after their birth, ought to be regarded as an effect of natural and innate *instinct*, independent of design, reflection, and invention. . . . Some animals, more than others, have faculties analogous to human intelligence. Most of the carnivorous animals, and even of those which serve them as prey, manifest something resembling mind, device, and invention. Many are disposed to imitation, or are capable of being tamed, instructed, and drilled to different feats of skill."

Have beasts language? Montaigne maintained they had, and if we did not understand it, asked if it was their fault?—*Elles nous peuvent estimer bestes, comme nous les en estimons.* Dupont de Nemours imagined he understood the language of beasts, and actually published translations of the "Songs of the Nightingale" and the "Crow's Dic-

tionary"—"Chansons du Rossignol" and "Le Dictionnaire des Corbeaux."

Aristotle says, "Animals understand different sounds, and can discern a variety of signs." M. Flourens acknowledges that they have voices, cries, accents, gestures. "The cry of an animal may very well awake an idea, but it is not the product of an idea, and there is all the difference."

There has long been a most improper mixing up of considerations of morality and Christianity with the questions respecting the instinct and intelligence of animals. No less a man than Descartes seems to have originated this error. He was of opinion that, after atheism itself, there was no error more dangerous for the virtue of weak minds than to believe that the soul of the beasts was of the same nature as ours, and consequently that we have no more either to fear or to hope than flies and ants. "When they know how much they differ, they comprehend much better the reasons which prove that ours is of a nature entirely independent of the body, and consequently is not subject to death with it." The instinct and intelligence of animals are subjects which belong to philosophy and physiology. The philosophical zoologist deals with them in accordance with the facts of zoological and philosophical science. He has nothing to do with any other facts. Protestant Christians know that the Bible was not given them to teach them physiology, and they see in the pretension to decide questions of natural history by the interests of morality, or the authority of Christianity, the error which punishes a Galileo for stating physical truth in a way which exposes a false theology. We have observed with regret that Professor Flourens has not escaped entirely from this error,—an error equally injurious to the progress both of science and of Christianity.

Descartes, in his unnecessary anxiety for the interests of morality, imagined that beasts were only machines. His notion had prodigious success. No one was deemed a true Cartesian who did not believe that beasts were mere automata. To turn him into ridicule, one P. Boujeant published a book, in which he sought to prove that beasts were devils. They felt, knew, and thought so much, that they could only get such faculties from the Evil One. The disciples of Descartes, by pushing his doctrine to the extent of pure automatism, went farther than he did himself, for he admitted that beasts were machines which live and feel.

However, he maintained that they were only machines because they cannot interchange their thoughts by speech, and only act according to the dispositions of their organs. "They can do certain things," he says, "better than we can, just as a clock can measure the time better than a man can guess it."

Buffon gave beasts every thing except thought and reflection; or, in fact, he repeats in his own words the opinion of Locke and Leibnitz. He denies them consciousness of past existence, which is memory, and the faculty of comparing their sensations, which is judgment. They want the power which produces ideas. Buffon, loosely repeating the views of Locke, falls into inconsistencies. When describing the dog, he says, he understands the signs of the will of his master, although he denies him intelligence; and he makes him remember benefits and forget injuries, although destitute of memory! He refuses reflection to beasts; but he declares that the dog with game in his mouth resists the inclination to devour it, because he remembers the chastisement he once received, and fears the chastisement he would receive for doing it. He denies that the dog is capable of comparing his sensations, and explains his decision by saying, the mechanical impulses of appetite have been overcome by the mechanical impulses of repugnance. Cuvier said that Buffon was more unintelligible than Descartes; and we may add, his view is a sad illustration of what even the most intelligent persons will say in defence of systems accordant with their interests.

Buffon, of course, makes up by the arrogance of his ridicule for the feebleness of his views. He mocked Réaumur for "always admiring the more, the less he reasoned;" unconscious how open he was to the retort, that he reasoned the more, the less he observed. With the confidence of a manufacturer of declamations, Buffon pretends to decide the relative intelligence of animals, giving them degrees of intelligence proportioned to what he supposed to be their degrees of resemblance to man in form and organization. Réaumur, who was an observer or interpreter of nature, described the foresight and affections of insects, and gave them a superiority in intelligence over all other animals. Buffon ridiculed him for being "attentive to the conduct of a republic of flies, and extremely interested in the fold of the wing of beetles." Ridicule, we remark in passing, for once that it is the test of truth,

is a thousand times the sign of ignorance; and Buffon was ignorant of entomology.

Condillac refuted Buffon. If beasts feel, he argued, they feel as man does, or the word feeling has no idea attached to it. He says: "If beasts invent less than we do, and improve less, it is not because they have no intelligence, but because their intelligence is more limited."

G. Leroy, although he confounded instinct with intelligence, studied the intellectual faculties of animals profoundly, and accords them all the characters of intelligence. They are taught by experience; "they feel grief and pleasure; they avoid what pained and seek what pleased them; they compare and judge, hesitate and choose; they reflect upon their acts; experience instructs them; and repeated experiment rectifies their first judgments."

Although we have profited by the researches of M. Flourens respecting the opinions of celebrated writers, we have not always had the pleasure of agreeing with his opinion of them. They may, we think, be easily divided into the two hostile camps whose battles have always been necessary to the progress of science,—the *reasoners* and the *observers*, the men who decide questions by their systems, and the men who translate the decisions of facts. Descartes, Locke, Leibnitz, and Buffon, say what they think, reason, or imagine; Aristotle and Réaumur what they have seen. Great reputations in philosophy and science are not needed to make men supply by audacity, arrogance, presumption, authority, their deficiencies in facts. In proportion to our pride, we are all ready to lay down laws instead of interpreting proofs. Metaphysicians contradict physiologists, and arguers ridicule naturalists; the man who has merely reasoned condemns the man who has observed, because the pursuit of science is quite as frequently a battle for renown as a struggle for truth.* But be-

* This fact has recently received a notable illustration. Many *pholades* were publicly exhibited at Brighton during the summer of 1851, perforating chalk rocks by the mechanical raspings of their valves and squirtings of their siphons. Among the persons first apprised of the fact were Professors Edward Forbes and Richard Owen. These gentlemen received the information thankfully, and neither hinted a doubt, nor took a single step to learn the truth, while the *pholades* were at work. But subsequently Professor Owen, as a Vice-President of the Natural History Section of the British Association, has been a party to the suppression of the account of the discovery, and to the publication of an absolutely nonsensical opinion, that the process was chemical after all. Professor Edward Forbes has

sides the combatants, like the chorus in a Greek play, are the public with their practical common sense, who decide where the weight of proof lies. Poets are often the melodious echoes of the public voice, and repeat its decisions. Fenelon, in his "Dialogue between Aristotle and Descartes," records one of these remarks of good sense. Descartes explains the chase of the hare by the dog, by saying, the particles of the hare touched the springs of the pointer, and drew him after the hare. Aristotle is represented asking in substance: "But when the dog has lost the scent, what is it which makes him search for it?" La Fontaine refutes Descartes by simply stating his dogma in verse:

L'animal se sent agité

De mouvements que le vulgaire appelle

Tristesse, joie, amour, plaisir, douleur cruelle,

Ou quelque autre de ces états.

Mais ce n'est point cela: ne vous y trompez pas.

Qu'est-ce donc? Une montre.*

Our readers will now be prepared to enter the region of positive observation, and find there answers to the questions: What is instinct?—What is intelligence?—What is reason?—What is invention?—What is free-will?—What is sociability?—What is sympathy?—What is progress?—when we use these words in reference to beasts and to men.

M. Frederic Cuvier found a beaver which was in the menagerie, engaged in hoarding all suitable materials that came in his way—leaves, bits of wood, and mud—and building a cabin for himself. The beaver had no need of one, for he had a better cabin already than he could build. The animal had never seen a cabin, nor had any communication with any beaver to instruct him in the building processes, which are not traditional, but hereditary, among his species. M. Frederic Cuvier supplied the beaver with all necessary materials, and he built exactly the cabin of his species. This is instinct. The move-

also published, in an article in the *Westminster Review*, his opinion, that the question is not yet solved. The learned professor knows the prudence of silence when he is in the wrong, and we have not the slightest expectation that he will tell us what more is needed for the solution of a problem respecting mechanical operations, than that they should be explained, seen, and shown, and all the world told how to repeat the observation.

* [Translation.]—The animal feels itself agitated by movements which the vulgar call sorrow, joy, love, pleasure, cruel pain, or any other of these conditions. But it is not that—don't deceive yourself. What, then, is it? A watch.

ments of the mouth of a new-born baby, by which it suckles, are in like manner instinctive. Last July we took from under the leaves of some aquatic plants the sperm or spawn of some *Limnæa*, (a univalve mollusk,) and we have kept them in a large glass full of fresh water ever since. The spawn was an oblong gelatinous mass, and the young, when first seen in it, resembled the little yellow globules of fat in soup. In a few days, under the microscope, we saw the form of the shell and head. After about three weeks, the young, not bigger than a small pin's head, might be seen separating themselves from the mass, and travelling slowly up the side of the glass to breathe; a very small bubble of air soon became visible within the shell, and the *Limnæa* had entered into the life of its species. Instinctive actions in the mollusk, the mammal, or the human being, are the impulses of the mechanism or organization and circumstances of the animal. They differ from the action by which the stamens of plants shed their pollen upon their pistils only in the degree of vitality and intelligence manifested. Time, mode, every thing is fixed, periodic, fatal: the hands upon the dial of the watch are not more inevitably moved by the laws of mechanism than all animals are, from the polype to the infant, in their instinctive actions. Yet we submit that the word "blind" is improperly applied to instinct, because we see no reason for doubting that every animal knows what it is about, whether it be respiring, suckling, or building.

M. Flourens is of opinion that there are a complete separation and opposition between instinct and intelligence; instinct is blind, necessary and invariable, while intelligence is elective, conditional, and changeable. Horses learn to obey man, and understand some of his words by intelligence. The beaver is fated to build his cabin, the bird to build his nest, the spider to weave his web, and they can build or weave nothing else than what has been planned or designed for the species from the commencement of existence to the end of time. The fish (*Gasterosteus aculeatus*) which constructs a nest, cannot do otherwise; and when the male attends upon the female, during spawning-time, he does it as his first ancestor did when the waters were first separated from the land. The word "intelligence" is employed by M. Flourens to signify teachableness by experience and instruction. Everybody is familiar with the strange feats which animals are taught to accomplish. Monkeys and cats

have been exhibited drinking tea, elephants firing pistols, donkeys and ponies finding cards or numbers, &c. But in truth these things are only examples of what can be done by acting upon the capacity which animals have of understanding slight signs, and obeying the dictates of fear. It may well be doubted if their fitness for being thus trained and disciplined by man can properly be called the intelligence of animals. No doubt this is what has been understood by their intelligence since the days of Buffon. But with the hesitation which becomes the emission of a new view, we respectfully submit that the tricks which animals are taught appertain chiefly to the skill of their trainers; and that the facts which illustrate the intelligence of animals must be found in their natural actions, apart from human and foreign influences.

Fontenello has admirably said, that "Instinct is a particular art which each species of animal has, and which never had among them a first inventor." M. Flourens has not less admirably added, "Instinct is an innate trade, talent, or art." It is hazardous to compete with such masters of thought and language, but we must try to express our conceptions. Instinct is, we submit, *the intelligent and practical interpretation of its organization by the animal itself*. The pholias, for example, is born a living rasp, squirt, and hydraulic apparatus; his foot is both a motor and a piston; there is within it an elastic spring; and within each valve he has a lever, while his muscular system is formed for the rotations of the rasp and the actions of the squirt; inside the siphons, moreover, is a ciliary epithelium, just adapted for pushing upwards pulverized particles of stone;—why?—the pholias was created, and every individual is born, a stone-piercer. Each part of his anatomy teaches him its own physiology. His birth, in its psychological or mental point of view, is his awakening or quickening to a consciousness of the use of his organs. He awakes and finds himself a stone-piercer. He cannot do any thing else but bore rocks. He knows no other trade. His fearful and solitary nature accords with his work; he can live his life only in pursuing it; and when he cannot bore, he dies. This stone-piercer is told by his instruments their use; they are himself; he knows himself by knowing them, and when any part of them is deranged, he ceases to be himself, and perishes. Instinct is the intelligence of the living mechanism. An American and an Italian engineer are at this moment trying to

invent a machine which shall bore tunnels through the Alps or the Apennines; the *Pholias dactylus* is a model of such a machine, a finger-length long, self-conscious, self-feeding, and self-propagating,—a stone-boring machine, with the marvellous and august additions of vitality and intelligence. A steam-engine become alive and conscious of its work, would be a phenomenon similarly wonderful.

We have not derived this view of instinct from books, but from studying the humblest forms of life in *actiniae* and *acephala*. It is impossible to witness the births of sea-anemones, pholades, or *Limnæa*, and deny that they are the commencements of intelligence. Descartes thought that men were born with innate ideas, instinctively imprinted upon the soul at its creation, born with it, and developed by circumstances. Locke refuted him in regard to man. He referred to experience what was ascribed to intuition. If Descartes had meant by innate ideas the intuition of the organs, and applied his doctrine to explain instinctive actions, he would have stated our view of the low kind of intelligence called instinct.

Everybody has heard of the instinct of self-preservation. Our young *Limnæa*, which were still spawn in the beginning of August, are now exercising their functions of locomotion and nutrition. In the glass vessel along with them there are two old ones of a similar but different species. One of the old ones, whose elegant shell is about an inch long, is very voracious. He has devoured one of the physes, and often attacked the young *Limnæa*, whose shells are only about a tenth of an inch long. We have trembled for the few who remain, when we have seen them literally in the mouth of the devourer, whom we have nicknamed "the Emperor." But they adhere by their foot to the side of the glass: he has not jaws which can break their shells, and is obliged to desist. One day, in the middle of September, while we were writing this article, a young *Limnæa*, which had left the glass, was found with its shell broken around the opening. When it was replaced in the glass, the "emperor" made for it directly, and ate off its unprotected head and foot. Immediately after, he attacked successively two others, but as their shells were unbroken, they escaped to a place of safety. Where was it? Can the selection of it be explained by blind instinct? They climbed upon the shell of "the emperor," and rode about upon their enemy as if he were a chariot. He did not like it, and

wished to get rid of them. How did he do it? Was it by a blind instinctive action? He debarrassed himself of them by means as well adapted to his end as if he had read treatises upon cause and effect. He crawled out of the water up the side of the glass, until each of the little ones had to choose between leaving his back or leaving the water. As, doubtless, he calculated, they preferred remaining in the water, and, rid of his burden, he slid back again into it himself. When illustrating the intelligence of animals, M. Flourens says:

Here is what I have seen at the Jardin des Plantes. There were too many bears, and they wished to kill two of them by means of *prussic acid*. Some drops of the acid were thrown into little cakes. At the sight of the cakes the bears stood up on their hind legs and opened their mouths. Some cakes were successfully pitched in, but were immediately spit out, and the bears fled. It might have been expected that they would not be tempted to touch them any more. Notwithstanding, they were soon seen pushing the cakes with their feet towards the basin in their ditch. They slouched them in the water, and smelt them attentively, and as the poison evaporated, they proceeded to eat them. Thus they ate all our cakes with impunity. They had shown too much mind (*trop d'esprit*) for our resolution to remain unchanged, and we granted them a reprieve.

We have had of late years a young *orang-outang*. I had opportunities of studying it, and was often astonished by its intelligence. It called to mind what Buffon said of the *orang-outang*, that he had observed: "I have seen that animal present his hand to visitors who came to see him, walking gravely with them like a companion; I have seen him seat himself at table, spread his napkin, wipe his lips, use his spoon and fork in carrying to his mouth, pour his drink into a glass, and hob and nob when he was invited; go and take a cup and saucer, place them upon the table, put in the sugar, and pour in the tea, let it cool to drink it, and all without any other instigation than the signs and words of his master; and often he would do it of himself. He never harmed any one, advanced with circumspection, and seemed to ask for caresses, &c."

Our young *orang-outang* did all these things. He was very gentle, liked much to be caressed, particularly by little children, with whom he played, trying to imitate every thing they did before him, &c.

He knew very well how to take the key of the chamber where he lodged, to push it into the lock, and open the door. Sometimes the key was placed upon the chimney-piece, and he climbed up to it by the cord upon which he usually swung. A knot was made upon the rope to make it shorter; he undid the knot. He had nothing of the impatience and petulance of other monkeys. He looked sad, and walked sedately, with measured steps.

I went to see him one day with an illustrious old man, a delicate and profound observer. An

odd costume, a feeble and lingering walk, and a bent body, fixed the attention of the young animal from the moment of our arrival. He did complacently every thing required of him, keeping his eye fixed continually, however, upon the object of his curiosity. When we were retiring, he approached his new visitor, gently and maliciously took hold of the stick he had in his hand, and feigning to support himself upon it, and bending his back, and relaxing his pace, walked round the room where we were, mimicking all the while the attitude and step of my old friend. He carried back the stick himself, and we left him, convinced that if we knew how to observe him, he, in his turn, knew how to observe us.—pp. 141-144.

Condillac thought instinct the commencement of intelligence; but, while agreeing with him so far, we do not regard this as an exact and complete statement of our view; we think instinct the consciousness of organization. It is the commencement of intelligence, because it is the commencement of consciousness. The phœnix feels he is a rock-piercer, as the man feels he is a biped. Condillac thought instinct habit without reflection. The old weaver weaves almost as the young spider weaves, mechanically. But the difference between him and his loom is, still, consciousness. The animals which have senses superior to man are in a certain sense informed of more than he is by them. The phenomena of habit are somewhat misleadingly named in connection with the phenomena of the consciousness of organization. Although in results alike, they are really the opposites of each other. Instinctive actions are best done with the greatest consciousness, while habitual actions are performed most in accordance with habit when with least consciousness. Habit is the acquired facility of doing a thing which comes from doing it often; instinct is the fatal facility of doing a thing without ever having done it.

Animals educate each other by means of the power of habit. Instances have occurred to almost every observer; but we gladly avail ourselves of the statements of M. Flourens in the following extract:

The nature of animals is never better seen than in the efforts they make to preserve their young, and to instruct them how to preserve themselves. "The she-wolf teaches its little ones," says G. Leroy, "to attack the animals it ought to devour." Who has not seen a cat teaching her young ones to catch mice? She begins by stupefying a mouse with a bite; the mouse, although hurt, still runs, and the kittens after it. The cat watches, and if the mouse is likely to escape, she springs upon it.

"The eagle carries his young upon his wings," says Daubenton, "and when they are strong enough to sustain themselves, he tries them by

abandoning them in the air;" but he supports them again instantly when their strength fails."

"At the time when the young falcons and sparrow-hawks begin to fly, I have seen several times a day," says M. Dureau de la Malle, when resident in the Louvre, "the fathers and mothers return from the chase with a mouse or a sparrow in their claws, hover over the court, and call by a cry, always the same, the young which had remained in the nest. These came out at the voice of their parents, and flew under them. The fathers then raised themselves perpendicularly about fifty feet, and warning their pupils by a new cry, let fall from their claws the prey, upon which the young birds pounced. At the first lessons, notwithstanding all the care of the old ones to let it fall almost upon them, these awkward apprentices nearly always missed it. Then the fathers, descending upon the prey, and recatching it always before it reached the ground, rose up again to repeat the lesson, and would not let their young eat it until they had seized it for themselves."

"I was able to ascertain even, so suitable were the place and circumstances to these kinds of observations, that the instruction was gradual; for when the young birds of prey had learned to catch in the air the dead mice, their parents brought them living birds, and repeated the manœuvre which I have described until their little ones were capable of seizing a bird upon the wing with certainty, and could consequently see to their own nurture and preservation."

Mr. Hugh Miller, in an interesting and philosophical series of autobiographical sketches, recently published in the *Witness* newspaper of Edinburgh, describes the commotion which took place in the town of Cromarty, when himself and another little boy were reported to be lost among the rocks. The fathers and families sympathized with the sufferings of the anxious mothers; and boats with torches started at night in search of the missing boys. We once were thrilled with admiration on beholding a similar display of social sympathies by a community of sparrows in the environs of London. One summer evening, some children, when playing in a garden, screamed, "The cat has caught a bird!" Their cry alarmed pussy, and she dropped from her mouth a young sparrow. Of course it became the pet of the children immediately, and was placed in a cage to protect it from the naughty cat. Very early next morning the inmates of the house were awake by the loud chirpings of sparrows. The parents sought their lost young one, and their comrades hovered, flew, and chirped distractedly in sympathy with them. This lasted five or six hours. The cage was at length placed in the garden, after breakfast, with the door

open. It was soon seen which was the mother. She flew up to the bars of the cage in a flutter of delight; but as she did not see the door, which was upon the opposite side, she only induced the young one to knock its head in wild flutterings against the wires. The cage was turned with the door where she could see it. When she descended towards the cage the second time, the little one flew up and beat its head as before; but as soon as she saw the open door she flew down opposite to it, and the young one descended to follow her, and out of the cage after her, flying with all the flock, in a chirping chorus of joy, to a neighboring tree.

Herbert, the poet, when admiring the instinctive actions of pigeons, applies to animals a very lofty word. He says—

Each creature has a wisdom for its good;
The pigeons feed their tender offspring, crying,
When they are callow; but withdraw their food
When they are fledged, that need may teach them
flying.

Innumerable facts demonstrate that instinct is a phenomenon of intelligence. Instinctive actions are varied to suit circumstances, and this variation is dictated by intelligence. That admirable observer, White, of Selborne, long ago noticed that the nest of the chaffinch in the villages near London is not beautifully studded with lichens as it is in remote rural districts; and that the house-martin, when a rafter, joist, or cornice prevents his making a hemispheric nest, makes one which is flat, or oval, or compressed. Wrens and fly-catchers have been known to alter their mode of nidification for better concealment. M. Dujardin noticed that one year, when the death's-head moths were very numerous, and by entering the hives of the bees destroyed many of them, the bees constructed barricades at the entrances, which prevented their enemies from reaching them. In bees, as in men, necessity was the mother of invention, and seems to have taught even insects something like fortification.

We separate from the intelligence of beasts what man drills them to do: we mean by it the consciousness of their organization and the acts they perform for their preservation and the training of their young. An Italian exhibited cats dressed as ladies and gentlemen, seated at table taking tea, but the show was spoiled by a wag who threw a sprat among them. A cat may be deterred from touching a cage of birds by hanging a whip upon it of which she has had a taste; and a full-fed cat will not take the trouble to

chase birds until driven to it by hunger. How fiercely many animals defend their young is well known. In regard to property they have a sense of *meum*, whatever may be the defects of their regard for *tuum*. A Kentish proprietor told us he had often seen the sheep bend down the young growing hop-poles to reach the tender sprouts. But a scrub of a sheep, who wished to eat without work, would now and then avail himself of the sprouts brought near him by the labor of another; and the dirty sponging trick invariably caused the aggressor to receive a butt upon the head from the injured party.

Education, self-tuition, and the communication of information, appear to be ascertained facts in zoölogy. In the immense majority of species, indeed, the father dies after fecundating, and the mother after depositing, their eggs. But not merely are there species which instruct the young; there are species in which the young instruct themselves. Young nightingales listen long and practise sedulously to learn from old nightingales their beautiful melody. When they have nothing else to do, young nightingales catch and practise the songs of other species. Huber seems to have proved by his experiments that bees can, by certain touches of their antennæ, inform each other whether or no all is right with the queen or mother bee. M. Dujardin placed a cup of sugared water into a hole in a wall. He dipped a small stick into it, and when a bee issued from a hive and was sucking the sugar, he conveyed it to the cup. The bee returned to the hive, and was followed, when it came out again, by a flock of others, who went backwards and forwards during a whole day, until the sugared water was exhausted. The bees of the next hive close by knew nothing of the sugared water, probably just because they were not told.

Let us sum up our induction. What is the purport of the evidence? We find facts which demonstrate the intelligence of organization. Animals know by consciousness the uses of their organization, whether conservative or reproductive, nutritive, locomotive, or respiratory. Wonderful instances of this kind of intelligence are the spawn of the pholades escaping from the gelatinous mass in which they are born, and after respiring freely for a time, fastening upon the substances they are to pierce, each according to his species, *Pholas dactylus* upon rocks, and *Teredo navalis* upon wood! The small beetles (*Bostrichus typographus* and *Scolitus destructor*) make galleries under the bark of

trees, and each species a different kind of gallery. The diving spider makes a diving-bell, in which it respire and lives under the water. Marvellous although such feats be, they show nothing beyond a consciousness of the use of organs, and in the language of philosophers, are all referable to sensation. In some respects animals have the advantage over man in certain organic faculties. Everybody knows who it was who wished for the wings of a dove. Once, when Dr. Chalmers was in a boat at sea, observing sea-gulls and cormorants resting upon the rocks, or rising in the air, or diving in the sea at pleasure, he declared he envied them their freedom of three elements. If a human being had done what the young *Limnæa* did to escape destruction by the old devouring one when they climbed upon his shell, it would be deemed an instance of "presence of mind." As for the bears and the cakes, in washing out the poison they displayed presence of mind and something more—a sagacity almost human. A company of boys would probably act just as the bees did in reference to the sugared water; and the barricades against the death's-head moth, which were only adopted in the year in which the enemies were numerous, showed intelligence to the extent of invention. Jenny Lind was compared to a nightingale; but it is a greater compliment to the nightingales to compare them to her in the way she learned her tunes, by listening attentively and practising industriously until she had acquired them.

Who, then, of all our authors, has come the nearest to the facts? We submit the name of Aristotle. He saw only differences of degrees, and perceived in many animals something which approaches the reflecting prudence of man.

A collection of brains preserved for physiological study, or a series of anatomical investigations of the cerebral nerves, conducts the student to a similar opinion. The brain of man is not of a different kind. Nothing is found in it which is not found in the brains of other animals. But when the brains are placed together upon a table, no one is in the least at a loss to distinguish the human from the surrounding brains, although inferior in weight and size to those of the largest quadrupeds. In nobility of form, in graceful folds, and in size, as compared with the body of the animal, there is a superiority in the human brain which is truly admirable. The spectacle recalls the exclamation of Hamlet, about "the paragon of animals! the beauty of the world!"

Nothing more dishonoring to man can be done than to depreciate the mental faculties of animals in order to remove them from comparison with him. The differences of degree are tremendous and immense. A sand is a mineral combination, as a star is; a toadstool is a plant, as a magnolia is; the face of a fly is a countenance, as that of a man is; but immensity is not too great a word to express the distances of the degrees which separate them. Man, the creator of the science of zoölogy, has chosen to place himself in it. But the distance which separates him from all other animals amounts to an immensity. Not

that animals do not display traces of language, reflection, reason, education, invention, observation, sagacity; but that these words carry very small significations when applied to animals, compared with their grand meanings when expressing the mental operations of man. *Nil est in intellectu quod non fuit prius in sensu*, is a proposition which may be applied to animals; but in regard to man, his own consciousness rejects it when used to explain the phenomena of genius and conscience, of progress in civilization, or of duty to man and God.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE HON. MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

FEMALE authorship is now so common a thing, that the woman who has written a book is no longer regarded as a *lusus nature*. A woman who writes is not now considered "a blue," for the tint of female stocking has become all but cerulean. Women are also extensive readers of books, as well as writers of them; and it is right and proper that literature, which promises to become universal, should reach them with its gentle and humanizing influences. They cannot afford to be excluded from its domain if they would preserve that degree of intellectual refinement which enables them to act their part aright in the family and in the world. Literature has now extended so far—has so penetrated the life of society in almost all classes—has so mingled with all our associations, and feelings, and tastes, that the woman ignorant of letters would feel as it were divorced and severed from the intelligent life around her, and her influence as a member of society, as an educator of children, as a companion and friend, would be reduced to comparative insignificance. Woman, then, *must* be a reader of books nowadays, for it is necessary that she should be intelligent and possess a cultivated mind. Without this intelligence on her part, the other half of the race can make but little progress; for the march of the human race must be equal: man cannot advance except in woman's company;

and if he think to march ahead without her, he finds that before long he is dragged back to the position in which he has left his inevitable partner.

From reading books women have proceeded to write them; and it is well that they should do so. They thus infuse an amenity, gracefulness, and generosity into our literature which we could not very well dispense with. We expect greater refinement in the writings of women than in those of men; a more delicate purity; a sweeter tone, reminding us often of the fireside, and the gentle domestic associations which hallow that sacred spot; nor are we disappointed. There is all that we would naturally expect in the writings of our best female writers. Many of them have already taken the first rank as novelists; and what can be more graceful and delicate than the tales of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and Miss Mitford? These, however, may almost be regarded as writers belonging to the past generation. Among the modern female writers we have certainly as great as they: Miss Muloch, (author of "The Head of the Family,") Miss Brontë, (author of "Jane Eyre,") Mrs. Gaskell, (author of "Mary Barton,") Mrs. Marsh, (author of "Two Old Men's Tales,") Mrs. Norton, (author of "The Wife and Woman's Reward,") and many other distinguished living novelists.

We have also many admirable female wri-

ters in other and more solid departments of literature,—as for instance, Mrs. Somerville in her works on Physical Science, Miss Martineau on History and Political Economy, Miss Strickland on Biographical History, and Mrs. Jamieson on Art. The number of female poets is also great, among whom may be mentioned Miss Mitford, Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Butler, Miss Frances Browne, and many others, including the subject of our present sketch, who is as much distinguished for the excellence of her poetry as for the vivid interest of her novels.

Mrs. Norton has come of a gifted family, and in her genius may be said to be hereditary. She is the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, one of the sons of the brilliant Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Mr. Sheridan, shortly after his marriage, fell into ill health, and removed with his wife and young family to the island of Madeira to try the effects of milder air. From thence he proceeded to the Cape, where he died of consumption, and then the widow and her two infant daughters returned to England. Mrs. Sheridan devoted herself assiduously to the education of her children, living almost secluded from the world for their sakes, and sacrificing even her personal comforts to advance their interests and form their minds.

Mrs. Sheridan's two daughters early cultivated literature. Even as children they wrote together; and before either of them had attained the age of twelve years, they had produced two little books of prints and verses called "The Dandies' Ball" and "The Travelled Dandies." But Mrs. Sheridan did not encourage these precocious attempts of her children; she checked their disposition to scribble; and for some time she kept works of fiction out of their way, and denied them the free use of pen, ink, and paper, with a view of inducing them to resort to occupations of a more useful character. But the active and ardent mind of Caroline Sheridan would not be restrained, and by the age of seventeen she accomplished her first complete poem, entitled "The Sorrows of Rosalie," although it was not published for several years afterwards. Her sister also—afterwards the lady of the Hon. Captain Price Blackwood—early appeared as an authoress of considerable taste and power, though her writings have been chiefly in an anonymous form.

While a girl at school, of the age of sixteen, the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother of Lord Grantley, sought the hand of Caroline Sheridan in marriage. Mrs. Sheridan post-

poned the contract until her daughter was better qualified to fix her choice. In the mean time she formed the acquaintance of one whose early death prevented a union which would have been wholly consonant to her feelings. After the lapse of three years, Mr. Norton renewed his offer, and was at length accepted. We fear there was some great error here, for the union could never have been one of heart and soul. It may have been a "match," as the world calls it, but never was pair more "unequally yoked," as the event soon proved. We have no wish, however, to open up this sad story, so full of griefs and heart-burnings. The world has heard enough, and too much, of the cruel slanders which have been pointed at Mrs. Norton, and against which she has not only triumphantly vindicated herself, but which also men of the most honorable character, though professionally employed by her detractor and libeller, have united in discountenancing and condemning.

The story which Mrs. Norton has told of her domestic life and of her literary struggles, will prove one of the most painful chapters in the history of literary women—should such a history ever be written. But the glorious manner in which she has grappled with the difficulties of her position, and earned by her indefatigable industry the sweet bread of independence, is at the same time full of heroism and of true womanly tenderness. It was her affection for her children which inspired all her efforts, and bore her through all her toils. And now that the story has been told, we trust there is not a man's nor a woman's true heart but will do her reverence.

The "Sorrows of Rosalie" was followed by a second volume, entitled "The Undying One." In the former story, the fortunes of a ruined village girl were told; in the latter, the old story of the "Wandering Jew" was brought to life again. Had Mrs. Norton had an opportunity of reading Godwin's "St. Leon" and Maturin's "Melmoth," probably she would not have written her poem, or cast it in another form; but she has since explained, that until she married she had fewer opportunities of reading works of fiction than most young persons, and therefore her early works of fiction were crude and immature. The next volume, entitled "The Dream, and other Poems," exhibited much greater powers and higher cultivation. It was published in 1840; by this time she had suffered deeply, and like other poets, she "learnt in suffering what she taught in song." The

dedication of the volume to the Duchess of Sutherland, who befriended her throughout her severe domestic trials, exhibits her Byronic powers in a striking light. Take the following introductory verses:—

Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below.

—Easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gavest me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief, in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung,
Not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom I had relied,
And some who might have battled for my sake
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world
would take—

Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor—
Kind words, and holy wishes, and true tears;
The loved, the near of kin, could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in parity dost glide.

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint, false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from them once good thoughts thy heart its
mercy drew.

These striking lines abundantly justify the

remark of the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who styles Mrs. Norton "the Byron of modern poetesses." She has very much of "that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of tenderness, his strong practical thought, and his forceful expression. It is not an artificial imitation, but a natural parallel."

There were some of the minor poems included in the above volume, which were inexpressibly charming. That entitled "A Mother's Heart," descriptive of the feelings of a mother for her several children, is such as none but a mother, and that a most affectionate one, could have written. First, there is the eldest:

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that I yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Then follows a description of this first-born in several charming verses. But another succeeds of an altogether different temperament:

Then thou, my merry love, bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a mild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladdened earth!

Still there is room for a third in the mother's ample heart:

At length thou camest—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed "The Emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swelled thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming—
Fair shoulders, curling lip, and dauntless brow,—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming:
And proud the bearing of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,
But in the Mother's Heart found room for all.

The last poem which Mrs. Norton has published, was her "Child of the Island," a poem steeped in the strongest and tenderest sympathies of humanity. Some seven years previously to the publication of this work, she published anonymously a little poem with a prose preface, entitled, "A Voice from the Factory," which was appropriately enough dedicated to Lord Ashley. "The Child of the Island" is a more complete development of the same idea which inspired the "Voice from the Factory." It exhibits more depth of thought and regularity of structure than any of Mrs. Norton's previous poems, and is animated throughout by a lofty purpose. That purpose may be best expressed by one of the pithy mottoes to the poem, taken from Bentham: "*If the poor had more justice, they would need less charity.*" The work is descriptive of the condition of the poor, their trials and sufferings, and it points to the requisite remedies. In fact, it is a poem on the "condition - of - England question," and never before was the subject treated with such pathos, force, eloquence, and true poetry. There are word-pictures of scenery in the work, of extraordinary power and beauty, which we would wish to quote, but for the limits of this article; one particularly of Scotland in autumn, which is especially grand. But we confine ourselves to the following stanzas:

Brown Autumn cometh, with her liberal hand
Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves;
A yellow glory brightens o'er the land,
Shines on thatched corners and low cottage eaves,
And gilds with cheerful light the fading leaves;
Beautiful, even here, on hill and dale;
More lovely yet, where Scotland's soil receives
The varied rays her wooded mountains hail,
With hues to which our faint and soberer tints are pale.

For there the scarlet rowan seems to mock
The red sea-coral—berries, leaves, and all,
Light swinging from the moist green shining rock,
Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall;
And there the purple cedar, grandly tall,
Lifts its crowned head and sun-illuminated stem;
And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's pall)
Bends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem
Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms,
Its regal mantle o'er the mountain spread;
Wooling the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,
By many a viewless wild-flower richly shed;
Up-springing 'neath the glad exulting tread
Of eager climbers, light of heart and limb;
Or yielding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,

When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,
And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt, and grim.

O land first seen when Life lay all unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave,
Which now my travelled heart looks back upon,
Marking each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory, and there a grave:—
Land of romance and beauty; noble land
Of Bruce and Wallace; land where, vainly
brave,
Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,
Ere yet the shivered sword fell hopeless from his hand—

I love you! I remember you! though years
Have fled o'er the hills my spirit knew,
Whose wild uncultured heights the plough forbears,
Whose broomy hollows glisten in the dew.
Still shines the calm light with as rich a hue
Along the wooded valleys stretched below?
Still gleams my lone lake's unforgotten blue?
O land! although unseen, how well I know
The glory of your face in this autumnal glow!

I know your deep glens where the eagles cry;
I know the freshness of your mountain breeze;
Your brooklets, gurgling downward ceaselessly;
The singing of your birds among the trees,
Mingling confused a thousand melodies!
I know the lone rest of your birchen bowers,
Where the soft murmur of the working-bees
Goes droning past, with scent of heather flowers,
And lulls the heart to dream even in its waking hours.

The purpose of the poem is best described in the two concluding stanzas:—

I thought, in my own secret soul: If thus
(By the strong sympathy that knits mankind)
A power untried exists in each of us,
By which a fellow-creature's wavering mind
To good or evil deeds may be inclined;
Shall not an awful questioning be made,
(And we, perchance, no fitting answer find!)
"Whom hast thou sought to rescue or persuade?
Whom roused from sinful sloth? whom comforted,
afraid?"

Faint not, O spirit in dejected mood,
Thinking how much is planned, how little done;
Revolt not, heart, though still misunderstood;
For gratitude, of all things 'neath the sun,
Is easiest lost, and insecure won;
Doubt not, clear mind, that worked out the right
For the right's sake; the thin thread must be spun,
And patience weave it, ere that sign of might,
Truth's banner, wave aloft, full flashing to the light.

Mrs. Norton has also achieved a deservedly high reputation as a novelist. The first

work of this kind was published in 1835, and was cordially welcomed by the public. It was entitled "The Wife and Woman's Reward," and displayed abundant evidences of knowledge of the world, acute observation of life, racy humor, and a truly refined taste. Since then she has written several other novels, the most celebrated of which have been her "Temptation, or a Wife's Perils,"

"School for Wives," and "Stuart of Dunleath;" the last of which has already been noticed at some length in this Journal.

Mrs. Norton is yet in the prime of life and the vigor of her powers; and if not prematurely worried to death by her arch-enemy, we hope to see other works from her pen, which shall fully justify the high opinion we have formed of her character and genius.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

N. P. WILLIS.

THAT eminent N. P. Willis! Eminently the poet of good society, says Griswold, who loves (*ornare*) to adorn him. Eminently amusing, whatever he may write about, says Thackeray, who loves (*subridere*) to genteelly flout him. Eminently in pencillings and poetizings, as *feuilletoniste* and as *attaché*, in romantic inklings of adventure and in the conventionalisms of *salon* life. Eminently the Representative Man of American cockneyism; for, in the lines of his compatriot, Mr. Lowell,

He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
Where plain bare-skin's the only full dress that
is worn,

He'd have given his own such an air, that you'd say
"T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broad-
way.

This jaunty, pert, quasi-distinguished air appertains, more or less, to all the eminent man's writings. Not that it is substituted for good sense, or sagacious reflection at times, or dashing cleverness of description. No; Mr. Willis is a clever writer, and can produce really smart sayings, and even tasteful fancies almost à discretion. But in reading him you never lose sight, for a couple of pages together, of the writer's intense self-consciousness—of his precautions against being merged in his subject—of his resolve to haunt you with the scent of his perfumed kerchiefs, and the glitter of his jewelled attire, and the creak of his japanned boots; never do you escape, as it were, the jingle of rings on his fingers and rings on his toes, wherewith he makes music wherever he goes—be it to

Banbury Cross or the Boulevards, Niagara or Chamouni, Auld Reekie or the literal Modern Athens.

While yet in *statu pupillari* at Yale College, Mr. Willis appeared in print as a "religious" poet, and made something of a sensation, it is said. Thus encouraged, volume followed volume—a goodly sprinkling of "religious" verses in each. There are some excellent things, too, among these miscellanies; nor let it be supposed for a moment that we speak scoffingly of poetry often distinguished by touching beauty and simple purity of tone. Most readers of verse are familiar with that fine scriptural study, the "Healing of the Daughter of Jairus,"—though even *that* somehow reminds one, with a saving difference, of the scriptural studies of certain Parisian *conteurs*. "Melanie" is a melodiously accented and feelingly-rendered tale of brotherly devotion—for an acquaintance with which many English lovers of poetry felt grateful to its English editor, Barry Cornwall—though Bon Gaultier and other critics express their gratitude somewhat ironically, and, while accusing the poet of perpetually quoting and harping on his poem, love to cap his die-away verses,

The moon shone cold on the castle court,
Oh, Melanie! oh, Melanie,

with some such uncomplimentary complement as this:

And the baron he called for something short,
Oh, villany! oh, villany!

"The Dying Alchemist" is another of his most successful pieces—a very effectively-told story of an aged suicide—one who, sent blindfold on a path of light, had turned aside to perish—"a sun-bent eagle stricken from his high soaring down—an instrument broken with its own compass." The dramatic poem entitled "Lord Ivon" has also won large approval—containing as it does passages of more sustained vigor and less finical pretence than is the author's wont. Some of his shorter fragments, devoted to household ties and the domestic affections, are, however, his likeliest claims to any thing beyond ephemeral repute—marked as these are, sometimes in a memorable degree, by a tenderness and sincerity of emotion that at once conciliate censorship, and that have probably made more than one hostile critic shed "some natural tears," however scrupulous his highness may have been to wipe them soon.

Nevertheless, Mr. Willis can hardly be ranked very high among poets, and those American poets. His strains are too glib and fluent, too dainty-sweet and prettily-equipped, too evidently the recreation of an easy-minded essayist, instead of being fraught with sighs from the depths of a soul travelling in the greatness of its strength. He sings, and we listen as to one who has a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument; and having heard him, we pass on, and forget the melody, though we do not forget what manner of man he was. Speaking of a lyrical minstrel—some say, the eminent N. P. Willis himself—Emerson describes his head as a music-box of delicate tunes and rhythms, and his skill and command of language as never to be sufficiently praised. To whomsoever this may refer, what follows will apply to his Eminence: "But when the question arose, whether he were not only a lyrist, but a poet, we were obliged to confess that he is plainly a contemporary, not an eternal man." Yea; that is unmistakably true of N. P. Willis. Plainly a contemporary—a nineteenth-century being—coeval with Gore House—synchronous with the fashion of "Hurrygraphs." Not at all an eternal man, although the *North American Review*, in its pride and pleasure, did dub him the American Euripides, and thereby gave the cue to a thousand wittols to exclaim, A very American one indeed! Emerson goes on to say of his lyrist, that he does not stand out of our low limitations, like a Chimborazo under the line, running up from the torrid base through all the climates of the globe, with belts of the herbage of every latitude on its high and mottled sides; but

is rather the landscape garden of a modern house, adorned with fountains and statues, with well-bred men and women standing and sitting in the walks and terraces. "We hear, through all the varied music, the ground-tone of conventional life. Our poets are men of talents who sing, and not the children of music. The argument is secondary, the finish of the verses is primary"—in disregard of the truth that it is not metres, but a metre-making argument, that makes a poem; that in the order of genesis the thought is prior to the form—"a thought so passionate and alive, that, like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own, and adorns nature with a new thing." How plainly Mr. Willis is thought a contemporary, not an eternal man,* by the scribe of the *Biglow Papers*, Miss Bremer's *Apollo's Head*, let these lines testify:

There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlay-
ing 'em,
That one hardly knows whether to thank him for
saying 'em;
Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose.
Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose!

Conception is a blessing, is Hamlet's general proposition. But here the poet will think its quality strained, *not* blessing him that gives and him that takes. Rather he will quote Hamlet's subsequent words, Slanders, Sir; for the satirical rogue says things—

All which, interpose we old folks, we most powerfully and potently believe. Under protest, however, from a few missy admirers of the Penciller's flourishes, to whom his patron Muse would be in shabby *deshabille* without the nasal circle *ut supra*.

But it is to his prose that N. P. Willis owes, after all, the epigraph of Eminent. Who has not whiled away an hour in pleasant light reading of his purveying? Who has not heard of the amusement and eke the bad blood excited by his "Pencilings by the Way?" That "famous and clever N. P. Willis," as Mr. Titmarsh calls him, "whose reminiscences have delighted so many of us, and in whose company one is always sure to find amusement of some sort or the other. Sometimes it is amusement at the writer's wit

* In appraising himself, by-the by, Mr. Willis has characteristically said, "I would willingly take a chance for immortality, sandwiched between Cooper and Campbell." This was said *apropos* of his going to reside between Cooper's abode and poetic Wyoming.

and smartness, his brilliant descriptions, and wondrous flow and rattle of spirits: sometimes it is wicked amusement, and, it must be confessed, at Willis's own expense—amusement at the immensity of N. P.'s blunders—amusement at the prodigiousness of his self-esteem." "There would be no keeping our wives and daughters in their senses," adds Mr. Titmarsh, (in the sixth number of *The Proser*), "were such fascinat-ors to make frequent apparitions amongst us; but it is comfortable that there should have been a Willis; and (since the appearance of *The Proser*) a literary man myself, and anxious for the honor of the profession, I am proud to think that a man of our calling should have come, should have seen, should have conquered, as Willis has done." The illustrious stranger's *resumés* of the table-talk and drawing-room doings of his illustrious hosts and hostesses, were amazingly relished, notwithstanding the outcry elicited. Indeed, it is curious to observe, to this day, how reviewers and critics, big, little, and middle-sized, after indignantly crying shame on those imitators of Mr. Willis who jot down in their journals and books of travel personal anecdotes and descriptions touching the notables they may have dined withal, proceed forthwith to collect, for quotation, the raciest bits of domestic gossip, the very essential oil of the personality just denounced. This should never have been seen in print, they swear, in their first column. In their second, they give it, whole and entire, the benefit of their own extended circulation.

Not that we are pleading for Mr. Willis's achievements as Gossipry's "Own Correspondent," and envoy to the privacies of literary and fashionable life. On the contrary, in reading his reports of what he heard and saw said and done there, we find it indispensable to have in remembrance the caution of that high literator* whom, of all others, Mr. Willis seemingly hates with most perfect hatred,—viz., that to report conversations fairly, it is a necessary prerequisite that we should be completely familiar with all the interlocutors, and understand thoroughly all their minutest relations, and points of common knowledge and common feeling with each other; and that he who is not thus qualified, must be in perpetual danger of misinterpreting sportive allusion into serious

statement; and may transmute what was some jocular phrase or half-phrase, intelligible only to an old companion, into a solidified opinion which the talker had never framed, or if he had, would never have given words to in any mixed assemblage—"not even among what the world calls friends at his own board." But again, we fancy that a vast deal of the abuse showered down on the American *attaché's* head was sham sentiment, and that he was made something like the scapegoat in this matter. Somebody, however, behooved to be the scapegoat; and while the hapless individual suffered, the general public benefited by the protest thus uttered, whether on the whole sincerely or not, against what was tending to become an intolerable nuisance. Accordingly, when it was last announced that N. P. Willis had again arrived in England, that vigilant wag *Punch* thought it a duty to say as much: "We mention this fact for the benefit of those would-be literary gentlemen who are anxious to appear in print, as an invitation to Mr. Willis for dinner will be certain to secure them the advantages of publication without any risk or expense. Literary gentlemen are cautioned, however, against speaking too freely in their conversation after dinner, as mistakes have been known to occur in the best-regulated memories—even in Mr. N. P. Willis's. For testimonials, apply to the editor of the *Quarterly*, or any one mentioned in Mr. Willis's American works, when he was last in England." Happily, Mr. Willis is a lively rattle, not easily abashed, or liable to be put out of spirits by the dull jokes of British malcontents. They will not put him out of countenance by allusions to brass, or his nose out of joint by piercing a ring through it. A liberal public has been found to patronize his lucubrations; and so he has gone on writing, and re-writing, and patching together odds and ends, and dressing up faded beauties with new cuffs and collars, and cramming *crambe repetita* into new *spicilegia*, and entertaining easy souls with a rapid succession of "People I have Met," "Hurrygraphe," "Summer Excursions in the Mediterranean," "Life Here and There," "A Health Trip to the Tropics," and many another *excursus*, related with what Theseus calls

The rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Seneca is a great deal too heavy for Mr. Willis, but Plautus not a whit too light.

* "This reptile of criticism," Mr. Willis calls him: adding, "He has turned and stung me. Thank God! I have escaped the slime of his approbation." That *Deo gratias* is a masterstroke in its way.

He is effervescent with animal spirits, and dashes you off a gay, buoyant aphorism with the *bonhomie* of Harold Skimpole himself. Trifles light as air float beamingly through his volumes, the flimsy texture whereof almost justifies at times the satire of Tom Moore on book-making tactics:

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired—
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes, oct.,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu-des-éprits*;

Like Dibdin, may tell of each farcical frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
That gingerbread-cakes always give them the colic.

But then our Penciller is not prosy, and has the art ever to keep the attention simmering. Never hum-drumming himself, he never lets you snore. Only let him suspect you of a preliminary yawn, or an incipient drowsiness, he'll soon mend that by a playful poke in the costal regions, or some such coup-de-main of infallible virtue. The style he can command when at his best—which, probably, is when he is least ambitious of effect*—is a capital

vehicle for the chatty coxcombries it hurries along.

His prose had a natural grace of its own,
And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
And is forced to forgive where he might have
admired;

Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
It runs like a stream, with a musical waste,
And gurgles along with the liquiest sweep:—
'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
In a country where scarcely a village is found
That has not its author sublime and profound,
For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.

It is in fact just the style for his public—the public of magazine readers, railway students, first-of-the-month folks, who gallop through an article of smooth trim surface as swiftly as Camilla scours the plain, but who are not equal to your cross-country work, and are, after all, most at home when ambling along macadamized road and wooden pavement.

Mr. Lowell adds—what would read as well without the questionable comparison with our dramatic Dioscuri—

"So his best things are done in the flush of the moment.

If he wait, all is spoilt; he may stir it and shake it,
But, the fixed air ones gone, he can never re-make it."

* After declaring that Willis's nature is

"A glass of champagne with the foam on't,
As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont,"

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE WAR OF THE SICILIAN VESPERS.*

WE are never weary of historical restorations. The "myth" has in so many forms, and for so long a time, obscured our records, that no effort to efface it comes unwelcome. But when the security is endorsed with the name of Ellesmere, we cannot refuse to do what in us lies to negotiate.

Every reader of history has heard, and, for want of good reason to the contrary, has hitherto believed, that the revolution of "the

Sicilian Vespers" in 1282, and the overthrow of the French rule in the island, were the results of a conspiracy as complete in design and minute in detail as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the Popish Plot of Guido Fawkes. It seemed to be a not improbable account of an event which annihilated the armaments and rent the kingdoms of the mightiest of the then European sovereigns, while it changed the dynasty of Sicily, that it was the result of a mighty "plot," in which kings and nations were accomplices, while foreign gold and foreign intrigue con-

* *History of the War of the Sicilian Vespers.* By Michele Amari. Edited by Lord Ellesmere. London: Bentley.

tributed to its *denouement*. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when the destinies of men were matters of market, and the rights of the commons yet undistinguishable from the clamorings of half-starved *villains*, such a cause obtained credit as being proportionate to the effects produced, the only alternative being a revolution originating in the mere motion of the people. No one stopped to discover the inconsistencies of the tale, or to consider the source of the evidence upon which it was founded. Even the Sicilians, it would appear, were, and were content to be, in ignorance of the true history of their great revolution. They, like the rest of the world, were deceived by what we can hardly doubt from the case before us to have been a deliberate attempt on the part of the Angevins to revenge their defeat in the field by a misrepresentation of the motives of their conquerors. It was a Guelph and Ghibelline war of literature with fact; and, as must be the case where the former is not shackled by obligations to truth, in a half-educated age it carried the day.

We must assume, for the present, that our readers are acquainted with the ordinary version of the Sicilian revolution, and shall only now draw their attention to one feature in the story, which we think contains a no slight evidence of the *animus* with which it is written—we mean the peculiar way in which the names of the chief actors in the drama—Peter of Aragon and John of Procida—are respectively treated. The former, because he was throughout the contest the uncompromising and successful opponent of the Angevin faction, is branded as a traitor, a conspirator, and a perjured peace-breaker. The latter, though according to the admission of the historians themselves he had been the Ulysses as well as the Simon of the plot, yet because he afterwards deserted from the side of Aragon, is exalted from the very beginning as a pure patriot and hero.

We are unconscious of any special admiration for the character of Peter of Aragon, nor shall we incur the charge of favoritism if we remark upon the evidence by which the crime of conspiracy is supposed to have been conclusively *proved* against him. As we shall have to go through the details of his part in the story hereafter, we will, to avoid repetition, illustrate his behavior by "putting" (as the lawyer says) what appears, with a slight allowance for allegory, to be an analogous case. Our James the Second shall be Charles of Anjou, and William of Orange Peter of Aragon, whose position, by his

marriage with the heiress presumptive of the legitimate Neapolitan house, may not unfairly be represented by that of the Dutch prince. Then suppose an English exile—Shaftesbury for instance, had he been still alive—employing his time at the Hague, like a spirit of mischief, in whispering in the ear of William the reports of English discontent, to have gone so far as to promise on behalf of his friends at home that a Dutch invasion should be supported; that William, partly from cautious fears for his own dominions, and partly from a wish (which he more than suspected would be gratified) that the English nation should themselves call him to the succession, avoided any overt communication; and that, while "the plot" lingered, the west-countrymen, maddened by the cruelties of Jefferies and Kirke, and the Covenanters, bursting from the tyranny of the council, had marched upon the metropolis, where the people were yet in suspense as to the fate of the bishops; that the Stuarts and their adherents were expelled, and, after certain delays consequent upon the suddenness of the movement and the excited hopes of the Republicans, that a deputation from the Parliament had waited upon William, then encamped on the French border, and requested him to assume the crown; we say, supposing all this, would any one pretend that here was any *proof* of a conspiracy *in esse*, much less of William's having been an accomplice? Yet, *mutatis mutandis*, we think the case does not so widely differ from that commonly called "the Vespers' Conspiracy;" and Peter of Aragon, upon no stronger evidence, has been convicted over and over again of the full charge.

Later historians, not content with assuming the above hypothesis as proved, proceeded to spice the tale with pure invention to suit the partisan or romantic tastes of their different readers. Thus "the conspiracy" is said to have been hatching amongst the whole Sicilian nation for a considerable time, whilst John of Procida, "the indefatigable missionary of revolt, in the disguise of a monk or beggar, flew from Constantinople to Rome, and from Sicily to Saragossa," to bespeak protection for the future insurgents. "The treaty" of revolt "was sealed with the signet of Pope Nicholas himself, the enemy of Charles, and his deed of gift transferred the fiefs of St. Peter from the house of Anjou to Aragon."* Finally, Procida made a

* Gibbon.

tour of the island of Sicily, Brutus-like, in the disguise of a simpleton, to communicate intelligence, and to prepare for the simultaneity of the rising. And yet the secret "so widely diffused and so freely circulated was," as Gibbon, with almost ironical credulity, remarks, "preserved above *two years*" (some say even longer) "with impenetrable discretion." The last of all the fanciful additions was that of Boccaccio, who put the finishing-touch of dramatic interest in the "Vespers' Bell," which gave the confederates the signal, and the plot its name.

The romance thus manufactured has been grafted into the historic page, apparently without a suspicion of its authenticity. The historian of the "Decline and Fall" enjoys the credit of having been the first to *express* a doubt upon the subject, which, however, is said to have been suggested by Voltaire. But be this as it may, their joint scepticism (if such it be) goes no farther than to discredit any connection between the actual outbreak and the great conspiracy, on which Gibbon dwells with such complacency as rolling back the title of Latin conquest from the East. "It may be questioned," he says, "whether the instant explosion of Palermo were the effect of accident or design." He afterwards reverts with all his former ardor to the idea of the plot. Having described the incident which caused the "explosion," he adds, that "the conspirators seized the opportunity" to execute their design, "the revolt being inspired by the presence or the soul of Procida."

Sismondi, not yielding his belief in Procida's sole concoction of the plot, thinks that his hand may be seen in "stirring up the passions of the people, and sending to Palermo the nobles and the soldiers to assume the direction of the movement, well assured that the occasion would not be delayed." (Quoted, Amari, Appendix.) Even the philosophic historian of the "Middle Ages," though he at first appears to doubt freely the truth of the ordinary version, seems unable to clear himself from the supposed difficulties of not adopting a full belief in Peter's entire complicity. And yet one part of the popular story is as unauthentic as the other: the existence of the conspiracy is as unreal as the charges of active complicity against either Peter of Aragon or John of Procida. At least the evidence before us proves incontestably that such a complexion of affairs was unknown to those who were contemporary with the events themselves. Lord Ellesmere com-

pares the results of Amari's work with that of Niebuhr's in Roman history. However much they may resemble each other in effect, there is, nevertheless, a wide difference in the respective processes of the two historians, as well as in the subjects with which they had to deal. In the one case was a series of legends representing a state of things *primâ facie* unreal, but which had been looked upon as agreeably filling an otherwise blank page in the world's story, yet withal evidently more than mere idle tales, though their meaning had not as yet been discovered. The master-mind of Niebuhr, in an apparent chaos, discovered a principle and a system, and, with the aid of materials scattered up and down through all history, reared a graceful and regular building, but one founded at best only upon conjecture, and dependent for its existence upon future confirmation. Amari, on the other hand, simply turns upon the dishonest inventions of men the reflection of that great modern mirror, the State-paper Office; and as it was at the touch of that spear of celestial temper, which

No falsehood can endure,
but returns,
Of force to its own likeness;

so has the high-blown conceit of historic fraud melted before the plain tale of truth and reality. We are enabled to judge not only how complete was the work of falsification, but also how bitter must have been defeat to those who could avail themselves of such a subterfuge to avoid their disgrace.

Mr. Amari, in his Appendix, enters into a comparison of the several versions of the story which he finds in various historians, contemporary or otherwise. Through this part of his work we have no desire to follow him. We shall prefer pointing out some of the evidence afforded by contemporary public documents against the belief of any foreign interference, or indeed foreign intrigue, having been in any sense the *cause* of the Sicilian revolution.

In a bull of Pope Honorius, dated in 1825, three years after "the Vespers," it is expressly declared that the proximate causes of the disturbances in the island were the fearful extortion and oppression practised upon the inhabitants by the Angevin government—evils which Charles of Anjou is therefore advised to correct as a sure means of recovering, what he professed to desire, the lost affections of his former subjects. (App. 333.)

As regards the part which Peter of Aragon is alleged to have played in the drama, we have the evidence of his bitterest enemies. First, we turn to the bulls issued by the successive Popes, and heaping anathemas and excommunications upon the heads of the Aragonese monarch and his adherents for certain crimes specified therein. We may be sure that the success of Peter and the Sicilians had so far exasperated the Roman See, that any charges made by the latter would lack no colors which either malice or industry could supply. And yet it is not pretended to accuse the offender of conspiring with the Sicilians against Anjou, nor is a conspiracy even alluded to. Peter's utmost crime is that of being the *dux et auriga* of the discord between the Holy See and her revolted vassals, (he is nowhere described as the *auctor* of such discord,) and principally it is alleged that to this unchristian purpose he had directed an expedition, which he had allowed the Pope to believe was against African infidels. (App. 329-332.)

Secondly, Charles of Anjou, in reality the principal victim of the supposed conspiracy, in a letter dated May, 1282,—just after the outbreak in Sicily,—and requesting assistance of Philip the Bold of France, makes no mention of Peter, or of a conspiracy; and in the negotiations for the duel between himself and the King of Aragon, in which both parties were to prove their recriminative charges, Charles complains only of Peter's invasion of Sicily, *contra regionem et in malum modo*; but not a word escapes him tending to connect such invasion with any previous design. Again, after the failure of the arrangements for the duel, when Charles would be most anxious to blacken the fame of his adversary in the eyes of Europe by even the most reckless charges, all his accusations of perfidy go no farther than that Peter had, while engaged in warlike preparations, whose object he would not avow, made offers of intermarriage between his own family and that of Naples.

Having then emended this hitherto corrupt passage, we will endeavor, with the aid of the light thus gained, to run through the narrative of "the Sicilian Vespers," first briefly touching upon some of the chief points in the previous history of the island, which we think will tend to a better understanding of the revolution and its true causes.

Liberty, we may premise, was a plant of native growth in Southern Italy. The Lombard, the Greek, and the Saracen had preserved till the tenth century institutions innocent of the feudal spirit. And when that

system was at last introduced by the Norman Conquest, many circumstances tended to mitigate its rigor and restrict its limits. To the obstacles which Nature offered to a foreign conqueror in the two kingdoms, were added the influence of numerous rich and important cities—moral barriers against which, as in Spain, the advancing tide of feudalism fretted in vain. Again, the vast powers assumed by and conceded to the Church, to whose authority the Normans, "few in number, and having no title but their swords," were glad to defer, and the great quantity of land which retained its allodial nature, narrowed the field of merely military power; while, last but not least, the characters of the Norman monarchs themselves gave to the innovation less violent pretensions than it elsewhere introduced.

The constitution of the Norman sovereigns was scarcely less venerated in Sicily than were the Saxon laws by our ancestors. In theory it recognized a more complete balance of the powers of the state than we are prepared for at so early a period, while its practical influence was gratefully remembered as the source of mild and equitable government. The crown, instead of representing only a precarious chiefship amongst turbulent peers, seems to have more nearly resembled the executive central power of the state which we find in a modern limited monarchy, undisturbed by territorial privileges or jurisdictions. The nobles, neither too numerous to awe nor too few to embolden the sovereign, are described as animated by an almost patriarchal spirit. The third estate, in the full enjoyment of commercial immunity, and possessing a reasonable voice in the legislature, were peaceful and contented. Serfdom was almost unknown.

The first shock sustained by the hitherto prosperous liberties of Sicily was the sudden failure of the line of Norman kings, whereby the whole Southern monarchy passed as a princess's dowry under the house of Suabia. The tyranny of Henry the Fourth, and the absenteeism of his son, Frederick the Second, entirely alienated the affections of the people, whilst it aroused a determination to look to themselves for the preservation of their rights. On the death of Frederick they rebelled, and proclaimed a republic under the protection of the Roman See; but so feeble was the assistance rendered by the latter, that in four years they again were crushed under the yoke of the bastard Manfred. Twelve years of misgovernment yielded them an easy prey to Charles of Anjou, at the head of an army

of *condottieri*, collected from all nations for the plunder of the South. And for sixteen years it would almost seem that the King and his nobles desired nothing more than to emulate the infamy of Verres.

The author of "The Decline and Fall," in one of his favorite periods, sums up the condition of the conquered nation: "The new kingdoms of Charles," he says, "were afflicted by every species of fiscal and military oppression; and the lives and fortunes of his Italian subjects were sacrificed to the greatness of their master and the licentiousness of his followers." Mr. Amari's narrative will show that the great—though in this matter credulous—historical freethinker has unwittingly enunciated the true causes of the revolution.

The most ruthless government Sicily had yet experienced was that of Frederick the Second, whose foreign wars had proved a ceaseless drain upon the blood and treasure of his people. But though he had greatly increased the taxation, he granted one sensible boon in the abolition of compulsory military service. Charles, without abating any of his attacks upon the purse, reestablished the arbitrary power of the crown over the persons of his subjects, compelling them to serve in the fleet as well as the army; and in order to force recusants to appear, the government imprisoned or fined their relatives. But further, as if to fill up the measure of insolence in the conqueror and endurance in the subject, no household was safe from outrage in what it holds most dear—the honor of its women. Violence or deceit were mercilessly employed to work

— the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the slug-
gard's blood to flame.

To the remonstrances of the afflicted people Charles turned a deaf ear. Their delegates hardly escaped with life, and the character of the monarch was too well known to render the advocacy of Sicilian wrongs either a safe or a grateful task. The most independent of the Popes, Nicholas the Third, threatened him with the wrath of God, who could not, he said, overlook such tyranny. "Of the meaning of tyranny," answered Charles, "I am ignorant; but I know that God Almighty has been my guide, and therefore I am confident he will always support me." The excesses of his followers he heard of with a smile; he regarded them as a general regards the brutality of his storm-

ers during a sack. The men had served his purpose, and must serve it again; and he would not, if he dared, curtail their license. If they exacted too severe a return, *va' vicia!* was all the consolation he could offer.

He himself, cold and otherwise passionless, was solely bent upon enlarging his dominion. He had, with this view, connected his family with that of the titular Emperor of Constantinople and the French dynasty in the Morea, and had also purchased the title of King of Jerusalem; intending to make the Latin cause a stepping-stone for his own ambition.

His authority seemed to be sufficiently established in Italy as head of the Guelphic faction. His creature, Martin the Fourth, had lately been chosen Pope, so that nothing now hindered his long-promised Eastern campaign. For some years Italy had rung with warlike preparations; his fleets and armies awaited but their leader's signal. Charles's pride and confidence knew no bounds: all seemed to be his; and extortion and oppression redoubled their efforts to drain from his present subjects the means of further conquest.

It is at this point that the common version goes astray, and Angevin dishonesty, combined with Italian love of dramatic effect, has attributed to other than natural causes a result which was as necessary as the roar that follows the explosion. We should say that the bow had been overdrawn, and that the rebound and its consequences were at hand. Our historians refer the same effects to the great "conspiracy," the secret workings of which, like a rat, gnawed the bow-string of the Sicilian tyrant.

Throughout the peninsula there had arisen a loathing of the avarice and insolence of the conquering foreigner. A passion peculiar to individual Italians was fostered and augmented by the municipal feeling, and for a time all consented to fuse minor differences in the hotter furnace of revenge. Some otherwise unimportant disturbances in Tuscany had been distinguished by this animosity of race. "Death to the French," had been a war-cry which had rallied many patriot spirits to deal destruction among the unsuspecting foe. It could hardly be supposed that from a feeling like this such a nation as the Sicilians should be exempt. If they had hitherto bowed to the storm, it was from other causes than that of insensibility to their disgrace.

Sixteen years [says our author] of constant exposure to violence had operated powerfully on the energetic character of the Sicilian people, and

had completely changed its tone. From having been joyous, it had become gloomy. . . . Every pulse throbbed with fear, writes a remonstrance of this unhappy people. . . . Their poetical ardor gave place to gloomy meditation, to sadness and shame, to profound hatred and burning thirst for vengeance; fierce passions, which spread from those who suffered injury to those who only witnessed it; from the eager to the slothful, from the fiery to the meek, from the daring to the cowardly; through every age, rank, and sex. Private emotions, private interests, were silenced for the time, or contributed to swell the tide of popular feeling, more powerful than any conspiracy, because it mocks the suspicious watchfulness of rulers, and a hundred-fold exceeds their power.

It was clear that the opportunity only was wanting for the smothered fire to burst out. Thus the year 1282 dawned in Sicily. The interruption given to the Easter festivities by the insolent or licentious conduct of some French officials supplied the occasion. The events which followed are too well known to require detail. The *émeute* gained strength and importance in its progress, and the sword, which was drawn to avenge only a private insult, was not sheathed till it had slain or expelled every foreigner in the island, and the power of Charles of Anjou had been trampled in the dust.

Perhaps we can hardly wonder, considering the combined suddenness, simultaneity, and success of the outbreak in all parts of Sicily, that historians who looked no farther than these effects should have clung to the belief in its being the work of design, even after a doubt had occurred to their minds. After the complete history of the various stages of the revolution which Mr. Amari gives us, we can no longer hesitate in attributing it to causes simply accidental. We are persuaded that, had the case been otherwise, had there really been a conspiracy of the Sicilian nobles with foreign princes, neither the government would have assumed the form which it did, nor would the nation have been left so utterly unprepared to meet the vengeance of Charles, as we know to have been the case; we cannot get away from the alternative, that either no conspiracy existed, or if any did exist *before* the outbreak, that the tumultuary character which the movement assumed overpowered the original design, and carried the revolution *de facto* far beyond its predetermined limits. Either is destructive of the common tale.

For the first draft of the new constitution was the pure offspring of the popular will taking into its own hands the supreme authority. The accounts, indeed, are scanty,

and very slight information as to the institutions promulgated, or the names connected with them, has come down to us. But Mr. Amari's researches establish sufficiently for our purpose the democratic character of the government, which was in fact modelled after the short-lived republic of 1254, the intention being that the chief executive, after the general Italian fashion, should be vested in the hands of a foreign *podestà*. Each city was to form a separate polity under one or more "captains of the people," and our author suggests that probably Messina and Palermo were to be heads of incorporations.

This view of things, we say, is more than hypothesis. It is illustrated by the condition of Messina, in which we find the people supreme till after the beginning of the siege, nearly three months from the date of "the Vespers," when they for the first time felt that, their own leaders being unsuited to the necessities of the time, they must look to the hitherto-forgotten nobles as being by education and habit the fittest to direct their efforts. Where were the nobles, the so-called chief "conspirators," up to that time? It is more than probable that they had for years past been scattered in exile, and that they did not conceive the idea of returning till *after* the revolution. We may at least remark upon one fact as significant of the dearth of military capacity in those days of need. The citizens of Leontinum were glad to elect Macalda, *the wife* of Alaimo de Lentini, as their leader—a woman of masculine spirit and education, but still *a woman*; her husband, as is well known, filling a like situation in Messina during nearly the whole of the siege.

Again, had the ordinary version of "the Vespers" been true, and the revolution been, in any sense of the word, designed, it is impossible that the authors should have been so careless of their interests as not to have provided for the defence of the island from the certain vengeance of Charles of Anjou, now at the height of his power, and about to take the command of a mighty armament. It would have been to little purpose that "the mine was prepared with deep and dangerous artifice," could it have been exploded so heedlessly and with so little effect. Besides, even had the outbreak been premature, we know enough of the character of Peter of Aragon to make it unlikely that he would willingly have risked the loss of the prize he so much desired by delaying his arrival in Sicily for more than four months. He did not sail from Spain on his African expedition

till the beginning of June, (*Append. p. 347.*) "the Vespers" massacre having commenced on the 31st of March; and his ultimate landing in Sicily did not take place till late in August.

But is time for us to account for the appearance of the Spaniard on the stage. Peter had married, before the French conquest of Naples, Constance, daughter (some say sister) of Manfred, the last king. Charles of Anjou having closely imprisoned all the children, or their existence having been forgotten, Constance was regarded as the sole heiress of the House of Suabia, and she failed not to keep her husband in mind of her rights. It was said, too, that Conradin, the grandson of Frederick the Second, and another of Charles's victims, had on the scaffold designated Peter his heir and avenger. As such, his court had been for some time past the refuge of all who had suffered from Angevin tyranny, and who looked for maintenance, or hoped for revenge. Among this number the most distinguished were Roger Loria and Conrad Lancia, themselves allied by birth or marriage with the Queen, and the immortal John of Procida. By their means Peter had doubtless frequent information as to Sicilian wrongs and views of resistance. He had besides embraced the cause of Michael Palæologus, the *quasi* legitimate occupant of the throne of Constantinople—against whom the Western kingdoms were leagued for the restoration of the Latin dynasty—and he might well consider a descent upon the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily as the best diversion he could devise in favor of his Eastern ally. Peter's attention, in consequence, had for some time been directed to the defence of his dominions at home, in case of his own absence; and, to throw Charles as much as possible off his guard, he had even proposed a treaty of marriage. Under cover of an intended expedition against the Moors, he also made considerable levies of troops: and it may possibly be true that he was assisted by supplies from Constantinople. As far, therefore, as resolutions went, a Sicilian invasion had been contemplated as soon as Charles should sail for the East, long before "the Vespers" explosion. It will be remembered that all that has been objected to is any supposed connection between such imperfect designs and the actual revolution. Had Gibbon been more attentive to dates, he might have spared his sneer at "the patriot Specialis," for disclaiming any correspondence between Peter and the Sicilians. The national his-

torian was, when he used the expression *nullo communicato consilio*, (as is often the case with Livy,) truthfully relating a fact of which perhaps he did not at the time recognize the importance. The words refer to any correspondence *before* "the Vespers." Peter, as Mr. Amari's dates will elucidate, did not "*happen* to be with a fleet and army on the African coast" till after the Sicilians had made a two months' experiment of an arrangement in which he bore no part; and when he did arrive in Sicily, he was too late to render any assistance to Messina, whose daring citizens had, after a three months' siege, disheartened and repulsed the invaders.

Whether the Sicilians despaired of finding any Italian bold enough to accept the office of *Podesta* in the teeth of Charles, or began to mistrust their own powers of self-government, we are not informed. Each probably had its share of influence; while, in further favor of reaction, the nobles, returning from exile, were naturally desirous to restore the monarchy. Many eyes, therefore, were doubtless turned to the camp of Peter, and many hoped what none ventured to propose. In this suspense, Peter's embassy to Rome, sent to ask for the assistance usually granted to a crusader, was driven into Palermo by a storm. One of the envoys, hearing of the difficulty, boldly entered the Parliament, and advised the deputies to offer the throne to his master, at once ready at hand to assist them, as well as being their most natural leader. The "scene" was doubtless not improvised, and, Mr. Amari justly remarks, is probably the only circumstance in the whole of the history which bears the slightest semblance of design. Be this as it may, the proposition was adopted with acclamation by an assembly in which were many accomplices: and Peter arrived in Sicily, having attained the object of his ambition by a simpler and more straightforward path than his own policy, unassisted by circumstance, had pointed out to him.

Such appear to be the characters in which the history of this momentous revolution is written, when the veil of falsehood and ignorance has been rent from before it. We hail the restoration with feelings of unmixed delight. We have no time-hallowed legends to mourn for, like those which faded before the wand of the ruthless German in Roman story. We even doubt whether the result obtained be not every whit as romantic (to all save an Italian imagination) as aught which Mr. Amari's criticism has destroyed.

There is, at any rate, an act of tardy justice rendered to the reputation of the Sicilian nation.

For, hitherto, we have regarded (as we could not help doing) "the Vespers" as glorious to all save those immediately concerned in it. The results of the outbreak we could not but admire, as, indeed, we could hardly resist acknowledging its necessity. But it was impossible thoroughly to sympathize with what appeared to be a simple repetition of scenes of treachery and outrage, with which we were familiar in the history of Greek and Italian faction. Here were a people who, after submitting without resistance, almost insensibly, to every indignity, national and individual, which tyranny could devise, suddenly emerge from their degradation to redeem their character by the deeds of bravos—with this further reproach, that foreign gold or intrigue appeared to have prompted a revenge which patriotism had shrunk from. And with the bloodshed all enthusiasm (if such it could be called) seemed to cease. The people freed themselves from one tyrant to pass as dupes and slaves under the yoke of another.

In what a different light do we now regard the Sicilians! Patient under insult and oppression, because, as good sons of the Church, they were loth to believe that she was indeed allied with their enemies, but hoping, almost against hope, that her arm would, though late, be raised in their defence, an unforeseen accident placed in their own hands the opportunity of an immediate remedy. The sight of blood roused the savage nature of men smarting under insult and tyranny, and a thousand wrongs were in one hour revenged. Without design, even without concert, save that which a momentary sympathy requires, they hurried to take every man his share in the shame or glory of that day.

But, as the slaughter had been neither premeditated nor unprovoked, so was it neither "the be-all nor the end-all" of the outbreak. To secure their freedom—the people's sole object—it was as necessary to avoid a domestic tyranny as to break off a foreign yoke. We can hardly exaggerate the difficulties of the first months of Sicily's new-born liberty, when we remember the dangers of her isolated position, the power of her foes, and the inexperience, nay, even ignorance of her people, as well of their wants as of the means of satisfaction. Yet we see them, neither betrayed by success nor debauched by anarchy, without a leader or

an ally, trusting only in themselves, fearlessly erect a constitution, and prepare firmly to defend themselves against the most powerful sovereign in Europe. Accident favored their self-dependent efforts, and was the means of restoring, under a king of their own choice, the beloved constitution of their ancestors. We, whose forefathers, about the same time, had been vainly contending for the observance of an imperfect Charter, under which pretence they had rent the kingdom in pieces with civil war, should be able to appreciate an equally early, but more successful, establishment of national independence.

Were confirmatory evidence wanted, the history of the next twenty years of Sicily's career would afford a complete illustration of the truth of Mr. Amari's version. It would be vain to attempt to describe in detail the glorious and, with a few exceptions, successful struggle which Sicily maintained single-handed against Charles and his son, assisted by the powers of France and the Vatican. Suffice it to say, that the principles of "the Vespers" are indelibly written on every page. We find the same moderate desires, but the same devoted determination; the same vigorous self-reliance, the same dignity of conduct.

Sicily, after her deed of successful daring, [remarks our author,] was conscious of her powers: amongst her people were many lofty spirits, owing to the civil franchises she had obtained, to her unwonted material prosperity, to the force of her arms, of which so many proofs had been given, and to the various talents and powers called into exercise in state affairs, when they became the common property of all. (Vol. ii. p. 309.)

The same qualities survived in all their freshness after more than two centuries of anarchy; and when the rest of the monarchy groaned under the weight of overgrown Spanish rule, the Sicilian parliament firmly and fearlessly withstood the extortion of Charles the Fifth and his son Philip.

Never was contest more thoroughly national, but it was for scrupulously national objects. Never were monarchs followed to the field by a more devoted and patient people, so long as their interests remained unmerged in those of other nations. Six armaments landed in succession on the shores of Sicily. Many of the leaders changed sides,—neither Peter nor James, their two first kings, were true,—but the Sicilians remained the same; in defeat unconquered, amidst treasons unshaken, gathering courage and confidence even from misfortunes. They

were, as one of their orators declared, ready for any emergency rather than lower their eagles to the detested lilies. (Vol. iii. p. 5.)

But perhaps the most striking feature which these volumes reveal in the conduct of Sicily at this time is in her relations with Rome. Long before "the Vespers," she had enjoyed comparative emancipation from ecclesiastical interference. Her Norman monarchs (though feudal subjects) had, as is well known, extorted from the Popes legantine authority in their own dominions. Yet Sicily had never flagged in her spiritual fidelity, not unwillingly persuading herself that Rome would cherish such unstrained allegiance. But her eyes were opened when, on making her submission after the revolution, and entreating the Pope to confirm her act, the only answer vouchsafed was a command to return unconditionally to her former servitude, with a threat of the usual ecclesiastical thunders in case of disobedience. This, added to the cold and insulting indifference with which her appeals for redress, while it might have been peacefully obtained, had been rejected, discovered the moral weakness of that power to which she had hitherto trusted; while it proved how dangerous the sacred influence would become when wielded as an instrument of warfare in the hands of her ruthless enemies. The discovery thus early was of an infinite value. Sicily at once renounced all ties between herself and the Vatican, and nothing tended more to the development of the bold sentiments and uncompromising behavior which mark her career. "God had raised up another Peter for their defence," her citizens somewhat pedantically answered to the remonstrances of the Roman envoys. They even ventured to arraign the conduct of the See in somewhat striking language for those times. A common citizen of Agosta, to the fair speeches of the legate, when he found that force had failed to produce obedience, said,—

We regard the Church as our mother, but he [*sic*] who now rules her as our enemy, since he sends weapons and combatants to fight against us. Inquire now of the legate whether God ever commanded Christian blood to be shed in order to reduce Christians to servitude. If he tells you that He has so enjoined it, he misbelieves the gospel; and let him learn from us that the only weapons given to the Church by the Christian faith are humility, the cross, and works of meekness. (Vol. ii. p. 249.)

Afterwards Boniface, having failed to detach Frederick, son of Peter, from the cause

of Sicily by the lure of a foreign marriage, sent a monk to the island to preach peace and forgiveness of all past offences, if the people would but turn and repent. As an earnest of the Pope's intentions, the churchman produced sealed parchments in blank, and bade his hearers consult with what pardons and privileges—with what terms, in short—those blanks should be filled up. They mocked at his deceit, and defied its author. "Know," said they, "that the Sicilians will no more endure a foreign yoke, nor any king but of their own choice. And see here," continued one of them, unsheathing his sword; "it is from this that the Sicilians look for peace, and not from your lying parchments." (Vol. iii. p. 37.)

These bold words prove more clearly than mere feats of arms the spirit of resistance which had awakened in Sicily. We should remember that the century in which Innocent the Third had wielded the Roman sceptre had not yet expired; and though her Angevin partisanship had somewhat lowered her in Italy, the Holy See still maintained her moral influence unimpaired in the eyes of Europe. And as the war proceeded, a sort of reaction was produced, which was unfavorable to Sicily. The origin and merits of the contest were forgotten, and all sense of right and wrong paled before the irresistible fact that one of the contending parties was in fact, though not in name, the Church.

The recollection of this staggered many of the Sicilians themselves, who, the instant they recognized a divided duty, seemed to think that religion might justify even treason. For towards the close of the war we find many men of hitherto unblemished honor putting this sort of pious compromise upon themselves, and betraying the strongholds of their country to the invader. Patuno and Catania, places of the utmost importance, were thus lost after successful defences; and in many more the treason was prevented by discovery.

For these effects, it is true, our author endeavors to find a far different cause, by pointing to the abundant means of corruption which the mutability of feudal tenure placed in the hands of the invading leaders. But they could deal only in *promises* contingent upon success, a condition in which the Sicilian government *de facto* was at least their equal. The lands of the renegade Lorias and Procidas would constitute a prize sufficiently seductive to such mercenary patriotism as could be roused by no other means. We believe, with all submission to

Mr. Amari, that the religious sentiments we have mentioned had more to do with such a state of things. The superstition which was shocked at remembering that Sicily had been for sixteen years in arms against the declared allies of the Roman See, might think any means justifiable that would put an end to the contest. We read with what joy the Aragonese hailed the (not otherwise advantageous) treaty of 1292, and the marriage of their king with an Angevin princess—the “bride of peace”—because they thereby were reconciled to the Church, though the only difference between them had been an absurd claim of Pope Martin upon Aragon as a forfeited fief. Even Queen Constance, Sicilian as she was, shuddered at the protracted schism in Christendom, which the cause of her beloved country seemed to render inevitable, and retired to Spain, as well to escape the unholy strife as to atone, by the devotion of her remaining days, for the part which she had unwittingly taken in its origin.

It is not then to be wondered at that

some of the Sicilians should have shared these feelings; but while we acknowledge their force with the few, we thereby throw into bolder relief the firmer and more far-sighted patriotism of that greater number who steadily held on their course, unswayed by even such a powerful momentum. And the existence of such a spirit, in our opinion, adds one more crown to the monument of “the Vespers.”

We need only add that there is no longer any reason for our ignorance of the minutest trifle in this all-important epoch in the history of modern Europe. We can with all confidence and sincerity recommend Amari's volumes as, so far as feasible, exhausting the question as well as opening abundant sources of information, which, though not hitherto inaccessible, have still been unknown. And, apart from an occasional memento that we are reading a translation, Lord Ellesmere's edition possesses attractions of style which, if it were possible, add a new interest to a most interesting subject.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HALF AN HOUR WITH THE MODERN FRENCH POETS.

AMONG the many “Popular Fallacies” which Jeremy Bentham has left untouched in his celebrated essay, there is none more generally diffused than this very great fallacy, that there are no French poets, properly so called, and no such thing as French poetry. It is true that the French, having chosen to put trammels on their language, and to make their poetry dance, as it were, in fetters, by encumbering it with rigid and superfluous rules, their natural genius has been cramped, and its productions disfigured, by a coldness and stiffness hardly reconcilable with the *effusion* of genuine poetry. Still the poetic spirit inherent in the Celtic race (the same which had already, in ruder times, produced in France the “*lais*” of the *menestrels* and troubadours, and the more recent ballads and rondeaus of Clement Marot) could not be wholly kept under. The genius of a Racine, bursting its bonds, showed itself in

many a lofty passage of the “*Andromaque*,” the “*Esther*,” and the “*Athalie*,” while a Malesherbes, a Moncrif, and others scarcely known to us by name in these islands, produced, despite all obstacles, some exquisite stanzas, and some ballads as simple and pathetic as are to be found in any language. The revolutions, the many revolutions in politics to which France has been subjected, have been accompanied, too, by a revolution scarcely less important in literature. The rules of the Academy have not only been relaxed, and words and subjects, long *tabooed*, been allowed to the French poet, but “Free Trade” in verse-making has been proclaimed to him in all respects, and he is now quite as much of a “chartered libertine” as any of his European or American co-minstrels. The barriers of prohibition once removed, the natural consequences have followed—a torrent of verse, fresh, natural, and impetuous,

has been poured forth; and if haply some of it has been turbid and unclean, yet by far the greater part has either dashed along over rock and stone, bright, bounding, and sparkling, or glided on in a gentle and pellucid current, murmuring soft music to the listening ear. To drop metaphor, the France of our day deserves any reproach rather than that of being unpoetical; for without speaking of the world-famous Chateaubriand, whose verses are all too few; of Hugo, and Lamartine, and Beranger, the greatest of the three, there are numbers of original and pleasing poets among the French writers of the present day, who are quite unknown in these countries, and who have not yet attained any considerable degree of fame in their own. Among these, Henri Blaze and Ernest Legouvé are favorites of our own; and as we should wish to give an idea of their powers and their manner to such of our readers as do not understand French, we venture to offer to their notice the two following translations, one of which is from each poet; premising that the first, "Claire," by Henri Blaze, is rendered nearly word for word, the metre of the original being as much as possible preserved; while the second, the "Two Mothers," by Legouvé, is altered only by being "done into" blank verse, instead of rhyming couplets:—

CLAIRE.

Hear'st thou? The wind is rising in the wood;
It moaneth wildly through the rustling grass,
O'er which the beech-tree leaves are thickly
strewn:

Even the oak bendeth as the storm-gusts pass.
Lowly the willow doth its branches trail,
And through the chestnuts sounds the music of
the gale.

The nightingale sits silent in the shade,
The fresh acacia bends each vigorous bough,
The streamlet gurgles o'er its pebbly bed,
The reeds wave sad and silently; while now
The clouds, driven wildly o'er the sky's blue
plains,
Pass like a rapid flight of snow-white cranes.

Along the path by which wild strawberries grow,
And lilies of the vale, 'neath sheltering bowers
Of balmy hawthorn, lilac, blossomed sloe,
Claire, with light footstep trampling the wild
flowers,
Comes to the stream, half scared, as sudden wakes
The sobbing of the wind among the brakes.

Her fair hair, loosened by the ungentle breeze,
Adown her shoulders falls in flakes of gold;
While, flying like a bird away, she sees
The snowy cap in which it erst was rolled.
While still the wind is following in her trace,
And seeks at every step her garments to displace.

Blushing, she turns in anxious haste to spy
If any witness lurks among the leaves;
Then, satisfied that no one lingers nigh,
No longer at such slight annoyance grieves;
But smiling smoothes her ruffled robes: anon,
Still struggling 'gainst the wind, she passes on.

And now the maid hath reached the river's edge,
The "still-vexed river," when she plunges in
Her pitcher near the margin clothed with sedge,
Then sits her down a short repose to win,
As 'tis her wont, upon the river's brink,
Her pleasing task performed, to sit and think.

The forest sighs; the fresh and full-voiced wind
Chases the gleaming dewdrops o'er the grass;
The glorious sun hath in the west declined,
And his last rays, empurpling many a mass
Of clouds, discover by what way he goes
Each eve, to seek the Naiads' palace of repose.

What is the thought which makes Claire all
forget?

What seek those eyes so beautiful, so sweet,
In the far west, where stream and sky seem met?
What voices do the echoes of her heart repeat?
What whisper winds and waves with magic
spell?

Of love, of hope, of melancholy they tell.

O melancholy!—voice of earth and heaven—
Mysterious key of worlds without an end—
Portal through which to us ingress is given
To the ideal—Nature's gentlest friend—
The many letters of whose name appears
Wrote on the daisy's cup in dewy tears!

O melancholy!—voice of day and night—
Chaste muse with candid brow!—eternal
bride!

Whom mortals here below seek with delight,
Whom the forsaken finds still at her side—
O name divine!—first and last thought of all
Upon this earth who flourish or who fall.

Virgin who oft, lit by the moon's pale beam,
Art seated, weeping, 'neath a willow tree,
Upon the margin of a troubled stream,
To which thy plaints confided are by thee,
Sole drop of honey in that draught of ill
Which sorrow doth for human hearts distil.

Harmonious daughter of the tearful night,
Who bears as crown upon her sacred brow
The golden sunset's lingering rays of light.
Goddeas, in every season loved as now!
The young and old unite to cherish thee,
Child of presentiment and of memory.

But now across the heath the wind blows shrill;
The darkness will spread snares around thy
feet;

'Tis time to seek thy cottage on the hill.

"Return, my child!" thy mother's lips repeat;
She hears the church-clock strike, in anxious
fret,
And turns her wheel and sighs, "Claire comes
not yet!"

The young girl now recalls each wandering
thought

From the fantastic world where they have
strayed;

Her golden hair, wet with the mists, she has
caught,

And with light fingers fixed in graceful braid;
A glance she throws, at parting, on the stream,
Near which so long she sat in a delicious dream.

And looking still regretfully, she takes

Her pitcher up, and is about to go
Along the path which leads across the brakes
To the more distant heath and hill, when lo!
Upon the stream a wreath of flowers is seen,
Fresh as if midst the waves its birth had been.

There wild flowers cluster round the lily white,
By pale *nymphaea* neighbored; corn-flowers
blue

Contrast with clematis, and iris bright
Twines with the *eglantine* of roseate hue.
The flowery trophy floats upon the stream,
Like some creation of a poet's dream.

O charming prodigy!—behold it glide,
At the wind's bidding, o'er the azure wave—
Now rising high—now sinking in the tide—

As if the stream took back the gift it gave,
The stream that, from reflecting oft her face,
Seemed to have grown enamored of each grace

Meanwhile the maiden, standing silently,
Forgets the night, the dangers of the way,
The wind that every moment blows more free,
Her distant home, her water-vase of clay,
And there remains upon the river's brink,
Watching the wreath of flowers now rise, now
sink.

"Flowers of the vale,
Ye violets blue,
That on the gale
Your sweets exhale—
Ye lilies, too!

"Tell me, fair band,
Oh! tell me true,
What kindly hand,
And in what land,
First planted you?

"Speak, earth and air!
Speak!—his shall be,
As *guerdon* fair,
One tress of hair,
One smile from me!

"And thou, wreath pale,
Towards which I go,
Flowers that exhale
Upon the gale
A breath of woe—

"Who on the stream,
I ask, fair crown,
Lost in a dream
Of love extreme,
Hath flung thee down?

"Thou who, bright wreath,
My sister art,
No longer roam;
Haste to his home—
Bear him my heart!"

The wreath of flowers—the fairy wreath—ap-
pears

From forth the wave to understand her song,
And by the moonlight *Claire* can see it steers
Its downward course more rapidly along;
She, with light footstep, follows as it goes
Along the margin of the deep, deep stream.
But now the north wind more tempestuous blows;
The huge oaks groan, and fitful wild fires gleam
Upon the wave, which *Claire* thinks diamond-
strown,

Amid the darkness, round her flowery crown—
"O tell, loved wreath! who cast thee on the
wave,"
She cries; "and he my heart, my hand, my life
shall have!"

Some paces thence the stream a winding makes,
Which *Claire*, lost in love-ravings, does not see;
The moon is hid by clouds, the path by brakes—
Her foot slips as she passes rapidly:
Her garments, catching on a willow spray,
Suspend her for a moment o'er the wave;
But the frail branch beneath her weight gives way,
And in she plunges, without one to save;
The impetuous current hurries her along,
Still singing, as she dies, this mournful song:

"Wreath, sad and pale,
Towards which I go,
Flowers which exhale
Upon the gale
A breath of woe—

"He who this eve
First flung thee down,
For me will grieve:
This ring receive
For him, fair crown!

"Gift of his bride,
Bear it, and say,
Within this tide
Doth she abide,
Now and for aye.

"Thou who, bright stream,
My sister art,
Though passed my dream
Of love extreme,
Bear him my heart!"

It seems to us that the preceding poem, although somewhat fantastical in design, and occasionally rather rhapsodical, may yet claim the merit of originality of thought and expression. The second poem is of a very different description, extremely simple in both style and subject; but we shall let it speak for itself:

THE TWO MOTHERS.

BY ERNEST LAPOUPE.

One clear bright morning in the early June,
On the green turf beneath thick chestnut trees,
(Their white robes rustling through the fresh wild
flowers.)

There passed together two young, lovely women:
Joy beaming in their eyes, their glossy hair
Floating behind them in the summer wind.
One is named *Clari*; in her sheltering arms
A sleeping child, scarce one year old, she bears:
The other, *Ella*, slowly moves along;
Her eyes are full of languor, and her speech,
Though clear, is low; while in her faint, sweet
smile

We read that she, too, soon will be a mother.
We see engraven on her pallid brow
Thy venerable seal, Maternity,
Which maketh all, even those of souls least pure,
Before the mother's steps in reverence bow;
Which, at that period, maketh woman seem
A creature fair as Hope, holy as Heaven!
Thus they held converse:

ELLA.

"What a lovely babe!
Those dimpled cheeks!—that softly rounded
arm!—

Those golden curls!—that eye so purely bright!—
Sure naught on earth was ever half so sweet—
Scarce even an angel in immortal youth
So fair as infant at its mother's breast."

CLARI.

"It is so blissful, as we gaze on them,
To think, 'nor sin nor sorrow ever stained
Those limpid eyes, that fair and spotless brow.'
Our infant Lord seems to revive in them!"

ELLA.

"Oh yes!—and then their guileless little hearts,
Knowing as yet nothing of life or care,
Have all the freshness of their rosy feet,
Unstained by contact with the sordid earth.
But doth thy infant love thee?"

CLARI.

"Yes, in truth;
For when she sees a tear upon my cheek,
Her small lips quiver, and she kisses me.
Sweet angel!—ignorant what grief can be,
Yet taught by instinct that the Lord hath given
Her infant's kiss as balm for mothers' woes."

ELLA.

"See, see, she smiles! Would not one think she
knew
What we are saying? Tell me, *Clari*—now,
In all thy golden dreams before her birth,
Didst thou e'er picture her such as she is?"

CLARI.

"Not half so lovely!"

ELLA.

"Oh, what joy to think
I too, ere the new year, shall be a mother!

Till then, dear *Clari*, every day I'll spend
An hour in viewing her! Whene'er I meet
A lovely child, I take it in mine arms;
I stroke its silken locks—I gaze on it,
Trying to fix its beauties on my mind,
As though I could transmit them to my child.
Was this thy habit, too?"

CLARI.

"Often: but say,
At eve, when seated silent by the hearth,
Dost thou e'er place thy hand upon thy side
To feel the throb that tells thee of its life?"

ELLA.

"And then, when suddenly that throb has ceased,
Felt thou the thought strike sudden to thy heart:
Perhaps even now it dies?"

CLARI.

"Cease, cease!—even yet
I cannot for a moment leave my child,
Without a dread of seeing her no more.
Let us not speak of death, but trust in Heaven!"

ELLA (hesitating.)

"And—didst thou suffer much?"

CLARI.

"Fear'st thou?"

ELLA.

"I do."

CLARI.

"Well, then, dear friend, if from thine earliest
years
Thou hadst bewailed a father banished France,
And thou wert told, 'In yonder shady grove
Thy father waits, thou'dst run with eager haste
To greet him; then, if, as thou sped'st along,
The straggling branches tore thy face and eyes,
Wouldst feel the pain?"

ELLA.

"Oh no!"

CLARI.

"As little, then,
A mother heeds the suffering of that hour."

ELLA.

"Oh, tell me more!"

CLARI.

"Yes, but we must speak low:
My infant sleeps."

ELLA.

"Tell me, when fainting, weak,
Thou heard'st at that cry of life all recognize,
Though yet unheard by them, what didst thou do?"

CLARI.

"I cried aloud, and stretched mine eager arms!"

ELLA.

"And when, next morning, first thine eyes did ope,
Didst thou not say, 'I am a mother?'"

CLARI.

"No,

That was not my first thought. I woke up sad;
 I lay exhausted on my couch; my head
 Was dull, my thoughts confused. I felt as one
 The morrow after suffering much; and yet
 A voice was whispering to my inmost heart
 These cheering words: 'O happy, happy thou!
 Sudden the door flew open, and, O joy!
 'Twas she, my daughter, whom they brought to
 me!

The feeble babe! the darling child!—I swear,
 When they had laid her sleeping by my side—
 When I beheld her lying in mine arms—
 When, pressing her with rapture to my heart,
 I felt the warmth of her little frame,
 I thought my very heart would break with joy!
 I covered her with kisses, murmuring low,
 'She's mine—my own—my daughter!'—and I
 wept.

Then all at once I felt a longing wish
 To kneel me down in prayer upon the stones,
 And cry aloud, 'O God, how good Thou art!
 And yet, while listening to her breathing low,
 (Thou'lt think it strange,) I still felt some regret;
 Some feeling as if she were not so much
 Mine own as when I bore her in my breast."

ELLA.

"Thanks, thanks, dear Clari! Would I could
 express
 The good thy words have done me! One by one
 They told my happiness in telling thine,
 And I became a mother as I heard!"

A cry broke sudden from the infant's lips—
 It was her waking hour. The youthful pair
 Bent their bright faces o'er the angel babe,
 Who woke all rosy from her happy sleep,
 And each in silence kissed the precious one—
 Herald to each of happiness, of hope!
 Then, as they raised them from the long, long
 kisses,
 Their eyes (more brilliant through the glancing
 tears,
 The happy tears that filled them) met—a look
 They interchanged that spoke a thousand things;
 Then pressed each other in a long embrace;
 For in a moment their maternal love
 Had made them sisters in the sight of Heaven!

There is much that is both truthful and
 touching in the foregoing little piece; much
 that is sure to come home to the feelings of
 every mother who reads it. It is, however,
 curiously characteristic of French modes of
 thinking, that neither the Ella nor the Clari
 of the poem should make the slightest allu-
 sion to the persons*whom we, in our simpli-
 city, would have looked upon as the natural
 sharers of their anxieties—their husbands,
 namely, the fathers of the babes so trem-
 blingly longed for, so dearly welcomed!
 How different, and how much more true to

VOL. XXXI. NO. II.

nature, are the lines in the old Scottish bal-
 lad—

Thou art aye like my ain soldier laddie,
 Thou'rt aye the nearer, the dearer to me!

But in French poetry, as in French prose,
 we fear that such an allusion would be con-
 sidered in the worst possible taste; and yet
 in no country are there more tender fathers
 than in France. Were we to seek to account
 for this anomaly, it would lead us very far,
 indeed, from the subject upon which we sat
 down to write; we shall not, therefore, make
 the attempt, but content ourselves with say-
 ing, that we regret this solitary blemish in
 an otherwise faultless composition, all the
 more as it weakens the pleasing impressions
 made upon our minds by the two young
 mothers—suggesting, as it does, ideas of
 domestic discomfort, of cold-hearted selfish-
 ness in connection with them.

The half-hour for which we undertook to
 bestow our tediousness upon our readers not
 being yet expired, we shall venture to direct
 their attention to the following attempt of
 ours to translate one of the exquisite frag-
 ments of *versæ* into which the prose of the
 eccentric, but highly-gifted, Alphonse Karr
 sometimes forgets itself:

THE GARDEN.

In spring each year, when Nature fills with green,
 With balmy odors, and with joy, each scene—
 When all is life and all is love on earth;
 Among the lilac and laburnum flowers,
 Sweet memories lurk like fawns in forest bowers,
 Sporting around my path with playful mirth.

Each flower that opes its petals to the day,
 To me hath got some gentle phrase to say—
 Some word that to the heart's core thrilleth me;
 When flowereth in mid June the pure white rose,
 Why bend I where it "sheds its sudden snows,"
 Gazing upon it sadly, thoughtfully?

Because the white rose in this month of sweets,
 To me these thirteen summers past repeats,
 "See, John, thy name-day's not forgot by me!"
 Each floweret hath its own low-whispered word,
 Which to the depth of tears my heart hath stirred,
 And yet which soothes me most deliciously.

You know the flower that hangs itself from walls,
 Like a green net o'er leaves and buds that falls?
 Convolvulus, or bind-weed, which you will;
 Its countless bells, in sombre azure dyed,
 Its countless bells, at morn and eventide,
 To me a certain song are singing still:

* A pale white rose
 Shedding, in sudden snows,
 Its leaves upon the velvet turf around.—F. HERMAN.

A song of love, a simple, earnest song,
I made one day I had been waiting long

For HER, beneath the shadow of a tree :

Yonder the starry wall-flower, bright and gay,
(The greatest babbler 'mong the flowers,) doth
say,

"Rememberest thou the days thou once didst
see ?

"The places where thy life more swiftly sped,
The flight of steps that to the garden led,

The antique steps, moss-grown and gray of
hue ?

From out their crevices grew golden flowers—
Her white robe touched them in the morning
hours,

When on the violets glistened still the dew !

"Then didst thou cull these plants of little worth:
And now on certain days thou bring'st them forth,

And to thy lips each withered leaf doth press ?"

Of, too, when passing by the orange tree

That on yon terrace blossoming we see,

Its sighings softly to mine ear express—

"That glorious summer's eve rememberest thou,
When, wandering here, joy seated on thy brow,

Thou didst evoke the future to appear ?

And thou didst say to me, 'Fair orange tree,

Thine odorous petals open joyously ;

Be proud and happy that thou bloomest here.

"Be proud to cast thy virgin blossoms down ;

My love shall twine them in the graceful crown

She forms in braiding her long chestnut hair !"

Well, for these thirteen seasons I retain
For her my blossoms every year in vain,
And waste mine odors on the empty air !"

One more specimen of modern French poetry, and we have done with the subject, at least for the present. It is a sonnet by the late celebrated romance writer, de Balzac, who was also distinguished, though in a less degree, as a poet, and is one of a series he wrote upon flowers. To those who have read "Faust," either in the original or a translation, it will not be necessary to explain that the allusion in the sonnet is to a custom in Germany, as well as in some parts of France, among young people, of telling their fortunes by counting the petals of a daisy, torn from it one by one for that purpose :

THE DAISY.

"I am the Daisy—once the fairest flower

Of all that star the soft, green, dewy grass !

I hoped my days in calm content to pass,

For I was blest, my beauty my sole dower :

But, ah ! a wondrous and mysterious power

Hath shed upon my brow its fatal light :

I am a prophet in mine own despite ;

Hence do I die. Knowledge brings Death, alas !

No longer silence or repose are mine ;

The lover will through me his fate divine,

And tears my heart to learn if he alone

Be loved. O'er my destruction none e'er grieve ;

My brow they of its snowy crown bereave,

And crush me to the dust—my secret known !"

THE MARECHAL DE RICHELIEU.—The Maréchal de Richelieu became, in his old age, inconveniently deaf ; but no one knew better how to turn his infirmity to account. As First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, the three principal theatres of Paris were under his direction ; and the old Marshal was extremely indulgent in sanctioning engagements with young artists of merit, or actresses of promise. One day, having been apprised that the directors of the Opéra Comique had determined to dismiss a young female singer, recommended to his good offices, he summoned Grétry and the two *semainiers*, (members of the company, required by weekly rotation to decide on the engagements of *débütantes*.)

"I sent for you, my dear Grétry," said

he, "to inform these gentlemen your opinion of Mademoiselle R——."

"My opinion, Monsieur le Maréchal, is, that there's no hope of her," replied the composer.

"You hear, gentlemen," said the Marshal, turning gravely to the other two, who stood at a respectful distance, "Monsieur Grétry, the best of judges, says he has great hopes of her."

"The fact is," said Grétry, "that Mademoiselle R—— has no ear."

"You hear, gentlemen, Monsieur Grétry observes that the young lady has an excellent ear. Make out, therefore, if you please, an agreement for her engagement for three years. I have the honor to wish you a good-morning."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. JAMESON.

"ACCIDENT first made me an authoress," says Mrs. Jameson, in one of her captivating books. Something higher, deeper, better, qualified her to be an authoress, and assured her, as such, a position second to hardly one of her contemporaries in grace of style, correctness and refinement of taste, keenness of observation, and freshness of thought. Acquaintance with such a writer would have been an invaluable argument and support to Charles Perrault, when he indited his "*Apologie des Femmes*," in answer to Boileau's spiteful satire, and there maintained the supremacy of true womanly opinion in matters of taste; saying in his preface: "On aït la justesse de leur discernement pour les choses fines et délicates, la sensibilité qu'elles ont pour ce qui est clair, vif, naturel et de bon sens, et le dégoût subit qu'elles témoignent à l'abord de tout ce qui est obscur, languissant, contraint, et embarrassé." Mrs. Jameson stands unsurpassed among the literary women of England for critical culture; for instinctive accuracy of taste, and ability to give a reason for the faith that is in her, with elegance and precision of language. And it is beautiful to mark in this capacious, deep, highly-cultivated and ever-active intellect, so utter an absence of, and so hearty a disrelish for, whatever is akin to the satirical and the censorious. This gracious nature holds no tie with carping, crabbed, captious ways and means. "I can smile," she says, "nay, I can laugh still, to see folly, vanity, absurdity, meanness, exposed by scornful wit, and depicted by others in fictions light and brilliant. But these very things, when I encounter the reality, rather make me sad than merry, and take away all the inclination, if I had the power, to hold them up to derision." And she contends that no one human being has been made essentially better by satire, which excites only the lowest and worst of our propensities; the spirit of ridicule she abhors, because in direct contradiction to the mild and serious spirit of Christianity; and at the same time she fears it, because wherever it has pre-

vailed as a social fashion, and has given the tone to the manners and literature, it has marked the moral degradation and approaching destruction of the society thus characterized; and furthermore, she despises it, as the usual resource of the shallow and base mind, and, when wielded by the strongest hand with the purest intentions, an inefficient means of good. "The spirit of satire, reversing the spirit of mercy, which is twice blessed, seems to me," she says, "twice accursed; evil in those who indulge it—evil to those who are the objects of it." In her every volume, the jaded sufferer under literary fever and fretfulness is sure, in Wordsworth's language, of

One enclosure where the voice that speaks
In envy or detraction is not heard;
Where malice may not enter; where the traces
Of evil inclinations are unknown.

In the writings of women generally is remarked a tone of greater generosity than in those of men; hence, "commend us," says Mr. Gilfillan, "to female critics. The principle *nil admirari* is none of theirs; and whether it be that a sneer disfigures their beautiful lips, it is seldom seen upon them." The sneer may nevertheless be translated into print, and sometimes is, by those whose lips are innocent of aught but smiles (and kisses;) for in a book, even a beauty may sneer away, if so disposed, without peril to her facial muscles, whatever the peril to her heart; but Mrs. Jameson is incompetent in the art, though her generosity is any thing but indiscriminate, any thing but common and open to all comers. For, as a veteran authority remarks of another lady-scribe, "*on croit sentir*" (and the *croyance* is not mere credulity) "*un esprit ferme et presque viril, qui aborde les sujets élevés avec une subtilité raisonneuse, et qui en comprend tous les divers aspects.*" Whatever else she may be—crotchety, as some allege; speculative, daring, determined, paradoxical, or what not—she is *not* insipid, nor given to platitudinary prosing.

Mrs. Jameson's productions have been too many to allow, in this place, of separate comment, and too good to be curtly discussed in a hurried summary. Some must, therefore, be pretermitted, and the rest inadequately, but respectfully, "touched upon;"—and would that *our* ordeal by touch could command, as this lady can, the *ornavit* as an invariable sequent to the *tetigit*! Greeting with a passing mention her "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad," "Diary of an Ennuyée," and "Celebrated Female Sovereigns," we come to a full stop, *plus* a note of admiration, at that ever-delightful book, "Characteristics of Women." The success which hailed this choice performance was, it seems, to the author, "so entirely unlooked-for, as to be a matter of surprise as well as of pleasure and gratitude." It was undertaken without a thought of fame or money; it was written out of the fulness of her own heart and soul; and already she felt amply repaid, ere ever a page was in type, by the new and various views of human nature its composition opened to her, and the beautiful and soothing images it placed before her, and the conscious exercise and improvement of her own faculties. The purpose of these volumes is, to illustrate the various modifications of which the female character is susceptible, with their causes and results; not indeed formally expounding the writer's conviction, that the modern social condition of her sex is false and injurious, but implying certain positions of this nature by examples, and leaving the reader to deduce the moral and to draw the inference. The characters best fitted to her purpose she finds among those whom history ignores; women being illustrious in history, not from what they have been in themselves, but generally in proportion to the mischief they have done or caused, or else presented under seemingly irreconcilable aspects.* It is to Shakespeare she turns for characters that combine history and real life; for complete individuals, whose hearts and souls are laid

open before us; while, in history, certain isolated facts and actions are recorded, without any relation to causes or motives, or connecting feelings; and pictures exhibited, from which the considerate mind is averted in disgust, and the feeling heart has no relief but in positive and justifiable incredulity. The prevalent idea, that Shakspeare's women are inferior to his men, Mrs. Jameson assents to at once, if inferiority in power be meant; for she holds that in Shakspeare the male and female characters bear precisely the same relation to each other that they do in nature and society;† but, taking the strong and essential distinction of sex into consideration, she maintains, and goes very far to prove, that Shakspeare's women are equal to his men in truth, in variety, and in power. The classification adopted, in treating of this splendid portrait-gallery, is almost of course arbitrary and open to exception; but the skill displayed in critical interpretation, poetical sympathy, psychological analysis, and studious comprehensiveness, is most excellent. To every diligent student of Shakspeare, the aid of Mrs. Jameson's commentaries is invaluable; to the collector of criticisms on his peerless dramas, her "Characteristics" must no more be overlooked than the contributions of Coleridge and Hazlitt, of Lamb, George Moir,‡ De Quincey,§ Hartley Coleridge,|| Wilson,|| Knight, Hallam, Fletcher, Campbell, Goethe, A. W. Schlegel, Tieck, Ulrici, and others. She divides her characters into classes, under the heads of Intellect and Wit—Fancy and Passion—Sentiment and Affection. The historical characters are considered apart, as requiring a different mode of illustration, and their dramatic delineation is illustrated by all the historic testimony the industrious author could collect.

The four "representative women" of Intellect—Portia, Isabella, Beatrice, and Rosalind—are delicately discriminated. Portia is intellect kindled into romance by a poeti-

* The Duchesse de Longueville being instanced, as one whom history represents, in her relation to the Fronde, as a fury of discord, a woman without modesty or pity, "bold, intriguing, profligate, vain, ambitious, factious;" and, on the other hand, in her protection of Arnauld, an angel of benevolence and a worshipper of goodness. History, it is contended, provides nothing to connect the two extremes in our fancy. Whereas, if Shakspeare had drawn the Duchesse's character, he would have shown us the same individual woman in both situations—since the same being, with the same faculties, and passions, and powers, it surely was

* Thus: Juliet is the most impassioned of Shakspeare's "heroines;" but what are *her* passions compared to those which shake the soul of Othello?—"even as the dew-drop on the myrtle-leaf to the vexed sea." Constance, frantic for the loss of her son, is to Lear, maddened by the ingratitude of his daughters, as the west wind bowing the aspen tops to the tropic hurricane.

† "Shakspeare in Germany," &c.

‡ "On the Knocking at the Door in Macbeth." Life of Shakspeare in *Encyclopedia Britannica*, &c.

§ "Shakspeare a Tory and a Gentleman," "The Character of Hamlet," &c.

|| In his reviews of Mrs. Jameson, *Dies Boreales*, &c.

cal imagination; Isabel, intellect elevated by religious principle; Beatrice, intellect animated by spirit; Rosalind, intellect softened by sensibility. The wit of the first is compared to attar of roses; of the second, (who, however, seems a little out of place in this category,) to incense wafted to heaven; of the third, to sal-volatile; of the fourth, to cotton dipped in aromatic vinegar. To Portia, Mrs. Jameson assigns the first rank among the four, as more eminently embodying all the noblest and most lovable qualities that ever met together in woman; (albeit we must own to *some* share in Hazlitt's confession that the Lady of Belmont was "no great favorite of his"—comparatively, that is, when Imogen, Cordelia, Miranda, and others are remembered.) Besides lavish endowments of womanly dignity, sweetness, and tenderness, Portia is here individualized by high mental powers, enthusiasm of temperament, decision of purpose, and buoyancy of spirit. There is seen a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all she does and says: she is full of penetrative wisdom, and genuine tenderness, and lively wit; her unruffled life has left this wisdom without a touch of the sombre or the sad—this tenderness, without peril to faith, hope, and joy—this wit, without a particle of malevolence or causticity. Her strength of intellect "takes a natural tinge from the flush and bloom of her young and prosperous existence, and from her fervent imagination."* If Portia is like the orange tree, hung at once with golden fruit and luxuriant flowers, which has expanded into bloom and fragrance beneath favoring skies, and has been nursed into beauty by the sunshine and the dews of heaven, Isabella is like a stately and graceful cedar, towering on some alpine cliff, unbowed and unscathed amid the storm. Isabella combines natural grace and grandeur with the habits and sentiments of a recluse; austerity of life with gentleness of manner; inflexible moral principle with humility and even bashfulness of deportment; her fine powers of reasoning are allied to a natural uprightness and purity which no sophistry can warp and no allurement betray. A strong under-current of passion and enthusiasm flows beneath this calm and saintly self-possession: the impressiveness of her charac-

ter is indeed created by the observed capacity for high feeling and generous indignation, veiled beneath the sweet austere composure of the *religieuse*. Beatrice, again, is treated as wilful, not wayward; volatile, but not unfeeling; exuberant not only in wit and gaiety, but in heart, and soul, and energy of spirit; a faithful portrait of the fine lady of Shakspeare's time, but as unlike the head-tossing, fan-flirting, fine ladies of modern comedy as Sir Philip Sydney was unlike one of our modern dandies. Rosalind—superior to Beatrice as a woman, though inferior in dramatic force; a portrait of infinitely more delicacy and variety, but of less strength and depth; a being playful, pastoral, and picturesque, breathing of "youth and youth's sweet prime;" fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them; her volubility, like the bird's song, the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses; her mixture of playfulness, sensibility, and *naïveté*, like a delicious strain of music.

Of the characters of Passion and Imagination, comes Juliet first. Love, in its poetical aspect, is the union of passion and imagination; and Juliet is Love itself. It is her very being; the soul within her soul, the pulse within her heart, the life-blood along her veins.* In her it is exhibited under every variety of aspect and every gradation of feeling it could possibly assume in a delicate female heart. In Helena, there is superadded to fervent, enthusiastic, self-forgetting love, a strength of character which in Juliet is wanting. Helena's love is cherished in secret, but not self-consuming in silent languishment; it is patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. Her position in the play is shocking and degrading, and yet the beauty of the character is made to triumph over all, by its internal resources, and its genuine truth and sweetness. Perdita is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess—a creature signalized by perfect beauty and airy elegance of demeanor, by natural loftiness of spirit and upright simplicity or conscientiousness, which

* Mrs. Jameson's "moral," in the instance of Portia, is, that such a woman, placed in this age, would find society armed against her; and instead of being like Portia, a gracious, happy, beloved, and loving creature, would be a victim, immolated in fire to that multitudinous Moloch termed Opinion.

* Mrs. Jameson warmly protests against likening Shakspeare's Juliet to Rousseau's Julie—that impetticoated paradox—that strange combination of youth and innocence, philosophy and pedantry, sophistical prudery and detestable *grossièreté*. She does well to be angry at the comparison, common as it is.

disdains all crooked and indirect means. Viola is, perhaps, a degree less elevated and ideal than Perdita, but with a touch of sentiment more profound and heart-stirring. Ophelia! so sanctified in our thoughts by the last and worst of human woes, that we scarcely dare to consider her too deeply; her love, a secret which we have stolen from her, and which ought to die upon our hearts as upon her own; a being far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this working-day world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life; a character before which eloquence is mute—though Mrs. Jameson's eloquence finds for her sweet similitudes in a strain of sad dulcet music, floating by us on the wings of night and silence, rather felt than heard, and in the exhalation of the violet dying even upon the sense it charms, and in the snow-flake dissolved in air before it has caught a stain of earth, and in the light surf severed from the billow, which a breath disperses. So young, that she is unaware of the nature of her own feelings, which are prematurely developed in their full force before she has strength to bear them; for love and grief together rend and shatter the frail texture of her existence, like the burning fluid poured into a crystal vase. And Miranda—so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal; yet who, beside Ariel, that creature of elemental light and air, appears a palpable reality, a woman "breathing thoughtful breath;" a woman walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

Hermione leads on the characters of the Affections,—queenly instance of the proverb, "Still waters run deep;" her deportment, her every word breathing a majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession; one whose passions are not vehement, but in whose settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impentrate, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. Her sweet child Perdita, again, in whom conscientiousness and firmness mingle with picturesque delicacy; and Desdemona, not weak, with all her timid flexibility and soft acquiescence; and Imogen, model unsurpassable of conjugal tenderness, marred by nothing jealous or fantastic in its devotion; and lastly, Cordelia, characterized by absence of all display, by sobriety of speech veiling the most profound affections, by quiet steadiness of

purpose, and shrinking from all display of emotion.

It will enhance the value of Mrs. Jameson's Shakspearean criticisms, to think of what might be expected from other and "distinguished" authoresses, were they to undertake the theme. As a Scottish reviewer has suggested in the instance of the popular Mrs. Ellis, (in whom, however, we confess ourselves all but entirely unread,) "What could she have said of Juliet? How would she have contrived to twist Beatrice into a pattern Miss? Perdita! would she have sent her to a boarding-school? or insisted on *finishing*, according to the Hannah More pattern, the divine Miranda? Imagine her criticism on Lady Macbeth, or on Ophelia's dying speech and confession, or her revelation of the 'Family Secrets' of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor!'" But even this ironical query jars on the ear, in a paper devoted to so stanch a protester against the faintest show of scorn or satire as Mrs. Jameson.

Apropos of her work on Canada, Dr. Channing said, "I do not know a writer whose works breathe more of the spontaneous—the *free*. Beauty and truth seem to come to her unsought."* Of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," and "Loves of the Poets," the Ettrick Shepherd (Ambrose's improved edition) is made to say, "O Sir, you were maist beautifu' specimens o' eloquent and impassionat prase composition as ever draped like hinny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs. Jameson amang us—we maun indeed."† Her very numerous productions in the service and illustration of Art, we must dismiss with a passing salutation—her "Handbook" and "Companion" to Private Galleries, her æsthetic "Essays," "Early Italian Painters," "Spanish School of Painters," "Washington Allston," &c., &c. In her "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," she has, says Christopher North, "naught extenuated nor set down aught in malice," when speaking of the frail and vicious; and her own clear spirit kindles over the record of their lives, who, in the polluted air of that court, spite of all trials and temptations, preserved without flaw or stain the jewel of their souls, their virtue.‡ "Social Life in Germany" comprises able translations of the acted dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony, rendered with spirit and grace, and commented on with unflinching tact and intelligence.

The "Sacred and Legendary Art" series,

* Memoirs of W. E. Channing.

† *Noctes Amb.*, No. 47. (1829.)

‡ *Ibid.* No. 50. (1831.)

including "Legends of the Monastic Orders," is a worthy contribution to so important a theme by one who, if she has not much sympathy with modern imitations of mediæval art, can still less sympathize with that "narrow puritanical jealousy which holds the monuments of a real and earnest faith in contempt." In this field is finely displayed her remarkable critical prowess; her faculty of genial, pictorial exposition; her enthusiasm, which yet discriminates when at summer-heat; her judicial temperateness, which so happily avoids whatever is captious. Of the subjects composing this interesting series, we select, for such hasty notice as may be available here, the section devoted to "Legends of the Madonna."

One of Hawthorne's pensive people is made to say, "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother, who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of his awful splendor, but permitting his love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension through the medium of a woman's tenderness." This is the sentiment of a much-meditating man, who declares he had never found it possible to suffer a bearded priest so near his heart and conscience as to do him any spiritual good, but who recognizes in woman the religious feeling in a quite other aspect, in its utmost depth and purity, "refined from that gross, intellectual alloy with which every masculine theologian—save only One, who merely veiled himself in mortal and masculine shape, but was, in truth, divine—has been prone to mingle it." A writer who had composed such a work as the "Characteristics of Woman," and such another as "Sacred and Legendary Art," was right aptly qualified to undertake such a third as "Legends of the Madonna."

"I could never," says Sir Thomas Browne, "hear the Ave-Mary bell without an elevation,* or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence, and dumb contempt. Whilst, therefore, they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God,"—a practice worthy of the devout philosopher (for such was the author of "Religio Medici") who, staunch Protestant as he was, could dispense with his hat at the sight of a cross or crucifix, and weep abundantly at a solemn procession, while his "consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, fell into an excess

of scorn and laughter."* In such a matter, antipodean as we are to Rome, we would rather err with Sir Thomas, (not the sort of man to fall in with "vulgar errors,") than be in rigid right (without curve or flexibility in its Protestant spine) with the over-righteous. Wordsworth, too, we can quote on the same side:

"Yet some, I ween,
Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,
As to a visible Power, in which did blend
All that was mixed and reconciled in thee,
Of mother's love with maiden purity,
Of high with low, celestial with terrene."†

Even so extreme a dissident from aught that is Romish in faith or practice as Mr. W. J. Fox, the free-thinking member for Oldham, has emphatically pronounced the very worship of the Madonna to be "this least objectionable of all idolatries," the "most lovely, and, in its tendencies, most useful of all superstitions."‡ Now, Mrs. Jameson is no rash zealot in any thing she handles, critical, theological, or æsthetic. Be it true or not, that the way to Rome is through Geneva, she, at least, abides at a salubrious distance from both. So far is she from blindly venerating every phase of Madonna art, that she sees fit to ask for the generous construction of those to whom every aspect of the subject is sacred; alleging that, in her investigations, she had to ascend most perilous heights, and to dive into terribly obscure depths; and that although not for worlds would she be guilty of a scoffing allusion to any belief, or any object hallowed by sincere and earnest hearts, yet was it not possible for her to write in a tone of acquiescence, where her feeling and opinion were shocked. On the other hand, she stands up *womanfully* for what there is of elevating and refining influence, or of historical and ecclesiastical value in Madonna portraiture. She holds that if, in the old times, it was a species of idolatry to regard these beautiful representations as endued with a specific sanctity and power; so, in these days, it is a sort of atheism to look upon them reckless of their significance, regardless of the influences through which they were produced, without any acknowledgment of the mind which called them into being, without reference to the intention of the artist in his own creation. She acknowledges that the *Madonna and Child* is a subject so consecrated by its antiquity,

* Religio Medici, i. § 2.

† Ecclesiastical Sonnets, No. 25.

‡ See (or, if you are jealous of your orthodoxy, do not see) Fox on "The Religious Ideas." 1849.

* Some MSS. read *Oraison*.

so hallowed by its profound import, so endeared by its associations with the softest and deepest of our human sympathies, that the mind has never wearied of its repetition, nor the eye become satiated with its beauty. Those, she affirms, who refuse to give it the honor due to a religious representation, yet regard it with a tender, half-unwilling homage; and when the glorified type of what is purest, loftiest, holiest in womanhood, stands before us, arrayed in all the majesty and beauty that accomplished art, inspired by faith and love, could lend her, and bearing her divine Son, rather enthroned than sustained on her maternal bosom, "we look, and the heart is in heaven!" and it is difficult, very difficult, to refrain from an *Ora pro Nobis*.

And where, amid the varieties and successive presentments of art, does she find the "highest, holiest impersonation" of this glorious type of womanhood? She reviews the separate schools, and points out their distinctive features: the stern, awful quietude of the old Mosaics; the hard lifelessness of the degenerate Greek; the pensive sentiment of the Siena, and stately elegance of the Florentine Madonnas; the intellectual Milanese, with their large foreheads and thoughtful eyes; the tender, refined mysticism of the Umbrian; the sumptuous loveliness of the Venetian; the quaint characteristic simplicity of the early German; the intense lifelike feeling of the Spanish; the prosaic, portrait-like nature of the Flemish schools; and so on. The realization of Mrs. Jameson's ideal she finds not in the mere woman, nor yet in the mere idol; not in "those lovely creations which awaken a sympathetic throb of tenderness; nor in those stern, motionless types, which embody a dogma; not in the classic features of marble goddesses, borrowed as models; nor in the painted images which stare upon us from tawdry altars in flaxen wigs and embroidered petticoats." For any thing of the latter class she has a proper *ultimatum* of contempt, artistic and religious both. Nor is she very tolerant of that seventeenth century school, from whose studies every trace of the mystical and solemn conception of antiquity gradually disappeared, till for the majestic ideal of womanhood was substituted merely inane prettiness, or rustic, or even meretricious grace, the borrowed charms of some earthly exemplar; and thus, in depicting the "Mourning Mother," the sentiment of beauty was allowed to predominate over that of the mother's agony: "and I have seen," she says, "the sublime Mater Dolorosa trans-

formed into a merely beautiful and youthful maiden, with such an air of sentimental grief as might serve for the loss of a sparrow." Once, then, and once only, has Mrs. Jameson seen realized her own ideal—in Raphael's *Madonna di San Sisto*—in which she recognizes the transfigured woman, at once completely human and divine, an abstraction of power, purity, and love, poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no other support; looking out, with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly dilated, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things—sad, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through HIM, now resting as enthroned on that heart; yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as blessed.* But it is refreshing to follow Mrs. Jameson in her genial criticism of other painters, at once enthusiastic and discriminating; and indeed she purposely sets aside, in a great measure, individual preferences, and all predilections for particular schools and particular periods of art. A few pointed words serve to hint her estimate of the several examples under review: the dignified severity of the Virgins of Botticelli, Lorenzo di Credi's chaste simplicity, and Fra Bartolomeo's† noble tenderness; the imposing majesty of the true Caracci style; the Asiatic magnificence of Paul Veronese; Titian's truth to nature combined with Elysian grace, and the natural affectionate sentiments pervading the Venetian school; the soft, yet joyful maternal feeling portrayed so well by Correggio; Albert Durer's homely domesticity and fertile fancy; the sumptuous and picturesque treatment of "that rare and fascinating artist," Giorgione; Guido's grand but mannered style; the purity and simplicity of Bellini, whose every Madonna is "pensive, sedate, and sweet;" the homely, vigorous truth and consummate delicacy in detail of Holbein's happiest efforts; Murillo, *par excellence* the painter of the Conception, and embodying spotless grace, ethereal refinement, benignity, repose, "the very apotheosis of womanhood;" Michael Angelo, so good, so religious, yet deficient in humility

* *Legends of the Madonna*, p. 44.

† All of these three Florentine artists were the disciples and admirers of Savonarola, who distinguished himself *inter alia periculosa* by thundering against the offensive adornments of the Madonna, as encouraged by the Medici family. An interesting passage in Mrs. Jameson's Introduction relates to this procedure of Savonarola, and his influence on the greatest Florentine artists of his time.

and sympathy, semi-pagan in some of his scattered imaginations, and sometimes most un-Christian in his conception of Christ; and Rubens, with his scenic effect and dramatic movement, his portraiture of coarse, hearty life and domestic affectionate expression, and his occasionally daring bad taste. An edifying chapter might be devoted to an exposition of "bad taste" in the history of Madonna Art, a few illustrations of which Mrs. Jameson alludes to; Caravaggio's Death of the Virgin, for instance, pronounced wonderful for its intense natural expression, and in the same degree grotesque from its impropriety;* Andrea del Sarto's habit of depicting the features of his handsome, but vulgar and infamous wife, (Lucrezia,) in every Madonna he painted; and indeed the introduction at all of historical personages into devotional subjects, especially when the models were notoriously worthless.† More amusing are such conceits as the introduction of the court-dwarf and the court-fool in the train of the adoring Magi, themselves booted and spurred; the swollen-cheeked bagpiper in Caracci's Nativity; St. John

carrying two puppies in the lappets of his coat, and the dog leaping up to him, (in Salimbeni's Holy Family;) the maliciously significant presence of a cat and a dog in the very fore-front of the Marriage at Cana, by Luini; the Spanish fancy for seating the Virgin under a tree, in guise of an Arcadian pastorella, in a broad-brimmed hat, a crook in her hand, and in the act of feeding her flock with the mystical roses, &c. The vagaries of symbolism in certain stages of the art are quite infinite and nondescript.

If this graceful, tasteful book exhausts not the subject it illustrates, 'tis because the subject is simply inexhaustible. As, indeed, Raphael saw and said. For, when his friend, Marc Antonio, discovered him (we give Mr. Curtis's* version of the story) engaged upon the Sistine picture, and exclaimed, "*Cospetto!* another Madonna?" Raphael gravely answered, "*Amico mio*, were all artists to paint her portrait for ever, they could never exhaust her beauty." And on Raphael's principle the practice of art in Christendom has been founded.

By the time this paper is in print, the concluding volume of this "Sacred and Legendary" series will probably be before the public. To it, as to aught besides from the same authority, we look with unsated appetite.

* Mrs. Jameson quotes, without demur, the saying that "Caravaggio always painted like a ruffian because he was a ruffian."

† As in one of the frescoes in the Vatican, where Giulia Farnese appears in the character of the Madonna, and Pope Alexander VI. (Borgia) kneels at her feet as a votary.

* See the dedication prefixed to the "Wanderer in Syria."

From the North British Review.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.*

THE earliest and the most interesting of the literary and scientific institutions of Great Britain was the Royal Society of London; and we are persuaded that our readers will derive both pleasure and in-

struction from a brief and popular account of the rise, progress, and labors of that distinguished body. During the two centuries which have nearly elapsed since the foundation of the Royal Society, several histories of its origin and proceedings have been given to the world; but the most important of these give us very little information respecting the civil history and general proceedings of the Society, and contain chiefly an account of its scientific proceedings, with analyses of the most important papers published in its

* *A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents, compiled from Authentic Documents:* By CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Assistant-Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. 2 vols. 8vo. [The reader will be at no loss to discover in this instructive article, the erudite pen of Sir David Brewster.—Ed.]

Transactions. A new and complete history of the Royal Society was therefore a desideratum in our literature, and it has been admirably supplied by the two volumes now before us, from the pen of Mr. Weld, who by his learning and talents, as well as by his position as the Secretary of the Society, and the custodian of its archives, was peculiarly qualified for so important an undertaking. By a diligent examination of the voluminous records of the Society,—its Journals, Reports, and Council Books, comprising some hundreds of volumes, with several thousand letters;—by perusing various documents, once the property of the Society, but now in the National Library of the British Museum, and by searching for others in the State Paper Office, the Archives of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and the Bodleian Library in Oxford, he has collected much valuable matter, hitherto unknown, and has produced a truly popular work, which, while it possesses a deep interest for the man of science, may be perused with pleasure and instruction by every class of readers. Its accomplished author has, with too much modesty, presented it to the public "as a contribution towards some future philosophical history of the Society, which, proceeding from another pen than mine, shall at once embrace the entire subject;" but we are persuaded that no other pen is wanted, and no future history required. The discoveries which, from the time of Newton to that of Davy and Young, the Royal Society ushered into the world, have been merged in the general history of science; and the lives of her most distinguished members, unfortunately omitted from its Transactions, have been written in separate biographies, or in a foreign language, by the eloquent secretaries of the academies with which they were associated. The Royal Society, therefore, requires no future historian but one, and that one we trust will be Mr. Weld, who shall continue the history of its proceedings from the election of the Duke of Sussex in 1830, where it now terminates, to that desirable epoch when the Royal Society, and all the societies which sprang from it, shall be incorporated into a Royal Institute, liberally endowed by the State,—embodying the most distinguished individuals, and, by the performance of all the scientific work required by the nation, returning to it an usurious interest upon its annual expenditure.

Influenced by the suggestions of Lord Bacon, various attempts were made in England to found institutions for the advance-

ment of literature and science. The Society of Antiquaries, founded by Archbishop Parker in 1572, and of which the present Antiquarian Society may be considered as the descendant, kept alive the love of antiquarian literature till the year 1604, when, from causes which are not known, it was dissolved by James I.

Without noticing the scheme of a Royal Academy started by Edmund Bolton in 1616, for the education of the young nobility, and the other aristocratical institution called the *Museum Minerva*, projected in 1635, and consisting of six professors for teaching those who could bring "a testimonial of his arms and gentry," we shall proceed to give a brief account of those admirable establishments which sprang up in the 17th century for the promotion of science. The earliest and most distinguished of these institutions was the Academy del Cimento, which was established in Florence on the 19th June, 1657, by the celebrated geometer and pupil of Galileo, M. Viviani, and under the patronage of the Grand Duke Ferdinand II. and his brother Leopold. The Academy, of which it was a fundamental rule to investigate truth by experiment alone, held its meetings in the palace of the Grand Duke; and it continued to flourish till Leopold became a Cardinal in 1667, and continued to reside at Florence. During the ten years, however, of its existence, many interesting researches were made by its members, the most illustrious of whom were Castelli and Torricelli, the disciples of Galileo; and though its activity ceased with the retirement of its patron, it left, in a volume of its reports, a satisfactory proof of the industry of its members, and held out to future institutions the prospect of a more successful and lengthened career.

Although the Royal Society of London was not properly established till the year 1660, yet there can be no doubt that it derived its origin from previous societies of learned men, who met together for the discussion of different subjects in science and the arts. About the year 1665, when the academical studies both at Oxford and Cambridge were interrupted by the civil wars, Mr. Theodore Haak, a German resident in London, suggested the weekly meeting of a number of persons "inquisitive into natural philosophy," to "discourse and consider of physica, anatomy, geometry, astronomy, navigation, statics, magnetics, chymics, mechanics, and natural experiments; with the state of those studies as then cultivated at

home and abroad." Besides Mr. Haak, the Society consisted of the celebrated Dr. Wallis, Dr. Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, Dr. Goddard, Dr. Ent, Dr. Glisson, Dr. Merret, Mr. Samuel Forster, and many others. The meetings were sometimes held at Dr. Goddard's lodging in Wood street, where he kept an operator for grinding lenses, sometimes at the Bull Head tavern in Cheapside, and sometimes at Gresham College. In consequence of Dr. Wallis, Dr. Wilkins, and Dr. Goddard having removed to Oxford in 1648 and 1649, the Society was divided into two sections, one of which continued to meet in London, while the other held its sittings at Oxford, numbering among its members Dr. Ward, Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Bathurst, President of Trinity College, Dr., afterwards Sir William Petty, Dr. Willis, and several others. They met first at Dr. Petty's lodgings, in an apothecary's house, for the convenience of inspecting drugs; and after his removal to Ireland, at the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins; and after his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, at the lodgings of the Honorable Robert Boyle, who then resided at Oxford. The Oxford Society, which was regularly organized in October, 1651, continued its meetings till the year 1690, when they terminated. The branch of the Society which met in London, and which was known by the name of the *Invisible College*, or, as they termed themselves, the *Philosophical College*, continued to hold its meetings till the year 1658, when Gresham College was made a quarter for soldiers.

Notwithstanding the discontinuance of the meetings of the Philosophical Society at Gresham College, and the distractions of civil war, the friends of science did not cease to devise plans for its cultivation and advancement. In a letter to Robert Boyle, dated September 3, 1659, Evelyn suggested the plan of "a philosophico-mathematic College for the promotion of experimental knowledge." He proposed to purchase 30 or 40 acres of ground, not above 25 miles from London, on which should be erected a house, a chapel, and other buildings for the accommodation of nine persons. Evelyn offered to be one of the founders, and to furnish the pavilion, and the whole of the principal floor, with goods and movables to the extent of £500, he and his wife "taking up two apartments, as they were to be decently asunder." This scheme, as might have been anticipated, met with no encouragement, and it does not appear that Boyle took any other

steps in the matter than to leave the communication of Evelyn among his papers.

About the same time, Cowley, the poet, published an elaborate scheme under the title of a "Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy." The philosophical college which was to be instituted for this purpose was to be situated within one, two, or at most three miles of London. The revenue was to be £4000 a year, and it was to consist of *twenty* philosophers or professors, with sixteen young scholars as servants. The salaries of the professors and officers amounting to £3285 per annum, £715 was left for keeping up the college and grounds. Sixteen out of the twenty professors were to be resident in the college, and four to travel in the four quarters of the world in order to obtain information respecting "the learning, and especially the natural philosophy of those parts."

Although not strictly in the order of time, we may mention here Sir Isaac Newton's "Scheme for Establishing the Royal Society," to which we have referred in a former article,* and in which he proposes the division of science into *five* distinct branches, and the appointment of four members of the Society to each branch, or *twenty* in all, to be paid by the state.† We mention it at present to show that in every scheme for a philosophical institution suggested either before the establishment of the Royal Society or soon after it, the liberal endowment of it by the state was regarded as necessary to its success.

No sooner had the civil wars come to an end, than the distinguished individuals who had met at Gresham College again assembled to advance the interests of science. At the meeting held on the 28th November, 1660, when Lord Brouncker, Mr. Boyle, and others, had assembled to hear Mr. Wren's lecture in Gresham College, they constituted themselves into a society for the promotion of experimental philosophy. They resolved to meet weekly, on Wednesday, at three o'clock, to pay ten shillings in advance, and one shilling weekly, and to prepare "a list of the names of such persons as were known to those present whom they judged willing and fit to join with them in their design, and who, if they should desire it, might be ad-

* See this Journal, vol. xiv., p. 281.

† This remarkable paper will be published entire in Sir David Brewster's "Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," now in the press.

mitted before any other." A catalogue of forty-one persons was drawn up, in which we find the well-known names of Boyle, Ward, Evelyn, Wallis, Cowley, Wren, and Oldenburgh.

At the next meeting, which took place on the 9th of December, "Sir Robert Moray brought in word from the court that the King had been acquainted with the design of their meeting, and that he did well approve of it, and would be ready to give encouragement to it."

On the 12th of December, the society adopted certain rules for the admission of members, which, though not of ordinary occurrence, exist at the present time. The number of members being fixed at fifty-five, it was resolved that "any person of the degree of Baron, or above, shall be admitted without scrutiny, and as supernumeraries; and that the members of the College of Physicians, and the public professors of Mathematics, Physic, and Natural Philosophy of both Universities, shall be admitted as supernumeraries, paying as others do at their admission, and also the weekly allowance."

As the College of Physicians was, by these rules, connected with the Royal Society, and as a large proportion of the fellows of the latter were physicians, Mr. Weld has devoted a few pages to an account of the college, and of some of its more distinguished members. The science of medicine, which had long been in a degraded condition, received a great impulse by the establishment of this college, and the discoveries of some of its members. Linacre, a native of Canterbury, induced Cardinal Wolsey to obtain letters patent for its establishment in 1518. Although Linacre stood at the head of his profession, he was distinguished by no discovery or improvement in the healing art. The arts both of medicine and surgery made but slow progress till Harvey, about the year 1616 or 1618, made his great discovery of the circulation of the blood, and put an end to the ridiculous speculations of Paracelsus and Van Helmont, who maintained that the different functions of the body were carried on by spirits that resided within the human frame. Among the interesting incidents in the life of this great physician, there is one, apparently not known to Mr. Weld, which we cannot withhold from our readers.

In the time of Charles I., a young nobleman of the Montgomery family had an abscess in the side of his chest, in consequence of a fall. The wound healed, but an opening

was left in his side of such a size that the heart and lungs were still visible, and could be handled. On the return of the young man from his travels, the King heard of the circumstance, and requested Dr. Harvey to examine his heart. The following is Harvey's own account of the examination: "When I had paid my respects to this young nobleman, and conveyed to him the King's request, he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, where I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my finger and thumb. Astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound, and, first marvelling at the extraordinary nature of the case, I set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in one hand, and placing the finger of the other on the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him to the King, that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless when we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we touched the heart."

When the Royal Society, at their meeting on the 12th December, 1660, passed their laws for the election of members, they resolved that their meetings should be held at Gresham College, "from week to week till further orders;" and as this College may be regarded as the cradle of the Royal Society, where they assembled for many years, Mr. Weld has given a very interesting account of its establishment and extraordinary dissolution. In 1575 Sir Thomas Gresham left to the city of London one-half of the building of the Royal Exchange to pay £50 per annum to each of four readers of lectures on Divinity, Astronomy, Music, and Geometry, and the other moiety to the "Commonalty of the Mystery of the Mercers in London to pay £50 yearly to the three readers of lectures on Law, Physic, and Rhetoric." This liberal endowment of a college was confirmed by Act of Parliament, and after the death of Lady Anne Gresham in 1596, lectures were delivered by competent persons, which gave "great delight to many, both learned and lovers of learning." The professors occupied commodious and comfortable apartments in Sir Thomas Gresham's mansion-house, which stood in Bishopsgate street, and which contained many spacious apartments, in one of the largest of which the Royal Society met on St. Andrew's Day for their annual elections.

When the ground in this city had greatly

increased in value, the two corporations were more anxious to let the ground on building-leases than to maintain the literary character of the institution. In 1710 "the lectures had become an empty name," and the College had therefore fallen into contempt. Petitions were sent to Parliament for leave to destroy the building: but though they were rejected by the Governments of William III. and George I., yet in 1767, in the reign of Geo. III., an Act was passed authorizing the destruction of the building, but at the same time empowering the trustees to provide proper places in which the seven professors might read their lectures. The sum received for the spacious buildings of the College, and all the land which surrounded them, was only £500; and the noble building of Gresham College, the original home of the Royal Society, was replaced by an excise office! But, as Professor Taylor in his inaugural lecture remarks, "this was not all; not only were the citizens of London deprived of their College, with the spacious lecture-hall in which they had been accustomed to assemble, but another part of the Act compelled the trustees and guardians of this property to pay £1800 for and towards the expense of pulling down the same. . . . A transaction," adds the Professor, "which has no parallel in any civilized country." "Thus," he continues, "was this venerable seat of learning and science, founded by one of our most eminent citizens, and hallowed by a thousand interesting associations,—the mansion in which successive monarchs had been entertained,—in which princes had lodged and banqueted,—which when London lay in ashes had afforded shelter and refuge to its citizens,—a residence to its chief magistrate,—an Exchange for its merchants,—and a home to the houseless; thus was the hall in which Barrow, Briggs, Ball, and Wren had lectured; and the rooms where Newton, Locke, Petty, Boyle, Hooke, and Evelyn associated for the advancement of science,—razed to the ground."

Having obtained commodious apartments in that noble building whose demolition we have been deploring, the Royal Society set themselves diligently to the task of exploring the arcana of the natural world by the collection of facts and the performance of experiments. New facts in science, and new wonders in the material world, rewarded their diligence, and as the tide of positive knowledge swept over England, and subsequently over Europe, the errors and superstitions of preceding centuries gradually dis-

appeared. The superstitions which at this time degraded England, were of the most extraordinary kind. Even Bacon believed in the existence of witches and enchanters, as the agents of the Devil. James VI. complained of the number of witches that infested the country, and maintained the necessity of severely punishing them. During the civil wars, no fewer than eighty persons were executed in Suffolk for witchcraft; and in 1649, fourteen men and women were burned for witchcraft in a little village near Berwick, where the entire population consisted only of fourteen families. It is stated by Hutchinson that there were but two witches executed in England after the Royal Society published their Transactions; and Sir Walter Scott has given it as his opinion, that the establishment of the Royal Society tended greatly to destroy the belief in witchcraft and superstition generally. The belief in sympathetic cures was another of the superstitions of the day which the prevalence of experiment and science could not fail to dispel. Bacon was not only a believer in such cures, but had himself experienced the benefit of them. "The taking away of warts," says he, "by rubbing them with somewhat that afterwards is put to waste and consumed, is a common experiment; and I do apprehend it the rather because of mine own experience. I had from my childhood a wart upon one of my fingers; afterwards, when I was about sixteen years old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at least a hundred) in a month's space. The English Ambassador's lady, who was a woman far from superstition, told me one day she would help me away with my warts; whereupon she got a piece of lard with the skin on, and rubbed the warts all over with the fat side, and amongst the rest that wart which I had had from my childhood; then she nailed the piece of lard, with the fat towards the sun, upon a part of the chamber window which was to the south. The success was, that within five weeks' space, all the warts went quite away, and that wart which I had so long endured for company. But at the rest I did little marvel, because they came in a short time, and might go away in a short time again; but the going away of that which had stayed so long doth yet stick with me. They say the like is done with a green elder stick, and then burying the stick to rot in muck!"

Another of the absurd superstitions of the seventeenth century was the belief that

scrofula, the king's evil, could be cured by the royal touch—a belief which prevailed from a very early period till the time of Queen Anne, when Dr. Johnson was touched by her Majesty in 1712. Collier tells us that Edward the Confessor was the first sovereign that cured this disease, and that the power “descended as a hereditary miracle upon all his successors.” “To dispute the matter of fact,” adds this ecclesiastical historian, “is to go to the excess of scepticism, to deny our senses, and to be incredulous even to ridiculousness.” Evelyn* has preserved a very interesting account of the ceremony of the royal touch, when Charles II. applied it on the 6th July, 1660: “His Majesty sitting under his state in the banquetting-house, the surgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where, they kneeling, the king strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, ‘He put his hands upon them, and he healed them.’ This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched, they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel gold [pieces of money having the figure of an angel] strung on white ribbon on his arm, delivers them one by one to his Majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, ‘That is the true light who came into the world.’ Then follows an epistle (as at first a gospel) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration; lastly, the blessing; then the Lord Chamberlain and Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer, and towel, for his Majesty to wash.”

It is impossible to read without disgust this account of the process of the royal touch. We may admire the condescension of the king, and excuse the folly of his patients, in trusting to the efficacy of the physical operation; but the addition of a religious service, and the presumption of the priests that performed it, were an insult to religious truth which cannot be forgiven. That the public did not attach any value to the interference of the priest, or to the sacred mummeries which he practised, is proved by a more summary form of the royal process, which is mentioned by Aubrey in his *Miscellanies*. A person of the name of Arise Evans, “who had a fungous nose, said it was revealed to him that the king’s hand would cure him; and at the first coming of King

Charles II. in St. James’s Park, he kissed the king’s hand, and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the king, but cured him.”

Although the royal physician had a prescriptive right to the faculty of curing fungous noses and analogous complaints, he was not allowed to enjoy the monopoly. Valentine Greatrix, the Stroker, possessed the power of curing the evil even when the king failed. Robert Boyle believed in the efficacy of Greatrix’s touch, and the celebrated astronomer Flamsteed not only believed that the healing power of Greatrix “was a gift given him by God,” but he himself had been sent by his father to Ireland, in 1663, when only nineteen years old, to be cured of severe pains in his knees and joints, with which he had been afflicted. Flamsteed’s account of his journey from Derby to Cappoquin, in Ireland, where Greatrix lived, is exceedingly interesting: he describes Greatrix as having “a kind of majestical yet affable presence, a lusty body, and a composed carriage.” He was at first touched on his legs, but found not his disease to stir. Next day he was stroked by him all over his body, “but found as yet no amends in any thing but what I had before I came to Cappoquin.” Flamsteed, however, “saw him touch several, some whereof were nearly cured, others on the mending hand, and some on whom his strokes had no effect,—of whom [he adds] I might have said more, but that he hath been since in England, and so both his person, cures, and carriage, are well enough known among us. And though some seem to asperse him each way, for my part I think his gift was of God; and for the cause of his cures I dare fully acquiesce with what Dr. Stubbs hath written of him. For though I am an eye-witness of several of his cures, yet am not able to remember or write them out as I saw them.”*

Mr. Weld has found, in the archives of the Royal Society, a letter to the Archbishop of Dublin from Greatrix, who gives the following curious account of the circumstances which led him to undertake curing by touch: “I was moved by an impulse which, sleeping or waking, always dictated: I have given thee the gift of curing the king’s evil. At first, I wondered within myself what the meaning thereof should be, and was silent; at length, I told my wife thereof, and that I had no quiet within myself for this impulse,

* An Account of the Rev. John Flamsteed, &c. By Francis Baily, Esq. Autobiography, p. 16. Greatrix refused to take money from Flamsteed, not even for his horse’s grass.

* *Diary*, vol. i. p. 312.

and that I did verily believe that God had given me the power of curing the evil. She little regarded what I said, telling me only I had conceived a rich fancy. Soon after, such was the providence of God, one William Maher, of the parish of Lismore, brought his son, that had the evil in several places very grievous, and desired to know if I would cure him. Whereupon, I went to my wife and told her she should now see whether my belief were a fancy or no; whereupon I put my hands on young Maher, desiring the help of the Lord Jesus, for his mercies' sake; whereupon, the evil, which was as hard as possible for flesh and blood to be, dissolved and rotted within forty-four hours, run and healed, and so, through God's mercy, continues to this day."

Such were a few of the superstitions which prevailed at the time of the establishment of the Royal Society; superstitions not confined to the low and the ignorant classes of society, but credited by distinguished men, and by many of the fellows of the Royal Society themselves. The efficacy of the divining-rod in discovering metals and water, the cosmetic virtues of May-dew collected before sunrise, the efficacy of medicines strangely compounded, and even alchemy, or the transmutation of the baser metals into gold, were among the articles of faith of many members of the Royal Society. Hence we obtain an explanation of the absurd and ridiculous experiments which were tried by that learned body, not, as Mr. Weld would have us believe, because they wished "to clear away a rotten foundation ere a solid superstructure could be raised," but because they wished further to investigate what they believed to be true. Nor is this any slur upon the Society. To believe without the desire of investigating is the characteristic of a fool: to believe and to test our faith is an act of wisdom; the belief is the motive, and without a certain portion of it there would be no investigation.

Although the extinction of ancient superstitions was to a certain extent coeval with the establishment of the Royal Society, and in some degree promoted by the spirit of inquiry of which it set the example, yet it is strange to observe that after the Society has carried on its vocation for nearly 200 years, a phalanx of modern superstitions has sprung up which the brightest lights of physical science are unable to dissipate. We do not allude to bleeding portraits and winking statues, those monstrous creations of priestcraft, which neither science nor civilization

can abate, but to those forms of error which now haunt the gayest and the most intellectual saloons. If we do not believe in witches and burn them, we believe in the diabolical influences which they were supposed to exercise. If we do not believe in the curative efficacy of the royal touch, and of the pounded bones of malefactors, we rely on the power of a drop of the Atlantic after a grain of poison has impregnated its mass. If we have laid aside the divining-rod as a guide to water and to metals, we can endow a silver spoon with such an attractive virtue as to lead its bearer to every other spoon, however concealed from view. If we have renounced palmistry, and lost faith in the lines of the human hand, we can see all the depths of character in the lines which the hand has traced. We have, in short, substituted one set of superstitions for another, and have garnished the mass with table-turning, table-thinking, spirit-rapping, spirit-conversing, silent will, and clairvoyance.

Hitherto, the Royal Society was a private institution, supported by the subscriptions of its members, and unrecognized by the state. It was, however, incorporated by royal charter, on the 15th of July, 1662, for the improvement of *natural knowledge*,—the word *natural* being introduced in contradistinction to *supernatural*, in order to discourage all belief in the art of divination, which was then so prevalent. This recognition of science by Charles II. gave great satisfaction, and is one of the few points in his character which have received general approbation. Anxious to promote its interest, he addressed a letter in his own handwriting to the Duke of Ormond, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, recommending the Royal Society "for a liberal contribution from the adventurers and officers of Ireland, for the better encouragement of them and their designs;" but though every exertion was made to realize this gift, the Duke of Ormond baffled all their attempts, and the lands destined for the Royal Society were given to his own friends.

Though thus disappointed by the loss of the royal grant, the Society proceeded with zeal and ardor in carrying on the objects of their institution. Hitherto no discovery of importance had illustrated their proceedings, and no very brilliant name had brought them reputation. Dr. Robert Hooke, however, was now added to the list of Fellows, and, with a single exception, contributed more than any other individual to advance physical science and extend the renown of the Royal Society. His inventive genius

had been displayed in the Philosophical Society of Oxford, and he had for some time acted as assistant to Mr. Boyle, to whom he had been of great service in completing the invention of the air-pump. On the 12th of November, 1662, "Sir Robert Murray, then President, proposed him for Curator of Experiments to the Society, whereupon, being unanimously accepted, it was ordered that Mr. Boyle should have the thanks of the Society for dispensing with him for their use, and that he should come and sit among them, and both bring in, every day of their meeting, *three or four experiments*, and take care of such others as should be mentioned to him by the Society."

In the year 1663 the King granted a second charter to the Royal Society, in which he constituted himself its patron and founder, gave it armorial bearings, and presented it with a mace of richly gilt silver, weighing 149 oz. avoirdupois. This mace, without which no legal meeting of the Society can be held, had for a long time been regarded with a peculiar interest, owing to the prevalent belief that it was the identical mace turned out of the House of Commons by Oliver Cromwell. Numberless visitors came to the apartments of the Royal Society to see the famous "Bauble," and so general and firm was the conviction of the identity of the two maces, that the proprietors of the Abbot'sford edition of the *Waverley Novels* have actually illustrated the novel of *Woodstock* with an engraving of the "Bauble Mace," as formerly belonging to the Long Parliament, and now in the possession of the Royal Society.

This popular and unfounded illusion has been dispelled by the researches of Mr. Weld, who has not only traced the history of the Bauble mace, but discovered the warrant for the preparation of the new one, as a gift to the Royal Society. "We cannot forbear observing," he says, "that though the mace may not be as curious as before to the antiquary, divested as it now is of its fictitious historical interest, yet it is much more to be respected; for surely a mace designated a 'Bauble,' and spurned from the House of Commons by a republican, would scarcely be an appropriate gift to the Royal Society." We admire the ingenuity of Mr. Weld, in thus consoling himself for having dispelled an illusion which the public seemed to value; but we confess, that though we are neither antiquaries nor republicans, we should greatly prefer the ancient mace that lay on the table of the Long Parliament, notwithstanding the

kick which it received from Cromwell. The exiled mace, like the sovereign, derived new lustre from its restoration.

A gilt mace and a royal title were hitherto the only gifts which Charles II. bestowed on a Society of which he claimed to be the founder, and called himself the patron. He had, indeed, mocked them with the false hopes of a grant of land in Ireland; and he again, with a generous intention, doubtless, was about to propose a still more liberal donation. At the Society's anniversary dinner the Fellows were regaled with a haunch of venison presented by the King. Their poverty at this time was very great. The arrears due by the Fellows was £158. Mr. Colwall presented the Society with £50, and Mr. Balle promised £100. "These sums, however, proved so insufficient to meet the growing wants of the Society, that early in 1664 it was proposed to solicit from the King a grant of such lands as were left by the sea, and a motion was even made, 'that the King might be spoken to, to confer such offices in the courts of justice, or the Custom House, as were in his Majesty's gift, upon some members of the Society, for the use of the whole!'" It was further resolved, "that every member of the council should think on ways to raise a revenue for carrying on the designs and work of the Society." The result of these deliberations was, that the Society should petition the King, praying him "to grant Chelsea College, and the land belonging to it, to the Royal Society." This petition was presented to the King in the month of June; but difficulties came in the way, and the Society, as poor as ever, and owing nothing to the patronage of their royal founder, prosecuted their inquiries with their usual zeal and diligence.

The year 1664, though in many respects an unfortunate one in the affairs of the Royal Society, was distinguished by the commencement of the *Philosophical Transactions*, a work which will ever hold a high place in the history of British science. Mr. Oldenburg undertook to compose this work out of the writings submitted to the Society, and he published it on the first Monday of every month, a duty which he discharged till his death in 1677. The Transactions were not printed at the expense of the Society. They were published at the risk and responsibility of the Secretary, and the sale in 1665 was so small (only 300) that it is doubtful whether it would defray the expense of paper and printing. The proceedings of the Society were interrupted by the plague in 1665. Most of the Fellows retired into the country,

and it was not till February, 1665-6, that a sufficient number had returned to resume their meetings.

Oldenburg, who had remained at his post during the whole of the time that the plague raged in the city, continued to carry on his extensive correspondence, both with English and foreign *savans*, as he was permitted to do by the charter. His indefatigable zeal, however, in the cause of the Society met with a singular check, which had the effect of causing a suspension of their proceedings from the 30th May to the 3d October. On the suspicion of carrying on a political correspondence with parties abroad obnoxious to Charles II., Oldenburg was arrested and sent to the Tower on the 20th June, 1667. Pepys remarks in his Diary, that he was put into the Tower for writing news to a virtuoso in France, with whom he constantly corresponded on philosophical subjects, and adds, that this event "made it very unsafe at this time to write or almost do any thing." Poor Oldenburg, who was a loyal subject, and guiltless of "dangerous designs and practices," was, without any just cause, kept a close prisoner nearly three months, and after being "stified by the prison air," and having "quite lost his stomach," he was liberated on the 26th August.

As if to atone for the incarceration of its Secretary, Chelsea College, with about 30 acres of ground, was presented to the Society as a gift from his Majesty. The Society took possession of it on the 27th September, but as it was in a dilapidated state, and as the grant had not passed the Great Seal, they resolved not to make any repairs upon it till they had it in legal possession. Immediately before this grant was made, the Society had received subscriptions to the amount of £1075 for building a college or place of meeting, upon a piece of ground in Arundel Gardens, granted by Henry Howard, of Norfolk, and Sir Christopher Wren had given a design for the building. The grant of Chelsea College, however, rendered the execution of the plan unnecessary, as it would seem to have been the intention of the Society to repair that building for their use. This project, however, was never carried into effect. Various attempts were made to obtain a tenant, and make the building useful by repairs, but it remained unproductive in the hands of the Society till 1682, when Sir Christopher Wren, on the authority of the Society, sold it to the King for £1300, as the site of the Royal Hospital.

The year 1667 was memorable in the Society's history by the successful performance

of the experiment of transfusing the blood of a sheep into a man in perfect health. The subject of this experiment was one Arthur Coga, who, as Pepys says, was a kind of minister who read for Dr. Wilkins in his church, and who being in want of money, hired himself for a guinea. The operation was performed in Arundel House by Drs. Lower and King, in presence of the Bishop of Salisbury, Mr. Howard, and several members of Parliament. The patient made no complaint during the injection of 12 oz. of blood; his pulse and appetite were better than before, and his sleep good. He drank a glass or two of Canary, took a pipe of tobacco, and went home with a stronger and fuller pulse than before. He slept well, perspired two or three hours, and was so well next day that he was willing to have the experiment repeated. It was accordingly repeated at a public meeting of the Society, on the 12th December, when 14 oz. of sheep's blood were substituted for 8 oz. of his own. Pepys went to see him, and heard him give an account, in Latin, of the operation and its effects. Coga was fond of drink, and in order to discredit the Royal Society, and make the experiment appear ridiculous, several malicious persons who frequented the coffee-houses "endeavored to debauch the fellow." When Coga was asked why he chose the blood of a sheep, he replied, "*Sanguis ovis symbolicam quandam facultatem habet cum sanguine Christi, quia Christus est agnus Dei.*"

About this time a brilliant name was added to the list of the Fellows of the Royal Society. Mr. Isaac Newton, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge was proposed as a Fellow on the 21st December, 1671, by Seth Ward, Bishop of Saram, Newton, then in the 30th year of his age, had made several of his greatest discoveries. He had discovered the different refrangibility of light. He had invented the reflecting telescope. He had deduced the law of gravity from Kepler's theorem, and he had discovered the method of fluxions. When he heard of his being proposed as a Fellow, he expressed to Oldenburg, the secretary, his hope that he would be elected, and added, that "he would endeavor to testify his gratitude by communicating what his poor and solitary endeavors could effect towards the promoting their philosophical design." The communications which Newton made to the Society, excited the deepest interest in every part of Europe. His little reflecting telescope, the germ of the colossal instruments of

Herschel and Lord Rosse, was deemed one of the wonders of the age, and his discoveries with the prism, while they were received as grand and remarkable truths by most of his colleagues in the Society, were opposed by Hook and Huygens, and by a number of foreign critics who knew nothing of the subject, and whose names will be remembered only, and condemned while they are remembered, as the assailants of demonstrated truths, and the disturbers of Newton's tranquillity. With a patience and a temper which no other disputant could have shown, Newton replied again and again to all their objections; and at last succeeded in silencing them all, and establishing his doctrine of colors on an impregnable basis.

While Newton was making his communications to the Society, and had been little more than two years one of its Fellows, some change seems to have taken place in his pecuniary affairs. He had paid his admission money of £2, and for one or two years the annual payment of £2 12s., or a shilling a week; but on the first of March, 1673, he expressed to Oldenburg his desire "to be put out from being any longer a member of the Society." Oldenburg communicated to the Society the contents of this letter, and having ascertained that his desire to resign was from the inconvenience of making the quarterly payments, the Society, as a matter of course, agreed to excuse him. We may well appeal to an event of this kind as an argument of some weight against voluntary associations for the promotion of science. Mr. Hans Sloane, Dr. Wallis, Dr. Green, and Dr. Hooke received the same mortifying privilege, which in more modern times was extended to Thomas Simpson and James Ferguson. In 1709, as Mr. Bailly* informs us, the council of the Royal Society ordered Flamsteed's name to be left out of the list of Fellows on account of his not having paid up his arrears; although, in the course of that very year, Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Halley, Dr. Lister, Dr. Smith, Mr. Lowthorp, and seven other Fellows had been excused from such payments. Mr. Bailly adds "that many even of the nobility had been favored (some of them more than once) in a similar manner in other years."

Another distinguished name which may be placed near, though not next to that of Newton, was about this time added to the list of Fellows. John Flamsteed had so early as 1670 communicated a paper on Eclipses to

the Society. He was at this time in the 24th year of his age, some years younger than Newton. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1676, after he had been appointed "Astronomical Observer" under the Royal Sign Manual, with a salary of £100 per annum. The history of this appointment, and of the Royal Observatory of Greenwich, is extremely interesting, and has been given by Flamsteed himself in the History of his own Life.

Betwixt my coming up to London and Easter, (1675.) an accident happened that hastened, if it did not occasion, the building of the Observatory. A Frenchman that called himself *Le Sieur de St. Pierre*, having some small skill in astronomy, and made an interest with a French lady (the Duchess of Portsmouth) then in fashion at Court, proposed no less than the discovery of the longitude, and had procured a kind of commission from the King to the Lord Brouncker, Dr. Ward, Sir C. Wren, Sir Charles Scarborough, Sir Jonas Moore, Col. Titus, Dr. Pell, Sir Robert Moray, Dr. Hooke, and some other ingenious gentlemen about the town and court, to receive his proposals, with power to elect and receive into their number any other skilful persons; and having heard them, to give the King an account of them, with their opinion whether or not they were practicable, and would show what he pretended. Sir Jonas Moore [in whose house in the Tower, Flamsteed was hospitably entertained] carried me with him to one of their meetings, where I was chosen into their number; and after the Frenchman's proposals were read, which were,—

1. To have the year and day of the observation.
2. The height of two stars, and on which side of the meridian they appeared.
3. The height of the moon's two limbs.
4. The height of the pole: According to degrees and minutes.

It was easy to perceive from these demands, that M. *Sieur* understood not that the best lunar tables differed from the heavens; and that therefore his demands were not sufficient for determining the longitude of the place where such observations were or should be made, from that to which the lunar tables were fitted; which I represented immediately to the Company. But they considering the interest of his patronage at court, desired to have him furnished according to his demand. I undertook it, . . . and gave him observations such as he demanded. The half-skilled man did not think that they could have been given him, but cunningly answered *they were feigned*. . . . I then wrote a letter in English to the Commissioners, and another in Latin to M. *Sieur*, to assure him they were not feigned. . . . I heard no more of the Frenchman after this; but was told that my letters being shown to King Charles, he started at the assertion of the fixed stars' places being false in the catalogue, and said, with some vehemence, he must have them anew observed,

* *Life of Flamsteed*, p. 90, *note*.

examined, and corrected for the use of his seamen; and further, (when it was urged to him how necessary it was to have a good stock of observations taken, for correcting the motion of the moon and planets,) with the same earnestness, 'he must have it done.' And when he was asked Who could, or Who should do it? 'The person,' says he, 'who informs you of them.' Whereupon I was appointed to it, with the incompetent allowance afore-mentioned; but with assurance at the same time, of such further addition as thereafter should be found requisite for carrying on the work.

There was at this time no observatory; and the next step was to choose a proper site for one. Chelsea College, Hyde Park, and Greenwich Hill, were proposed. The latter was chosen, and the King having allowed £500, and some bricks from Tilbury Fort, the observatory was founded on the 10th August, 1675, and finished by Christmas. As there had been an Astronomer Royal without an observatory, so there was now an observatory without an instrument. The few instruments belonging to the Royal Society were lent to it; but fifteen years elapsed before a single instrument was furnished by the government.

The conduct of the King in thus leaving the observatory without instruments, is what might have been expected from his illiberal treatment of the Royal Society; and Mr. Weld has justly placed in painful contrast with it the conduct of Louis XIV., and of "Peter the Great, to whom Russia is indebted for her Academy of Sciences, and the first national observatory."*

When Sir Joseph Williamson resigned the Presidency of the Society in 1680, the Honorable Robert Boyle was chosen as his successor; but as he had "a great tenderness in point of oaths," and had many weighty reasons for not "taking the test and oaths," in which he was confirmed not only by the opinion of his own counsel, but by that of another eminent lawyer, he declined to accept the office, which was then conferred upon Sir Christopher Wren. Boyle was now in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was a man of noble and generous mind, an ardent and indefatigable cultivator of experimental philosophy, and a warm friend of the Royal Society, to whom he bequeathed his valuable collection of minerals. Owing no doubt to the religious and moral character of Boyle, and the regard in which he was

held by his scientific friends, he has received a degree of praise to which he is by no means entitled. The excessive eulogy of friends is often more fatal to reputation than the severest animadversions of enemies. When Boerhaave tells us that "we owe to Boyle the secrets of fire, air, water, animals, vegetables, fossils, so that from his works may be deduced the whole system of natural knowledge," he defrauds the whole fraternity of philosophers, and places them in an attitude of hostility to the unfortunate object of his praise. Boyle made more experiments than any of his contemporaries, and obtained many facts which were individually interesting;—but facts are not discoveries, and in a bushel of them there may not be found a single grain of wheat,—a single germ of any useful scientific truth. Facts must be sifted, and viewed in every azimuth, till we discover the master phase that lights us into the path of generalization. Boyle was destitute of the philosophical faculty; and we were gratified to find, in looking over the correspondence between Huygens and Leibnitz,* which has been recently published, that both these distinguished philosophers entertained the same opinion of Boyle which we have now expressed. Leibnitz says to Huygens: "I am of your opinion, that we ought to follow the plan of Verulam upon physics, in adding to it, however, a certain act of guessing, for otherwise we should make no progress. I am astonished that M. Boyle, who has made so many fine experiments, has not arrived at some theory in chemistry, after having meditated so much on the subject. In all his writings, however, and in all the consequences which he deduces from his observations, he draws the conclusion, which we all know, that every thing is done mechanically. He is perhaps too reserved. Excellent men ought to leave us even their conjectures, and they are only wrong when they give them as certain truths. This may be said even of yourself, who have doubtless an infinity of fine thoughts on physics." In his reply to this letter, Huygens remarks: "The art of guessing in physics upon given experiments, has not, I think, been neglected by Verulam, as we may see in the example which he gives in ascertaining the nature of heat in the bodies of metals, and other substances, where he has succeeded pretty well, were it not that he has not thought of the rapid

* Peter the Great visited the observatory at Greenwich on the 6th February, 1697-8, and also on the 8th March, when he made "a complete observation of Venus."

* *Christiani Hugenii aliorumque seculi xvi. et xviii. celeberrimorum Exercitationes Mathematicae et Philosophicae*, Ed. P. J. Uytendroek. Hagae. 1833, Fascic. I. Pp. 117, 120.

motion of a very subtle matter, which ought to keep up the agitation of the particles of bodies.* You will have heard of the death of Mr. Boyle. It appears very strange that he has built nothing on the great number of experiments of which his works are full; but the thing is difficult; and I have never believed him capable of an application sufficiently great to enable him to establish real principles. I am of your opinion in wishing even the conjectures of excellent men in these matters. But they do much mischief when they wish their conjectures to pass for certain truths, as Descartes has done; for their followers, taking them as such, have no desire to seek for any thing better."

Robert Boyle died on the 31st Dec. 1691, in the 65th year of his age, and was interred in St. Martin's Church, Westminster. Though we have been unable, and unwillingly unable, to concur in the high eulogy which Boerhaave has pronounced upon his scientific character, we cheerfully adopt the other expression of that eminent physician, that Boyle "was the ornament of his age and country."

The year 1685 was marked in the history of the Society by the death of Charles II., the nominal founder and the nominal patron of the Society. Dr. Sprat, in his dedication to him of his *History of the Society*, "assures him of immortal fame for having established a perpetual succession of inventors," but we fear that the details given by Mr. Weld have deprived the compliment of all its value. His Majesty's connection with the Society is both historically and traditionally ludicrous. He granted them lands in Ireland, but he failed to give them possession. He gave a paltry sum to found an observatory, but he gave no instruments with which to observe. He appointed Flamsteed his astronomer, but he both overwrought and starved him. He gave the Society a mace constructed expressly for its use; but it would have possessed more interest had it been the bauble which Cromwell kicked, instead of the mace which the Sovereign gave. It was not given to make the Society respected, but to make it royal. He presented the Society with five little glass bubbles—a suitable emblem of the generosity of the donor. He sent a poisoned dagger to the President; but the kitten lanced with it refused to die of the wound. He gave the

Society a gift of Chelsea College; but he got it back again when repaired, a great bargain. He professed to be fond of experiments; but, though the curators made frequent preparations to receive the King, he did not "pay the contemplated visit." Had the Copley Medal, the olive branch of the Society, been founded in his reign, Charles II. would have certainly received it. His Majesty, through the channel of the President, wagered £50 to £5, "for the compression of air by water." Hooke made the experiment, and the Society acknowledged in its minutes "that his Majesty had won the wager!" It is not told by whom the £5 was lost, or to whom it was paid. He gave the Society *their* charter, but not *one* farthing to pay its clerks or doorkeepers, the postages of its correspondence, the expenses of its experiments, and the printing of its Transactions. The Fellows were his Majesty's staff of paupers, living from hand to mouth. The gorgeous mace glittered on the table when Newton, the "poor Cambridge student," as Mr. Weld not very correctly calls him, petitioned for the remission of his weekly payments. At every meeting the cry of poverty arose; lists of increasing arrears were laid on the table, and the very nobles were unable to bear the burden of advancing science, when, as Mr. Weld says, the time and attention of the King were entirely engrossed with the intrigues and pleasures of the court. But not only was the Society kept on less than pauper allowance, it was to a certain degree persecuted. The Society could not exist unless its President, Vice-President, and their deputies, took such "test and oaths" as the consciences of some of its most distinguished members would not allow them to take. Boyle, as we have seen, was thus deprived of the honor, and the Society of the advantage, of his being President. The three royal charters gave the Secretary authority to carry on a correspondence on science with all sorts of foreigners, and yet poor innocent Oldenburg, their faithful and loyal Secretary, was conveyed a prisoner to the Tower, and liberated without any explanation or apology. "Thus neglected by the Sovereign," as Mr. Weld remarks, "and occupied in pursuits so totally at variance with those of the Court, it will not be very surprising that the decease of Charles II. is not alluded to in the Council or Journal books. The King died on the 6th of Feb. 1684-5, and the Society met as usual on the 6th of the same month. The minutes contain no reference to the monarch's death, and they are equally silent respecting any endea-

* This is a very strange opinion from such a man as Huygens, if it is not ironical; as it is universally admitted that Bacon has failed completely in deducing any valuable result from his accumulation of facts on the subject of Heat.

vors to gain the patronage of his successor, James II."

The next important event in the history of the Royal Society was the presentation to that body, by Dr. Vincent, Fellow of Clare-hall, of the MS. of the first book of Newton's immortal work, the *Principia*. It was received on the 28th April, 1686, and was dedicated to the Society. A letter of thanks was addressed to its author, and Halley, now clerk to the Society, was ordered to write a report upon it to the Council. On the receipt of this report, the Society came to the resolution, on the 19th of May, "that Mr. Newton's *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica* should be printed forthwith in quarto, in a fair letter." In communicating the resolution, Halley thinks it necessary to inform him "that Hooke has some pretensions upon the invention of the rule of decrease of gravity being reciprocally as the squares of the distances from the centre, and that you had the notion from him, though he owns the demonstration of the curves generated thereby to be wholly your own." In refutation of this claim of Hooke's, Newton addressed a long letter to Halley; but before this letter was despatched, Newton received a letter from another correspondent, stating, in strong terms, "that Hooke was making a great stir in the matter, pretending that Newton had all from him, and calling for justice." This aggravation of the charge irritated Newton, and led him to add an angry and satirical postscript, in which he rashly conjectured "that Hooke might have looked into a letter of his to Huygens, and thence taken the notion of comparing the forces of the planets arising from their circular motion, and so what he wrote to me afterwards might be nothing but the fruit of my own garden." This admission of Newton was certainly in Hooke's favor, and sanctioned Hooke's claims, unless Newton was able to prove that he had seen the letter to Huygens. In reply to this letter, Halley, with much good sense, assured Newton that Hooke's "manner of claiming the discovery had been represented to him in worse colors than it ought, and that he neither made public application to the Society for justice, nor pretended that you had all from him." Newton was gratified with this assurance, and in replying to Halley on the 14th July, he not only expresses his regret at having written the angry postscript, but recounts the different new ideas which he had derived from Hooke's correspondence, and suggests it as the best method "of compro-

ming the present dispute," to add a "scholium to the first proposition of the first book, in which Wren, Hooke, and Halley, are acknowledged to have independently deduced the law of gravity from the second law of Kepler."

The finances of the Society were at this time in so low a condition, that the resolution to print the "*Principia*" at their own expense, as implied in the minute of the 19th of May, was withdrawn by the Council at their meeting on the 2d June, when it was resolved that "Mr. Newton's book be printed, and that Mr. Halley undertake the business of looking after it, and printing it at his own charge, which he engaged to do." The inability of the Society to take this expense upon themselves, arose from their having expended £400 on the publication of 500 copies of Willughby's "*Historia Piscium*," which seems to have had a tardy sale. The Council was obliged to pay the arrears of salary due to Hooke and Halley by copies of Willughby's work, and when Halley undertook to measure a degree of the meridian, the Society resolved that "he be given £50, or fifty books of fishes!"

In the letter to Halley of the 20th of June, to which we have already referred, Newton intimated his intention of suppressing the third book of the "*Principia*," influenced no doubt by the misrepresentation of Hooke's conduct, which had been improperly communicated to him. "The proof you sent to me," he says, "I like very well. I designed the whole to consist of three books; the second was finished last summer, being short, and only waits transcribing, and drawing the cuts fairly, and one new proposition I have since thought on, which I can as well let alone. The third waits the theory of comets. In autumn last I spent two months in calculations to no purpose, for want of a good method, which made me afterwards return to the first book, and enlarge it with divers propositions, some relating to comets, others to other things, found out last winter. The third I now design to suppress. Philosophy is such an impertinently litigious lady, that a man had as good be engaged in law-suits as have to do with her. I found it so formerly, and now I am no sooner come near her again but she gives me warning. The two first books, without the third, will not so well bear the title of '*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*,' and therefore I have altered it to this, '*De Motu Corporum Libri Duo*;' but, on second thoughts, I

retain the former title. "Twill help the sale of the book, which I ought not to diminish, now 'tis yours."

In his reply to this letter, Halley implores him, in the name of the Society, not to let his "resentment run so high as to suppress your third book, wherein your application of your mathematical doctrine to the theory of comets, &c., . . . will undoubtedly render it acceptable to those who will call themselves philosophers without mathematics, which are much the greater number." Newton readily yielded to this remonstrance. The second book was sent to the Society and presented on the 2d March, 1686-7, and on the 6th April the third book was presented to the Society. The whole work was published about midsummer. "The MS. of this immortal work," says Mr. Weld, "*entirely written by Newton's own hand*, is in admirable preservation, and is justly esteemed the most precious scientific treasure in the possession of the Royal Society." This is doubtless a mistake. Newton himself tells Halley that the second book only waits transcribing, and we can scarcely suppose that Newton wasted his time in that species of labor. Mr. Edleston,* on whose judgment we confidently rely, distinctly states that he "does not think the MS. to be Newton's autograph, and that he believes it to be written by the same hand as the first draught of the 'Principia' in the University Library." "The author's own hand," he adds, "is easily recognized in both MSS., in additions and alterations."

The year 1695 had for its President an individual whose name, though associated chiefly with literature, will ever be remembered in the history of science,—Charles Montague, grandson of Henry, Earl of Manchester, and afterwards Earl of Halifax. He was born on the 16th April, 1661, and was the fourth son of George Montague, of Harton, in Northamptonshire. From Westminster School, where he was elected king's scholar, he went, in 1682, to Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he distinguished himself by his talents, and became acquainted with Newton, with whom he coöperated in endeavoring, though fruitlessly, to establish a Philosophical Society in that town. A poem which he wrote upon the death of Charles II., induced the Earl of Dorset to invite him to London, where an incident occurred which "led him on to fortune." Having published, in conjunction with Prior, a parody, with the

title of "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse," Lord Dorset introduced him to King William in the following terms: "May it please your Majesty, I have brought a mouse to have the honor of kissing your hand;" at which the King smiled, and having learned the reason why Mr. Montague received the name, he gaily replied, "You will do well to put me in the way of making a man of him," and he immediately gave orders that a pension of £500 per annum should be allowed him out of the privy purse, till he had an opportunity of giving him an appointment.

Mr. Montague sat along with Newton in the Convention Parliament, and such were his powers as a public speaker, that he was appointed a Commissioner of the Treasury, and afterwards a Privy Counsellor. In 1694 he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in the face of much opposition, but with the advice of Newton, Locke, and Halley, he had the adulterated and debased coin of the nation recoined and restored to its intrinsic value. At this time Mr. Overton, Warden of the Mint, had been appointed a Commissioner of Customs, and on the recommendation of Montague, the King appointed Newton Mr. Overton's successor. Newton held the office till 1699, when he was promoted to the Mastership of the Mint, a situation worth from £1200 to £1500 per annum, which he filled till the time of his death. In 1698, Charles Montague was made First Commissioner of the Treasury, and was created Earl of Halifax in 1706. After the death of his first wife he conceived a strong attachment to Catherine Barton, afterwards Mrs. Conduit, the beautiful and accomplished niece of Sir Isaac. Though regarded by all who knew her as a woman of strict honor and virtue, she did not escape the censures of her contemporaries. No reason has been assigned why he did not marry her instead of the Countess of Manchester, but such was the esteem in which he held her, that he bequeathed to her a large part of his fortune. Voltaire gave circulation to the scandal in the following extraordinary passage: "I had believed in my youth," said he, "that Newton had made his fortune in consequence of his extraordinary merit. I had imagined that the court and city of London had named him by acclamation Grand Master of the Royal Mint. But it was not so. Isaac Newton had a very amiable niece, called Madame Conduit, to whom the Grand Treasurer Halifax was much attached. The infinitesimal calculus, even gravitation, would have been of no use to him

* See his very interesting volume, entitled "Correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Cotes," pp. lvii, lviii. London, 1850.

without a beautiful niece." This ambiguous passage may be read two ways. Voltaire knew what we have elsewhere affirmed, that though "the generous hearts of Englishmen are always open to the claims of intellectual preëminence, and ever ready to welcome the stranger whom it adorns, yet through the frozen life-blood of a British minister such sympathies had seldom vibrated; and that amid the struggles of faction and the anxieties of personal and family ambition, he turns a deaf ear to the demands of genius, whether she appear in the humble posture of a suppliant, or in the prouder attitude of a national benefactor." He had learned that the same Newton, the inventor of fluxions and the apostle of gravitation, had craved remission of his weekly payments to the Royal Society, and had been allowed to live in penury by preceding ministers and preceding sovereigns; and when he saw so striking an exception to the general rule as was exhibited in the conduct of Charles Montague, he found the readiest explanation of it, in the beauty of the niece and the susceptibility of the minister. We honor Charles Montague for having set the example of a noble deed, even though the motive was susceptible of misinterpretation; and we should like to learn that even amid the social puritanism of modern times, the beauty and accomplishments of a niece, or the fascination of a virtuous wife, had wrenched from the British treasury a sacrifice for science or a home for genius.

On the death of Queen Anne, Lord Halifax was appointed one of the Regents, and after the coronation of George I., he was created Earl of Halifax, and First Commissioner of the Treasury. He died suddenly on the 19th May, 1715, in the 54th year of his age. "Himself a poet and elegant writer, he was the liberal patron of genius, and among his intimate friends we may number Congreve, Halley, Prior,* Tickell, Steele, and Pope. His conduct to Newton will be for ever remembered in the annals of science. The sages of every nation and every age will pronounce with affection the name of Charles Montague, and the neglected science of England will continue to deplore that he was the first and last English minister who honored

genius by his friendship, and rewarded it by his patronage."

In painful contrast with the treatment experienced by the Royal Society, Mr. Weld gives some account of the arrangements in the new charter, granted in 1699, to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, "which gave the members considerable powers, and at the same time advanced and rewarded science." "The fact," he adds, "is worthy of attention, as marking the different manner in which the great learned Societies of England and France were treated by their respective sovereigns. In the latter country, science was thus early fostered and rewarded, while in England the Royal Society was left to struggle with poverty." M. Jeoffroy, in writing to Dr. Sloane, speaks of "the great splendor that the Academy of Sciences had received from the regulations, increase, encouragement, and orders obtained for it from the King, by the Abbé Bignon;" and Dr. Lister, in his *Journey to Paris*, states that "if any member shall give in a bill of charges of any experiments which he shall have made, or shall desire the impression of any book, and bring in the charges of grav- ing required for such book, the President allowing it and signing it, the money is forth- with reimbursed by the King." "Such royal patronage," says Mr. Weld, "it must be confessed, was wholly unknown to English philosophers."

In the year 1703, the Royal Society suffered a severe loss in the death of the celebrated Robert Hooke, a man of powerful intellect and inventive genius. He died on the 3d of March, in the 68th year of his age, worn out with want of sleep and with excessive study. He was the very soul of the Royal Society, supplying it with experiments at almost every meeting, and bringing it reputation by his writings and discoveries. Infirm in body, and bent in form from his infancy, his temper partook of his physical infirmities, and he was "melancholy, mistrustful, and jealous." His temper had been soured by a long Chancery suit to recover the salary of £50 granted to him by Sir John Cullen, and when this had terminated in his favor, on the 1st of July, 1696, he made the following entry in his diary: "*Deo optimo maximo summus Honor, Laus, Gloria, in secula seculorum. Amen.* I was born on this day of July, 1635, and God has given me a new birth: may I never forget his kindness to me: whilst he gives me breath may I praise him." Educated religiously under the roof of his father, who was a clergyman, he

* Prior, the *Country Mouse*, was aggrieved that he had been so much less fortunate than his friend the *City Mouse*, and he thus wittily expressed his grief:

"My friend Charles Montague's preferred;
Nor would I have it long observed,
That one mouse eats while t'other's starved."

retained his religious principles, and studied the Sacred Scriptures in their original languages. We mention these facts to protect his memory against charges which have been rashly preferred against it. In two of the disputes which he had with Newton, his conduct had been misrepresented by an enemy; and Newton himself has acknowledged his obligations to Hooke, both on the subject of light and of gravity. With these views of the character of Hooke, we cannot but express the high disapprobation which we trust every philosopher will feel when he finds that Biot has applied to Hooke the coarse language which D'Alembert applied to Fontaine: "*Hooke est mort; c'était un homme de génie et un mauvaise homme; la Société y gagne plus que la géométrie n'y perd.*" Mr. Weld has briefly summed up the merits of Hooke in the following just encomium: "His errors and failings were alike forgotten over his grave, to which he was attended by all the members of the Royal Society in London at the time of his decease, and who unanimously lamented him as one of their greatest ornaments and prosecutors of science. His energy was truly astonishing; and although this fact is most amply confirmed by his posthumous works, we must examine the journal and register books of the Royal Society, to become fully aware of the labors of this great philosopher. They are a wonderful monument of his mathematical and mechanical genius; for there is hardly a page during many years, in which his name does not appear in connection with new inventions."

In the same year in which the Society lost Hooke, Sir Isaac Newton became its President. He was elected a member of the Council for the first time, and also President, at the anniversary in 1703, and he continued to preside over the Society for a quarter of a century, till his death in 1727. He attended almost every meeting of the Society, and when his duties at the Mint interfered, he had the day of meeting changed from Wednesday to Thursday, in order that he might be able to give his undivided time to the Society on that day.

We have already narrated the proceedings of the Royal Society in reference to the great discoveries of Newton, whether optical or astronomical. During his occupation of the President's chair, he added nothing to science. His Treatise on Optics indeed was presented to the Society on the 16th Feb. 1704, about three months after his election, but it contained nothing new excepting his experiments on

the inflexion of light, made long before that period. This work, containing all his previous optical discoveries, was first published in English, and afterwards translated into Latin by Dr. Clark, to whom Newton presented £500 as a remuneration for his labor. It has been generally stated by the biographers of Newton, and repeated by Mr. Weld, that he was prevented by a dread of Hooke's animadversions and claims, from publishing his *Optics* during the lifetime of his colleague. It is true that in the Preface to his *Optics*, written in 1704, a year after Hooke's death, and quoted by Mr. Weld in support of his opinion, Newton states that "to avoid being engaged in disputes about these matters, he had hitherto delayed the printing:" but he adds another statement which Mr. Weld has strangely overlooked, though it is part of the very sentence which he has quoted, namely, "*and should still have delayed it, had not the importunity of friends prevailed upon me.*" Now here is a distinct declaration by Newton himself that his delay had no connection whatever with Hooke. The truth is, that Hooke, in so far as Newton's optical discoveries were concerned, was the most amiable of Newton's opponents, and his objections arose from his attachment to what is now almost universally considered as the true theory of light. Hooke's explanation of the colors of thin plates was the right one, and Newton's the wrong one; and a letter to Hooke and other documents have been found among Newton's papers,* in which he acknowledges his great obligation to Hooke for the most important facts on the subject of the colors of thin plates. But even if it had been true that Newton delayed the publication of his optics till Hooke's death, his motive must have been the fear of Hooke's animadversions on the only new part of it, namely, that upon the *Inflexion of Light*,—the least original and the most imperfect of Newton's researches, and the very one in which Hooke's theoretical views have obtained a signal triumph. We have not the slightest hesitation in asserting—and we do so with the conviction that every optical philosopher of any eminence will concur with us—that if Newton and Hooke had come into collision on the subject of the inflexion of light, Hooke would have remained victorious on the field. It is not by depressing this truly great man—subject to constitutional infirmities, both

* This letter, highly honorable to Newton, along with one from Hooke, equally creditable to him, will appear in Sir David Brewster's forthcoming "*Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton.*"

mental and physical; annoyed by the anticipation of discoveries which he was about to publish, and ungenerously neglected by his country—it is not, we assert, by such means that the reputation of Newton is to be extended, or the interests of science advanced.

During the quarter of a century that Newton occupied the chair of the Royal Society, no discovery and no invention of any marked importance was communicated at its meetings. The great discoveries of the seventeenth century seem to have exhausted the gigantic powers which were allotted to our country; and nearly a century of repose had passed before the giant awoke from his slumbers. The foundation of the true system of the world had been firmly laid by Kepler, Newton, and his contemporaries; but it was by foreign mathematicians—by the Eulers, the Clairauts, and the D'Alemberts of other lands, that the great superstructure was raised—a monument, though based on the earth, rising to the heavens—displaying on one of its sides the trophies of human genius, and recording on all of them the wisdom, the power, and the beneficence of the Great Creator.

Sir Isaac Newton died on the 20th March, 1727, in the 85th year of his age, lamented and honored—crowned with the triple laurel of piety, virtue, and genius.

How greatly humble, how divinely good!
How firm established on eternal truth!

The history of the Royal Society during the eighteenth century was not distinguished by many brilliant discoveries and inventions. If we except the great discovery of aberration and nutation, by Bradley—of the achromatic telescope, by Hall and Dollond—of the composition of water, by Cavendish and Watt, and of Uranus and other celestial bodies, by Herschel, the Society cannot boast of having done much for science. It was still smitten with poverty, and though nominally patronized by the Sovereign, it derived from the crown no very substantial benefit. Science had sought a wider field for its operations, and the Royal Society, once its only patron in the British Isles, and the sole emporium of its riches, was doomed to descend to a lower, though not less honorable sphere—to rejoice, as it may well do, in its numerous, though unwillingly begotten children—and we trust to lay down its hoary head, blessing its progeny, and supplicating for them the happiness and the glory of a united family.

Our waning space will not permit us to

refer, at any length, to the glorious revival of science in the 19th century—to the influence exerted by the Royal Society—or to the individual achievements of those distinguished men who have thrown a lustre upon their age and country. The banners of Davy, Wollaston, and Young hang conspicuous, to the mental eye, in the Temple of Science: but no physical memorial—no obelisk of granite, nor monument of bronze, remind our youth that they belong to a grateful country. Of the living members of the Royal Society we dare not speak. A brighter galaxy never shone in the firmament of science. With a President worthy of the chair which Newton adorned, and a staff of willing auxiliaries which has been equalled at no other period of our history, the Royal Society will maintain a high place among the scientific institutions of Europe, whether it is destined to labor in its now limited sphere, or to form the nucleus of a grand and national institution.*

In the preceding pages we have given a brief account of the origin and progress of an institution of the most comprehensive kind, generously devoting the time and subscriptions of its members to the prosecution of almost every branch of human knowledge. We have seen it struggling with poverty, unable even to pay the salaries of its office-bearers—crippled in its schemes of research—enduring the ridicule of fools—driven from house to house, without a roof-tree of its own—neglected by kings and by statesmen, and yet nobly surmounting the difficulties which beset it, and attaining a high and an honorable place among the institutions of civilization. In the same proportion, however, in which it was successful in its objects, and useful to the public, its arm was shortened and its range restricted. When wealth and population increased, new wants and new luxuries demanded new arts to supply them; and after the physical and natural sciences had divided themselves into distinct branches,

* Mr. Weld has, with much good taste and much independence of spirit, devoted a whole chapter to the history of Mr. Babbage's Calculating Machine—a history which reflects as little credit upon the Society as it does upon the various statesmen who refused to grant the necessary funds for its completion. We have already referred to this chapter in our review of Mr. Babbage's *Exposition of 1851*, (vol. xv. p. 529,) and we earnestly recommend it to the dispassionate perusal of our readers. By a timely discussion on this important subject, the *Calculating Machine*, like Lord Rosse's telescope, one of the wonders of the age, may yet be prevented from finding a patron and a home in some foreign land.

which required separate study and investigation, the Royal Society became unable to cultivate so wide a field.

As the only philosophical institution in the empire, it had long enjoyed the monopoly of eliciting and diffusing knowledge, and though it was a noble monopoly without gain, the Society was unwilling to part with it. It had no objection to increase, but it was averse to multiply. In the sister kingdoms, and even in the provinces, it was willing to countenance institutions like itself, but in the metropolis it desired to stand alone in its glory. The first attempt to interfere with the unity of the Royal Society was in 1788, when Dr. Peck, in a letter to the President, Sir Hans Sloane, conveyed a proposal to the Society, to raise a stock of £1000 for the *Encouragement of Arts and Science*. Upon considering the subject, after some further correspondence with Dr. Peck, the Society resolved "that Dr. Peck should be informed that this Society cannot, as a Society, assist in the establishment of such a foundation, nor will they give any interruption to the design of any other Society which the proposer seems to be in hopes may be formed thereon." The scheme of a Society of Arts was therefore abandoned, but it was resumed in 1793, when "The Society for the Prosecution of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce," was established.

A more serious encroachment on the Royal Society was made in 1788, by the establishment of the *Linnean Society*, through the exertions and influence of Sir James Edward Smith. Viewing the Society of Arts as not properly one of Science, Mr. Weld justly regards the establishment of the Linnean Society as "presenting the first instance of a subdivision of scientific labor in the metropolis by the establishment of a distinct association under royal charter." It was promoted even by Sir Joseph Banks, when President of the Royal Society; but as this may have arisen from his love and knowledge of botany, it is probable that he would not have countenanced the scheme had he foreseen that it was the first of a series of numerous secessions from the parent establishment.

In 1807, the geologists found that a separate institution was required for the advancement of their important science, and the *Geological Society*, one of the most valuable institutions in the country, was established. Sir Joseph Banks and some of the leading members of the Royal Society viewed its progress with a jealous eye; and in 1809,

they drew up a "plan for consolidating the Geological with the Royal Society as an *Assistant Society*." A meeting of the geologists was held on the 10th March, 1809, to consider this proposal; but it was decided by a large majority that they could not admit any change upon their institution which would make it dependent on and subservient to the Royal Society.

In the very same year, a Society was projected for the improvement of *Animal Chemistry*, but as the members agreed to publish their papers in the "Philosophical Transactions," it became merely an *Assistant Society* to the Royal, and was recognized by that name.

The process of splitting the Royal Society into separate institutions now became infectious. Dr. Pearson, an ardent astronomer, proposed an *Astronomical Society*, so early as 1812, and he resumed the scheme in 1816, when he drew up a preparatory prospectus and address, which he submitted to Lord Erskine, with the view of obtaining his Lordship's countenance and aid. It was not, however, till the beginning of 1820, when Babbage, Bailly, Herschel, Pearson, and others, succeeded in founding *The Astronomical Society*, an institution which has been eminently successful in advancing the interests of the noblest of the sciences. On this occasion, some of the leaders of the Royal Society, and Sir Joseph Banks in particular, opposed its establishment as injurious to the Royal Society; and to such a length was this opposition carried, that the Duke of Somerset, who had accepted the office of President, resigned it, and refused even to leave his name on the list of members, on the sole ground of his unwillingness to give offence to his old friend, Sir Joseph Banks, who "apprehended the ruin of the Royal Society." Those who know the liberal and enlightened views of the amiable and distinguished nobleman who made this personal sacrifice to private friendship, will not suspect him of any want of appreciation of the value of astronomical science.

After the failure of every attempt to preserve the unity of the Royal Society, it was in vain to oppose the formation of other separate institutions, and indeed we are not aware that any such attempt was made. The process of separation became easy and general, and we shall content ourselves with enumerating the various institutions in the metropolis into which the Royal Society has been split,—institutions nobly vying with each other in the active and generous prosecution of their respective sciences:

The Society of Arts.
 The Linnean Society.
 The Geological Society.
 The Astronomical Society.
 The Geographical Society.
 The Entomological Society.
 The Photographical Society.
 The Society of Civil Engineers.
 The Meteorological Society.
 The Microscopic Society.
 The Ethnological Society.
 The Horticultural Society.
 The Chemical Society.
 The Chronological Society.

We omit the *Agricultural and Statistical*, and some other Societies, as the papers generally read at their meetings are not likely to find a place in the Transactions of the Royal Society.

It will appear from the preceding list, that *Optics, Electricity, Magnetism, and Physiology*, are the only sciences which are not provided with a separate institution for their promotion; and we might therefore infer that these were the only subjects treated of in the Philosophical Transactions published by the Royal Society. This, however, would be an erroneous inference. The medals adjudged by the Royal Society—namely, the Copley, the Rumford, and the Royal Medals—induce members of the separate Societies to send their best communications to the Royal Society in competitions for these prizes; and the communications of its own office-bearers, though on subjects belonging to other institutions, are naturally reserved for the Philosophical Transactions. Lord Rosse, for example, could not, with propriety, have sent his interesting papers on Nebulæ to the Astronomical Society, in whose Memoirs they would have found a more congenial place. From these causes the Transactions of the various scientific institutions in London have a heterogeneous character, which it would be desirable to remove.

We have not spoken of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Irish Academy, or the provincial institutions at Oxford, Cambridge, and Manchester, all of which publish very valuable Transactions: nor have we alluded to the *British Association*, which more than all the institutions put together has contributed to the encouragement of science and the arts. This migratory body has limited its Transactions to Reports on subjects undertaken by its members, and to brief analyses of the communications made to its different sections; but we have reason

imitation will not long continue. In an excellent article just published in the *Athenæum*, and obviously by some warm and judicious friend of the Association, the removal of this limitation seems to be suggested. "From the light," says the writer, "in which the British Association for the Advancement of Science is viewed on the Continent, and the rapid republication, principally from our columns, in the French, German, and American journals, of communications made at its meetings, we are surprised that it is not more frequently made the medium through which new discoveries may be given to the world. We would urge upon the younger cultivators of science the advantage of holding back for a season the subjects on which they may have been employed, and communicating them in a more complete form in one of the sections of the Association."* To this recommendation we would add that of publishing such communications in the Transactions of the Association; and we would suggest the propriety of employing part of its funds in rewarding, by medals and prizes, the individuals who should thus communicate valuable discoveries.

The candid and disinterested reader of these pages will, we think, have drawn the conclusion that the science of England is imbedded in a strange conglomerate, and that *the time has come* when a great plan of union might be safely adopted, whether by a mutual and internal arrangement of its accordant and antagonist ingredients, or by a high external pressure converting it into a tough granite or an elegant and enduring porphyry. The time we say has come. It had come in 1851, as we have already had occasion to show,† when one great palace was exhibited combining in friendly union all the mighty interests of art and science; and it had come in 1852, when the First Report of the Royal Commissioners had proposed, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, to devote £150,000 to the purchase of ground, and the establishment of a Great Central Institute at Kensington, where the various Societies whose history we have been detailing are invited to take up their abode. The Prince had reason to believe, from a few of their leading men, that this plan would be readily adopted, and the more so, as the buildings of Somerset House were required for the public service. The Royal Society, however, and others, have refused to transfer

* *Athenæum*, Oct. 15, 1853, No. 1355, p. 1229.

† See this Journal, vol. xvii. p. 564.

their head-quarters to Kensington, on the ground of its distance from the metropolis. We have already seen, that in former times the Royal Society would have willingly occupied Chelsea College, and that their charter allows them to meet three miles from London. It cannot therefore be any hardship to go to Kensington, towards which London is rapidly extending, and where they would enjoy advantages which no other locality could afford them. As they must quit Somerset House, and as the Government may be unable, even if they desired it, to find any more suitable locality, it is probable that their removal to Kensington may be a matter of necessity, if not of choice. Had we a thousand voices in this question in place of one, we should cheerfully embrace

the opportunity now offered to the different Societies in the metropolis of forming, along with the National Gallery and the College of the Industrial Arts, a city of knowledge, surrounded by parks and gardens, peculiarly fitted for observations and experimental inquiries. In one locality—with one head—under one system of management—and with the grants now expended on scientific objects, the institution at Kensington would advance science and the arts, promote the best interests of the country, and add fresh lustre to the national glory. May we not hope that the sagacity and patriotism of the Prince, already engaged in the great cause of industrial education, may be combined with the wisdom and energy of Lord Palmerston in undertaking so great an enterprise?

From Hogg's Instructor.

WILLIAM PATERSON, FOUNDER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

FOUNDING the Bank of England, and planning the Darien colony, have given a distinguished name to the subject of this memoir, although his reputation must be admitted to be obscured by some contradictory traditions and much confused testimony. The best informed among his Scottish countrymen have done him scanty justice, and, with the single exception of Mr. Lawson, the author of "The History of Banking," the numerous English writers who have mentioned William Paterson at all, have treated one who is unquestionably the father of Free-trade among us, and our best guide in finance, as if he had been either the chief adventurer in an age of projectors, or merely a well-meaning enthusiast.

Nevertheless, according as careful inquiry produces materials for correctly estimating his character, and when a full light is thrown upon his whole career, his merits may be recognized as preëminently great, whilst the important period in which he lived is found to have been singularly favorable to the development of those merits. From the last days of the Commonwealth to the reign of George I., his native country, Scotland, un-

derwent great changes, political, religious, and social; and, for an individual depending solely on his own personal resources, he had a very large share in producing such changes. He possessed various and rare qualities. In his degree he effectively resisted the misrule of the last Stuarts, and was an active friend of the Revolution of 1688. He warmly supported the Union of 1706, and was a steady advocate of the Hanoverian succession. In religious conviction he was a strict Presbyterian, when Scottish Episcopacy made its last efforts to be the dominant Church. But he seems to have sided with the moderate party which worked out a settlement of the Kirk upon the footing it maintained for 150 years, till the recent religious disputes arose. His talents, however, were conspicuous in commerce, in finance, and as a colonial projector.

At a time when modern commercial habits were in Scotland fast supplanting the feudalism of ages, William Paterson, himself a practical merchant, of extensive experience and of no small success, adopted in principle the system of Free-trade—a system congenial to the independent spirit of his countrymen,

though adverse to the supposed interests of their English rivals. As a London merchant, he had entered vigorously into the controversy of the day against the new East India Company's monopoly; and, as the projector of the Darien colony, he had bitter experience of the vindictive and unscrupulous opposition of that company to fair enterprise out of the *range of monopoly*.

Paterson, indeed, always took the side of those who favored Free-trade against the party, so long dominant, that contended "there was another way to secure wealth and power in England, viz., by bounties, drawbacks of duties, and every encouragement, political and commercial, to rear up our own colonies into an empire of customers,"* a great fallacy clung to by many even now. But he also maintained still more humane views, attributed in his day to the model of mercantile projectors—the "Sir Andrew Freeport" of the "Spectator"—"that it is a stupid and a barbarous way to extend dominion by arms, for true power is to be got by arts and industry,"† a doctrine still too hard for the warmest professing Christian nations on earth; and although the genius of Addison, in constructing the drama of his elub, certainly took a wider range than to form it of individual characters, the best features of Sir Andrew belong unquestionably to the Scottish merchant, Paterson, as Sir Roger de Coverley may at once represent an individual English country gentleman, and be a familiar type of his class.

The great commercial talents of Paterson deserve the eulogy of Mr. Hill Burton, who declares his genius to have been the guide of Scotland in its then state of transition. He had a correct conception of the public policy required to make trade prosper, and of the qualifications indispensable to the individual trader's success. "The merchant," says he, "ought to be a good penman, a good arithmetician, and a good accountant; expert in the knowledge of charter-parties, bills of lading, invoices, contracts, bills of exchange, and policies of insurance. He ought to know the measures, weights, and moneys of all foreign countries with whom we trade; together with their tolls, taxes, impositions, &c. He ought to know in what commodities each country abounds, and what the articles they stand in need of; and how, and from whence, they are furnished with the same. He ought to

understand and be a diligent observer of the rates of exchange by bills: He ought to know what goods are to be prohibited to be exported or imported from any foreign state. He ought to be well acquainted with the laws, orders, and customs of the insurance offices, both here and abroad. He ought to have a knowledge of the quality and prices of all materials used in furnishing and building of ships; together with the ordinary wages of commanders, officers, and marines. He ought to be skilful in the art of navigation, and attain a knowledge of foreign languages; and be a diligent observer of the ordinary revenues and expenses of foreign princes, their laws, customs, politics, manners, religion, arts, and the like."

His various writings show that he knew much of books, and his successes in life prove that he was capable of exercising great influence over men. His excellent personal qualities; the consistency and purity of his conduct; the fertility of his plans; his perseverance in carrying them out, and his resistance of difficulties, with the peculiar circumstances of his story, begun in exile in his youth, as a martyr to his religious opinions, and closed in his old age with rare success, after a long struggle against a government too slow in doing him justice,—all contribute to give no common interest to the recovery of the scattered memorials of his life from neglect.

In his early residence in London, he engaged in an enterprise for supplying its inhabitants with good water, when he was a joint lessee, of the Hampstead works, and family tradition tells of his being a practical agriculturist—a fact that curiously identifies him with Addison's "Sir Andrew Freeport," who "so disposed of his affairs, that, from whatever corner of the compass the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of his ships, and, as a husbandman, contrived it so that not a shower of rain or a glimpse of sunshine should fall on his estate without bettering some part of it."* The tradition in Dumfriesshire is, that on Paterson's return home from the Indies with a "load of gold dust," he bought a farm, and placed his father and mother upon it for the remainder of their lives. "Sir Andrew Freeport" is a zealous advocate for substituting the judicious employment of the parish poor, in the place of relieving them by charity as beggars;† and in one of Paterson's ablest works he planned a system of such employment as a settled part of public policy.

* "Schemes of 1697," cited by Sir John Dalrymple.—"Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 86.

† "Spectator," No. 2; A.D. 1709.

* "Spectator," 849.

† *Ib.*, No. 231.

Scotland may in all respects be justly proud of this able man; and distinguished Scottish writers, such as Sir Walter Scott and Sir John Dalrymple, have been justly eager to do him honor. One English writer (Mr. Lawson, referred to above) has expatiated upon his prominent excellences with great force.*

William Paterson, born at Skipmyre,† in the parish of Tinwald, in Dumfries-shire, came of a younger branch of the Patersons of Bannockburn—a well-known family, which numbers among its early members powerful land-owners, ecclesiastics of high rank, and at least one esteemed poet. Two of their descendants were eminent in different ways. One of these, Samuel Paterson, was our earliest bibliographer of distinction; another, John, won civic honors for the munificence with which for twenty years he devoted himself to the architectural improvement of London.

Adam Paterson, the father of William, laird of Cargield, and farmer of Skipmyre under the Queensberrys, who were ever friendly to himself, sent him, as is believed, to Glasgow, to study for the Episcopalian ministry. His college tickets are preserved in the family; but according to local traditions, the influence of his mother, a rigid Covenanter, determined his choice of the Presbyterian ministry as a profession; and to her may be traced his early devotedness to the principles of civil and religious freedom. His enthusiasm is even said to have caused him to enrol himself among the followers of Balfour of Burley, in the wild fastnesses of Crick-hope, and to have exposed him to persecution, along with the Covenanters, in the reign of Charles II.

To escape from these persecutions, he visited London; and as his preaching was not remarkably persuasive, he commenced his mercantile career at this visit, in the counting-house of a relative already settled in the metropolis. This is supposed to have occurred about the year 1680, in the 22d year of his age; and he shortly afterwards went to Boston, in New England, where he married the widow of an Independent minister, named Bridge. At this period the American colonists were strenuously contending against the encroachments of the mother country upon

their rights, and especially against the English exclusive navigation laws, equally ruinous to them and to the Scotch; so that Paterson's liberal principles were here greatly strengthened. But it is not ascertained whether, as is sometimes asserted, his first residence in America was connected with the missionary efforts of the time, so successfully promoted by the apostle Eliot, and by his supporters, the English Puritans; or whether he emigrated for objects of trade, or from a "truant disposition," as has been asserted.

Another incident of colonial society at this period, but not of so honorable a character as missionary labors, is sometimes said to have influenced Paterson. The colonists were well-disposed towards the Buccaneers, from whom unquestionably Paterson derived much of the intimate knowledge he possessed of the resources of the Spanish main—a few years later, the scene of his great enterprise, the Scottish settlement of Darien. Whether, however, his intercourse with the Buccaneers led Paterson to take an active part in their violent courses, or was limited to mercantile transactions, or merely to the gratification of curiosity; and whether he went to the West Indies and the Spanish main at all at this period, are points upon which no precise information has been obtained. The romance of the lamented Eliot Warburton, both in this part of his subject, and throughout his whole work of the "Merchant Prince," has great merit, as a series of ingenious historical fictions; but no foundation is yet ascertained for the details of Paterson's visits to the Spanish main before 1698. In offering this slight tribute of respect to Mr. Warburton, it is added, with melancholy satisfaction, that, when on the eve of his fatal voyage in the Amazon, that able writer expressed a deep interest in the inquiries, then begun, into the genuine works of Paterson, and into the true sources of his story. Mr. Warburton's conjectures fully confirm the opinion that his knowledge of Central America was gained without the slightest blamable intercourse with the Buccaneers. It is certain that he collected all the published accounts of their proceedings as carefully as if he had never had any personal intercourse with them. The catalogue of his library, preserved in the British Museum, contains the titles of the best narratives of their adventures; and a note in the "Darien Papers," respecting the intelligence he furnished to the Scottish company about Darien, states his maps and other geographical materials to have been made at great expense. A document of the date of 1701,

* "Merchant's Magazine" for July, 1852.

† The family traditions are almost uniform in regard to the fact of the place of Paterson's birth: and one account states that "the thatched house in which he was born in Skipmyre was pulled down only in 1843." A lineal descendant of his brother states, that doubt has sometimes been made, whether he was not born at Kirklas, where his father possessed a house and lands.

preserved, like the catalogue of Paterson's library, in the British Museum, fixes at the year 1684 his first conception of the great settlement of Darien, as the centre of trade between Europe and the West Indies, and all the countries on the Pacific, extending to the eastern region of Asia.

It is certain that, in returning from America about this time, he established himself as a merchant in England. In this character he is described in a lease of 1692, from the city of London, authorizing him and two colleagues to construct the Hampstead water-works, an undertaking that confirms what has been asserted of his scientific attainments; and here, again, the catalogue of his library, containing the titles of some curious old books on hydraulics, supports that assertion, while the undertaking itself, carried on by 600 shareholders, shows the practical character of his mind. He warmly supported the revolution of 1688; and it is said he was present at the battle of the Boyne. At the same time he originated the Bank of England, in connection with eminent citizens. The institution was purely mercantile, and based on the principle that the notes issued should be payable in specie on demand. Mr. Godfrey, Paterson's friend and colleague in establishing the Bank of England, states its principles in these words:—

There are some who are for forcing a currency of bills or tallies, and think they may pass as well as bank bills; but they do not consider, that 'tis nothing makes bank bills current, but only because all who desire it can go when they wish and fetch their money for them. To force any thing to pass in payment but money would soon end in confusion.*

It was in reference to a good circulating medium of various denominations that he and his colleagues in the bank greatly promoted the reform of the coinage.

A bank in London had long been a subject of serious consideration. So early as in the reign of James I., sound principles of banking had been propounded; and, in 1683, there was published a "Dialogue between a Merchant and a Country Gentleman," in favor of such a bank, in the style of Paterson's known writings. His plan essentially differed from John Law's scheme of issuing bank paper, not payable in specie; and it was probably Paterson's disapproval of this plan that prevented its adoption in Scotland and in England, where, as well as in Holland,

it was offered before Law obtained its unhappy adoption by the French Government. The Bank of England was introduced by an essay from the pen of Paterson, and he was one of the first directors of the new institution.

It has been asserted that he was expelled discreditably from the direction of the bank.* The Scottish Darien Company, however, formally recorded its testimony respecting his leaving an honorable and advantageous employment in London, solely in order to benefit his native country, Scotland. His substantial position, at this period of his life, is, indeed, incontestably proved by the Journals of the House of Commons, which record that in 1695 "his effects and business were considerable;"† and that, "from 1696 to 1707, his personal expenses, borne by himself, in the service of the Darien Company, amounted to £5375."‡ This was in addition to his subscription of £3000 to the capital of that company, of which one-third part was paid up.§

In these prosperous circumstances, he resumed the foundation of his trading settlement of 1684 in Central America, forming a branch of extensive commercial enterprises, for which the time seemed favorable. The parliamentary authority already referred to declares, in reference to these enterprises, that "he and others concerned with him had been at great pains and expense in making several considerable discoveries of trade, and improvements in it to both Indies, and in procuring needful powers and privileges for a Company of Commerce from several sovereigns, princes, and states."||

The company was accordingly formed under Scottish statute, with a capital of £600,000, to include foreigners as well as British shareholders without exception. Of this capital, £300,000 was first subscribed in the month of November, 1695, in London, principally by the interest ¶ of Mr. Paterson, so "practically" influential was he.

This success excited the jealousy of the English East India Company, and of others, English as well as Dutch, who induced the House of Commons to impeach him and his

* Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," vol. i., preface; and Francis' "History of the Bank of England."

† Vol. xviii., p. 133. 1715.

‡ Ib., p. 134.

§ Darien Papers. 1849.

|| House of Commons' Journals, vol. xviii., p. 133. —1751. Report on Mr. Paterson's Claims

¶ Ib., p. 133.

* Somer's Tracts, vol. ii., 1st col., p. 639.

colleagues for presuming to raise funds in England under a Scottish Act of Parliament.

Notwithstanding this opposition, the enterprise was persevered in by the Scotch alone; and, if Paterson's advice had been followed more carefully, success would probably have attended an "effort to advance the trade of Scotland," which a contemporary vindication justly asserts to have been a "more vigorous and noble effort than any nation in Europe had ever made in a first undertaking of that nature;"* and it seems highly probable that, with prudent precautions, King William's ultimate assent to the enterprise might have been obtained.

Paterson's system of government for the Darien colony was to place it under a *single governor*, a council, and an elected assembly. Instead of this being done, an executive council of *seven* was sent out, and they refused to call the assembly, till too late. He was not even made a member of this council, until the disasters of the colony forced its incompetent rulers to seek his aid. They had already aggravated these disasters by neglecting the obvious measure which he urged for securing good supplies of provisions. His able reports to the company—after he had returned to Scotland with a few of the survivors of the first expedition of 1200 men—clearly explain the causes of their failure; and his views, during the vigorous struggle with King William that followed in order to retrieve their disasters, were singularly sagacious. Once, indeed, he was imprisoned for a libellous pamphlet against the government on the subject of the Darien disasters, and the Edinburgh mob liberated him by main force;† but it is clear that, if William had not been cut off prematurely by an accident in hunting, these views would have been adopted by him. They are set forth in a manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, containing a memorial addressed to the king, and an essay, which contains the best account extant of the Darien country, with an able demonstration of the advantages of Free-trade.

Paterson, indeed, most zealously vindicated the principle of Free-trade, and warmly attacked monopoly of every kind. The African Company was chiefly founded to escape from the privileges of the English East India Company, and the restrictions imposed by Spain upon intercourse with America. In a me-

moir, dated a few months before the unexpected death of William III., he showed how fatal commercial restrictions had proved to Spain herself; and how prosperous the Spanish empire in the Indies must have become, if it had been based upon "the generous maxims of Henry IV. of France, and upon general naturalization, liberty of conscience, and a permissive trade to all nations on reasonable terms."

By such permissive trade, he says, besides the immense wealth that must have centred in Spain, as the emporium of the Indies, and, consequently, of the trading world, even the inconsiderable duty of five per cent. upon the value of the imports into, and the like on the exports from, their colonies, together with a very easy imposition upon the consumption of the inhabitants, might, long ere this, have been capable of bringing a much greater annual income to the treasury of Spain, than the value of all the present profits, not only of the king, but even of that kingdom, from the Indies.

But, quite contrary to all this, the Spaniards, by their too eager pursuit, instead of overtaking, have quite outrun their game; and their monopoly of those unequalled mines in the Indies, being added to that of their souls in Spain, instead of enriching them, as they so greedily designed, hath only contributed to heighten their presumption and avarice the more; and thus to cramp and enervate their industry to such a degree, that most of their bulky trade, with their shipping, mariners, and manufacturers, hath been lost to the English, Dutch, and others, whose work and labors are incomparably cheaper than theirs.

Thus the Indies, which but indifferently managed might have made the Spaniards the greatest and richest people that ever were, have by mismanagement not a little contributed to their ruin. For, by their prohibiting any other people to trade, or so much as to go to or dwell in the Indies, they have not only lost the trade they could not in this manner possibly grasp or maintain, but they have depopulated and ruined their old countries therewith; inasmuch that, properly speaking, the Indies may be said to have conquered the Spaniards, rather than to have been conquered by them. By permitting all to go out and none to come in, they have not only lost the people which are gone to that far-distant and luxuriant region, but the remote expectations of so vast advantage hath likewise rendered those that remained almost wholly unprofitable and good for nothing; for there is now-a-days hardly a Spaniard of any spirit, but had rather risk his person at an adventure to the Indies, than to hazard the staining his gentility by the work and industry of Europe; and thus, not unlike the dog in the fable, the Spaniards have, in a manner, lost their own country, and yet not gotten the Indies.

People and their industry are the true riches of a nation; inasmuch, that in respect of them all other things are but imaginary. Upon due consideration, it will be apparent that the want of people, the great distance and separation of their

* "The Reducing of Scotland by Arms, and Annexing it to England as a Province, considered." P. 44.

† *Marchmont Papers*, vol. iii., p. 210.

dominions, and, consequently, the occasion of dividing their forces, and of double expense and hazard, great debts upon and mismanagement of the public revenues, and the late accession of power to the nobles or grandees which have been commonly talked of, and given out for the great and principal causes of the decadency and present low ebb of the monarchy of Spain, are either but very superficial, or only effects of their grasping at such vast dominions without the so necessary helps of a general naturalization, liberty of conscience, and a permissive trade; but, on the contrary, they have consumed their people's spirit and genius by two monstrous monopolies, viz., that of the very souls of the Spaniards by the priests, and that of the Indies by the Spaniards.

The abuse of trade by the Spaniards is not more earnestly exposed by him than its neglect among his own countrymen. Free-trade has rarely been better advocated than in the following passage:—"But as, when Providence will deliver a people from the dangers that attend so fatal an infatuation as this, mankind are commonly awakened either by some excellent or capable person raised up for that purpose, so, it is hoped, our statesmen and politicians, who not many months ago would have reckoned it altogether absurd in any one to expect this late formidable conjunction of France and Spain, will now be brought to account the study of trade, navigation, discovery, and improvement in the world, worthy of their regard; and as an incitement, we may venture to assure them that, when they shall begin once to give it a reasonable thought, they will quickly find there is somewhat more in the mainsprings and principles of trade and industry than only to manage a little conceit or selfish intrigue; to encourage and procure a monopoly, exclusion, presumption, restraint, or prohibition; to tax the natives for encouraging the exportation of corn when cheap, but to discourage its exportation when dear; to settle the price of corn, salt, and such like; raise or force the value, name, or interest of money; to restrain, prohibit, and disjoin, not the industry of his Majesty's subjects with other nations, but even with and in respect to one another:—they will find that all these, and many more pretended encouragements, are so far from the things they are called, that they are not only intrigues to make private advantage from the ruins of the public, and arise from the mistaken notions and conceits of unthinking men, who neither have temper, nor allow themselves time or opportunity to consider things as they are, but only take them as they seem to be, a sort of presumptuous

VOL. XXXI. NO. II.

meddlery, who are continually apt to confound effects with causes, and causes with effects; and not to measure the trade or improvement of house, family, or country, and even that of the universe, by the nature and extent of the thing, but only by their own narrow, and mistaken, and mean conceptions thereof."

Another work, written probably by Paterson, contains the most powerful "arguments in favor of Free-trade tersely expressed. It is a defence of the Darien colony, by which it was objected the Scotch would undersell the English traders." This, however, if true, "would," he said, "be to the general advantage of the English nation, since the buyers are always more than the sellers. It must certainly be better for the kingdom in general, that every one who has occasion for muslin, or Indian silks, should save so many shillings per yard, than that some two or three merchants should once in an age get money enough to make a daughter or two a countess or dutchess. Nor can it be denied but it is better for England that housekeepers in general should save that money to buy provisions for their families, which consume our own products, than that a dozen merchants should be enabled by the extravagant prices of these commodities to keep their coaches."*

Paterson's influence over William was very remarkable; and the share it had in shaping our national policy in regard to the Spanish Main, during many years afterwards, proves the originality and power of his mind. He never ceased to urge the importance of the vigorous extension of our commerce and of peaceful colonization as conducive to the welfare of the nation—enthusiastically citing the best classical authority and a wide range of historical illustration in support of his views.

Before the death of the King, Paterson strenuously seconded the party that sought to moderate the public indignation at the harsh treatment Scotland had experienced in the Darien business. He then devised a plan of administration that might have compensated his countrymen for their failure in that enterprise. His efforts on this occasion are recorded by the best authority;† but his able exposition of the proposed measures has had a singular fate. It was first pub-

* A defence of the settlement of the Scots on the Isthmus of Darien, in America, with arguments to prove that it is the interest of England to protect them in that colony. Edinburgh. 8vo. 1699.

† Carstairs' "Correspondence," p. 646.

lished anonymously, in the year 1700, in Edinburgh; and in 1751 reprinted in Glasgow, in the name of John Law.

After promoting also the legislative union between the two countries, he materially contributed to an express stipulation being made in the treaty for an indemnity to the Scotch on account of the Darien losses. So he advocated a legislative union with Ireland; anticipating by 100 years the measure of our time for that object. On these heads he anticipated the measures half a century later urged with great force by experienced writers.* In other respects he labored diligently to advance the general interests, even whilst under the disappointment that attended the Darien failure; and he well merited the favorable declaration of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, that his conduct, "in regard to matters of a public nature, had tended very much to his country's benefit, so that it was just and reasonable some way should be found to give him the recompense he merited."†

He was afterwards much consulted by Harley, Earl of Oxford; and his plan of a *lending* library of trade, formed in 1703, intimates him to have been then living in a circle of eminent men. It opened with a catalogue of several hundred well-chosen works on trade for the public; and it concluded with an invitation to "the friends of this study to contribute what they could towards rendering this small and inconsiderable collection more complete, and for this purpose, from time to time, to communicate the names or titles of such books or papers as they have or have heard to be extant upon these or the like subjects."

About this period, we find Paterson a subscriber to the "British Merchant," along with Addison, Steele, Eustace Budgett, John Gurney of Norwich, Abraham Elton of Bristol, John Hoare, Walpole, Methuen, and others well known in mercantile and political life.

That important scheme not only preceded the *special* Library of Trade, founded in Hamburgh in 1735, but it substantially anticipates what is now doing both in Parliament and elsewhere for the enlightenment of the public in mercantile affairs. His recommendation of this plan may be adopted with advantage as the introduction of all similar institutions.

"My collection," he says, "gives some

* Postlethwaite and Baron Maseres.

† Commons' Journals, vol. xviii., p. 62. A. D. 1715.

better idea than what is commonly conceived of the tracts or treatises requisite to the knowledge and study of a matter so deep and extensive as trade and revenue; which, notwithstanding the noise of so many pretenders as we have already had, and are still troubled with, may well be reckoned never yet to have been truly methodized, or digested, nay, nor perhaps but tolerably considered by any. Trade and revenues are here put together, since the public (or, indeed, any other) revenues are only parts or branches of the income or increase by and from the industry of the people, whether in the way of pasture, agriculture, manufactories, navigation, extraordinary productions or inventions, or by all of them. So that to this necessary (and it is hoped now rising) study of trade, there is not only requisite as complete a collection as possible of all books, pamphlets, or schemes, merely and abstractedly relating to trade, revenues, navigation, useful inventions or improvements, whether ancient or modern, but likewise of the best histories, voyages, discoveries, descriptions, and accounts of the states, interest, laws, and customs of countries; that from thence it may be more clearly and justly gathered and understood, how and in what manner the various effects of wars, conquests, fires, inundations, plenty, want, good or bad direction, management, or influence of governments, and such like, have more immediately effected the rise or declension of the industry of a people, whether home or foreign."

The catalogue of this library shows that he read many languages. It contains works in French, German, Dutch, and Italian, as well as English. He seems to have also spoken more than one European tongue. In the intercourse he held with the Spanish settlements in America, it is certain that he was intimately connected with Flemish and other foreigners, and his plan for the American settlement was early communicated by himself to the great Elector of Brandenburg, and received with favor.

In his proposed public library there were manuscripts, which he states to be then "lent" to various friends. Some of them may be the memoir on the new Darien settlement approved by King William, and preserved in the British Museum; and another essay on the naval service, mentioned in that memoir.

The last eighteen years of his life were spent in Westminster. The plan of the Library of Trade of 1703 is dated there; and, in a Jacobite tract of 1715, he is mentioned as then living in "Queen's Square, West-

minster."^{*} His will, dated in 1718, and proved in Doctor's Commons the same year, describes him to be of "Westminster."

Upon special evidence of title, and after a succession of difficulties from 1709 to 1715, Parliament, following up the 15th article of the Treaty of Union, at length unanimously passed an act giving Paterson an indemnity of the considerable sum of £18,241 10s. 10d. for his Darien losses.† Session after session he ran the gauntlet of official resistance to his honest claims. Petitions, and committee-reports, accounts, and bills, and debates, with the full proofs in the case, are set forth in the Journals of Parliament; and the Statute-book places the fact of indemnity being paid to him beyond all doubt. By the 1 Geo. I., sec. 2, cap. 27, the claim was fixed at the sum above mentioned. By the 3 Geo. I., cap. 14, the treasury was directed to pay the money on or before the 1st September, 1717; interest being duly provided for upon this sum as an "equivalent debenture." The stock was long kept on foot; and at length vested in the Royal Bank of Scotland, in whose warrants Paterson's name stands formally recognized.

The probate of his will, dated the 21st January, 1718, includes this notice. It bequeathes £6400 to his relatives, and the large legacy of £1000 to his executor Daranda—"Mr. Paul Daranda of London, merchant, to whom I and my family," he says, "are under very great obligations." The residue is left to the relatives in proportion to their legacies, "if any surplus of the estate remains after payment of the debts." His twenty years of struggle, after coming back ruined from Darien, may well have made him "debts;" and one may justly express indignation at the needless delay for so many years after the Union, before the Government satisfied his good claim. The Scottish Court of Exchequer advised that "a way" should be found to reward William Paterson according to his great merits. The way followed was, during the last nine years of his life to deprive him of the provision that was his due by the treaty of which he was among the more zealous advocates!

Paul Daranda is the same merchant whose name is to be seen in the curious list of the original shareholders in the South Sea Company for £4000, subscribed in 1711, long before that undertaking degenerated into a

disastrous bubble after the decease of Paterson. Himself too poor to support what he recommended so vigorously with his pen, he doubtless was instrumental in obtaining for it his friend's substantial contribution. The sum granted to him was a part of the *equivalent* allowed to the Scotch at the Union; and the residue beyond the legacies specified in the will was, doubtless, to pay debts incurred during the weary struggle so manfully borne by William Paterson. The example of such men is especially to be cherished in these days of hope. Although the elements of evil have lost none of their native malignity, governments are subjected to wholesome popular checks unknown to our forefathers; therefore encouragements in favor of all strugglers may be usefully sought in the experience of the martyrs and heroes of other times. Paterson's ultimate success deserves to be proclaimed far and wide among such encouragements.

These circumstances prove that the tradition of Paterson having died "poor and neglected," and especially that the suspicion of his executor Daranda having injured his family, must be quite unfounded. That suspicion deserves a particular refutation. More than sixty years ago, some members of the family claimed part of his estate, as if still unappropriated; and such claims are still made. The only available funds, however, of that character, seem to be these of the Royal Bank of Scotland, to which body an appeal of consideration, not of right, might reasonably be addressed. The case is very remarkable. By acts of Parliament of the reign of George I., carrying out the treaty for the Union, and by the original warrants under which that bank was founded, the *equivalent* fund of £248,550 due to the Scotch was vested in the bank, in consideration of its having advanced the money to the proper parties. Instead of Parliament paying the capital at once, it secured a *redeemable* annuity of £10,600 to the bank, for interest and for management of the fund. By an oversight, the British Government continued unnecessarily to pay this annuity for every year since 1727, or 123 years, when one per cent., or one quarter of the annuity, might have been saved annually by paying off the principal, as was done at last, three years ago. The bank, therefore, gained more than a million sterling, (a half its present stock,) of which gain Paterson's share in the *equivalent* was a partial source. Now, although no legal claim can be made by his family touching this money, that respectable

* Somer's Tracts, vol. iv., p. 239.

† Sir J. Dalrymple seems to be the first who fell into the mistake of supposing that Paterson "got nothing for his losses."—"Memoirs of Great Britain," vol. ii., p. 251.

body cannot but feel a warm interest in the fair fame of their double benefactor. His energetic appeals contributed to the original grant of the equivalent being made; and his share of it swelled the legitimate stock of the bank, whilst the system of banking by which they so largely profit was established through his efforts. A monument should be raised to him; and the Royal Bank of Scotland should coöperate with the Bank of England and the merchants of the whole empire in raising it. What more suitable to the purpose than to found a "Paterson library of trade, of political economy, and colonization," somewhat upon the model of his own, with all the means of public instruction in those great branches of social interests! for which there is no suitable provision to this day. The Royal Bank of Scotland owes much of its stock to him; and might gracefully originate a scheme which must be well supported by the Bank of England, his creation. The foolish notion, which has recently found an echo in high authority, that no Scotchman can have a part in the government of the English Bank, would thus be practically exposed; and the imputation of ingratitude to her great men, sometimes attributed to Scotland, would find a striking refutation. The promoters of the "Mercantile and Maritime College," in London, could not do a wiser thing, in furtherance of their enlightened views, than to turn their attention to the eminent qualities of the merchant, William Paterson, and to place him in a conspicuous place as a public instructor. They would thus make a late compensation for a too long delay, in awarding an act of justice to genius and worth.

The resistance of the Government for so many years to the payment of the fair claims of such a man, was a base act of individual spoliation. But the wrong to the individual was infinitely aggravated by the damage done to society, not only in an example of obstinate injustice, but by the loss of the good that the wronged man could have accomplished in the ripeness of his faculties, with uncrippled pecuniary resources, and a mind unclouded by pecuniary distress. The energy which Paterson was forced to waste, year after year, on the prosecution of his claims in Parliament, would have been directed to working out his "great notions," which even Burnet, with all his dislike of the noble Cameronian, admits him to have had. During Paterson's struggles, the South Sea Company was founded; and, if he had been free to guide it, its disasters could not have occurred.

They arose from the violation of all his principles.

His writings confirm the conclusion, that, instead of passing the latter years of his life in Scotland "neglected," he lived in London until his decease, esteemed by many eminent men. The subjects of his last work—the redemption of the national debt, and the proper distribution of taxation—being quite as interesting at present as in the reign of Queen Anne or George I., the judgment of the founder of the bank respecting these subjects will have weight. On these heads he strongly favors the policy recently adopted by the Government and sanctioned by Parliament. Other works of his exist in print and in MS., on the original plan of the Bank of England; upon the Darien enterprise in all its stages—its rise, its progress, and its fall, with an admirable plan for its revival; upon trade; upon the Union; upon important administrative questions; and on revenue. To these works are to be added valuable documents on the history of his own claims, as recorded in the Journals of Parliament. It has been recently proposed to reprint Paterson's works, but so utterly are they forgotten, that publishers are unwilling to risk the expense of their publication; and the persons more interested in appreciating the arguments with which this great financier supports his doctrines, know little of the man, and nothing whatever of his writings.

COPY OF THE WILL OF WILLIAM PATERSON.

I, William Paterson, of the city of Westminster, Esq., being in good health of body and mind, for which I most humbly thank and praise Almighty God, the ever-blessed maker and preserver of all, do make this my last will and testament. After my debts paid, I give to Elizabeth, my daughter-in-law, only child to my first wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Turner, relict to the late Mr. Thomas Bridge, minister of the gospel in Boston, in New England, fifteen hundred pounds. 2^o. I give to my elder daughter-in-law Anne, by my second wife Mrs. Hannah Kemp, married to Mr. Samuel South, six hundred pounds. 3^o. I give to my second daughter-in-law Mary, married to Mr. Mark Holman, six hundred pounds. 4^o. I give to my two other

* "The Wednesday's Club Conference," the authorship of which is unquestionable. In a pamphlet, published in London in 1717, by a partisan of Walpole, the book is expressly attributed to Paterson; as a reply, called "Wednesday Club-Law," is given to Broome, with a rejoinder, entitled "Fair Payment no Sponge," alleged to be by Paterson or Defoe. The occasion of these three pamphlets was, the motion made by Walpole to pay off the National Debt, in which scheme he is said by his partisans to have followed the advice of Paterson, "a man eminent in such matters."

daughters-in-law, Hannah and Elizabeth Kemp, eight hundred pounds each. 5°. I give to Jane Kemp, relict of the late Mr. James Kemp, my son-in-law, three hundred pounds. 6°. I give to William Mounsey, eldest son of my late sister Janet, two hundred pounds. 7°. I give to the two daughters of my said late sister Janet, Elizabeth and Janet, two hundred pounds each. 8°. I give to John Mounsey, younger son of my said late sister Janet, four hundred pounds. 9°. I give to my only sister Elizabeth, married to John Paterson, younger, of Kinharrie, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, eight hundred pounds. 10°. I give the surplus of my estate, if, after payment of my debts, any such shall be, to be equally divided among the said persons, legatees, in proportion to every person's sum hereby bequeathed; all which

sums above given, amounting to six thousand and four hundred pounds, I appoint to be paid by my executor here immediately after named. I do hereby appoint my good friend, Mr. Paul Daranda, of London, merchant, to whom I and my family are under very great obligations, sole executor of this my last will; and I do allow him, as my sole executor, one thousand pounds, for his care therein, over his expenses with relation hereto. Lastly, I revoke all other wills by me heretofore made. In witness whereof, I have here subscribed my name and put my seal, in Westminster, this first day of January, 1718. — WILLIAM PATERSON. Witnesses—Ed. Bagehawe, Hen. Dollan, John Butler.

Proved in Doctor's Commons, 22d January, 1718, O.S.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.

NAPOLEON had become very strongly attached to his little grandchild, the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis, the King of Holland. The boy was extremely beautiful, and developed all those noble and spirited traits of character which delighted the Emperor. Napoleon had apparently determined to make this young prince his heir. This was so generally the understanding, both in France and in Holland, that Josephine was quite at her ease, and serene days again dawned upon her heart.

Early in the spring of 1807, this child, upon whom such destinies were depending, then five years of age, was seized suddenly and violently with the croup, and in a few hours died. The blow fell upon the heart of Josephine with most appalling power. Deep as was her grief at the loss of the child, she was overwhelmed with uncontrollable anguish, in view of those fearful consequences which she shuddered to contemplate. She knew that Napoleon loved her fondly. But she also knew the strength of his ambition, and that he would make any sacrifice of his affections which, in his view, would subserve the interests of his power and his glory. For three days she shut herself up in her room, and was continually bathed in tears.

The sad intelligence was conveyed to Na-

poleon when he was far from home, in the midst of the Prussian campaign. He had been victorious—almost miraculously victorious—over his enemies. He had gained accessions of power such as in the wildest dreams of youth he had hardly imagined. All opposition to his sway was now apparently crushed. Napoleon had become the creator of kings, and the proudest monarchs of Europe were constrained to do his bidding. It was in an hour of exultation that the mournful tidings reached him. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and for a long time seemed lost in the most painful musings. He was heard mournfully and anxiously to repeat to himself, again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this?" The struggle in his mind between his love for Josephine and his ambitious desire to found a new dynasty, and to transmit his name and fame to all posterity, was fearful. It was manifest in his pallid cheek, in his restless eye, in the loss of appetite and of sleep. But the stern will of Bonaparte was unrelenting in its purposes. With an energy which the world has never seen surpassed, he had chosen his part. It was the purpose of his soul—the lofty purpose before which every thing had to bend—to acquire the glory of making France the most illustrious,

powerful, and happy nation earth had ever seen. For this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, ease, and his sense of right. For this he was ready to sunder the strongest ties of affection.

Josephine knew Napoleon. She knew the power of his ambition. With almost insupportable anguish she wept over the death of this child, with whose destinies her own seemed to be so fearfully blended; and, with a trembling heart, she awaited her husband's return. Mysterious hints began to fill the journals of the contemplated divorce, and of the alliance of Napoleon with various princesses of foreign courts. In October, 1809, Napoleon returned from Vienna. He greeted Josephine with the greatest kindness, but she soon perceived that his mind was ill at ease, and that he was pondering the dreadful question. He appeared sad and embarrassed. He had frequent private interviews with his ministers. A general feeling of constraint pervaded the court. Napoleon scarcely ventured to look upon his wife, as if apprehensive that the very sight of one he had loved so well might cause him to waver in his firm purpose. Josephine was in a state of the most feverish solicitude, and yet was compelled to appear calm and unconstrained. As yet she had only some forebodings of her impending doom. She watched, with most excited apprehensions, every movement of the Emperor's eye, every intonation of his voice, every sentiment he uttered. Each day some new and trivial indication confirmed her fears. Her husband became more reserved; absented himself from her society; the private access between their apartments was closed; he now seldom entered her room, and whenever he did so, he invariably knocked. And yet not one word had passed between him and Josephine upon the fearful subject. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation immediately caused such violent palpitation of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty that she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls and catching at the articles of furniture.

The months of October and November passed away, and while the Emperor was discussing with his cabinet the alliance into which he should enter, he had not summoned courage to break the subject to Josephine. The evidence is indubitable that he experienced intense anguish in view of the separation; but this did not influence his iron

will to swerve from its purpose. The grandeur of his fame and the magnitude of his power were now such, that there was not a royal family in Europe which would not have felt honored in conferring upon him a bride. It was at first contemplated that he should marry some princess of the Bourbon family, and thus add to the stability of his throne by conciliating the royalists of France. A princess of Saxony was proposed. Some weighty considerations urged an alliance with the majestic empire of Russia, and some advances were made to the court of St. Petersburg, having in view a sister of the Emperor Alexander. It was at length decided that proposals should be made to the court of Vienna for Maria Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

At last the fatal day arrived for the announcement to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. The Emperor and Empress dined at Fontainebleau alone. She seems to have had a presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all that day she had been in her retired apartment, weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached, she bathed her swollen eyes and tried to regain composure. They sat down at the table in silence. Napoleon did not speak. Josephine could not trust her voice to utter a word. Neither of them even feigned to eat. Course after course was brought in and removed untouched. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically, and apparently unconsciously, kept striking the edge of his glass with his knife, while lost in thought. A more melancholy meal was probably never witnessed. The attendants around the table caught the infection, and gazed in motionless silence. At last the ceremony of dinner was over, the attendants were dismissed, and Napoleon and Josephine were alone. Another moment of most painful silence ensued, when the Emperor, pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, arose and approached Josephine. He took her hand, and, placing it upon his heart, said:

"Josephine! my own good Josephine! you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in this world. Josephine! my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France!"

Josephine's brain reeled; her blood ceased to circulate; she fainted and fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, threw open the door of the saloon and called for help.

Attendants from the ante-room immediately entered. Napoleon took a taper from the mantel, and, uttering not a word, but pale and trembling, motioned to the Count de Beaumont to take the Empress in his arms. She was still unconscious of every thing, but began to murmur in tones of anguish, "Oh, no! you cannot surely do it. You would not kill me!"

The Emperor led the way through a dark passage to the private staircase which conducted to the apartment of the Empress. The agitation of Napoleon seemed now to increase. He uttered some incoherent sentences about a violent nervous attack, and finding the stairs too steep and narrow for the Count de Beaumont to bear the body of the helpless Josephine unassisted, he gave the light to an attendant, and, supporting her limbs himself, they reached the door of her bed-room. Napoleon, then dismissing his male attendants, and laying Josephine upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women. He hung over her with an expression of the most intense affection and anxiety until she began to revive. But the moment consciousness seemed returning, he left the room. Napoleon did not even throw himself upon his bed that night. He paced the floor until the dawn of the morning. The royal surgeon, Corvisart, passed the night at the bedside of the Empress. Every hour the restless yet unrelenting Emperor called at her door to inquire concerning her situation.

"On recovering from my swoon," says Josephine, "I perceived that Corvisart was in attendance, and my poor daughter Hortense weeping over me. No! no! I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night. Even the interest he affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. How much reason had I to dread becoming an empress!"

A fortnight now passed away, during which Napoleon and Josephine saw but little of each other. During this time there occurred the anniversary of the coronation and of the victory of Austerlitz. Paris was filled with rejoicing. The bells rang their merriest peals. The metropolis was refulgent with illumination. In these festivities Josephine was compelled to appear. She knew that the sovereigns and princes then assembled in Paris were informed of her approaching disgrace. In all these sounds of triumph she heard but the knell of her own doom. And though a careful observer, in her moistened eye and her pallid cheek, would have observed indications of the secret woe which

was consuming her heart, her habitual affability and grace never in public for one moment forsook her. Hortense, languid and sorrow-stricken, was with her mother. Eugene was also summoned from Italy by the melancholy duty attending the divorce. His first interview was with his mother. From the saloon he went directly to the cabinet of Napoleon, and inquired of the Emperor if he had decided the question of a divorce from his mother. Napoleon, who was most strongly attached to Eugene, made no reply, but pressed his hand as an expression that it was so. Eugene withdrew his hand, and said:

"Sire! in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How!" exclaimed Napoleon sadly, "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, leave me?"

"Yes, Sire," Eugene firmly replied. "The son of her who is no longer empress cannot remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Napoleon was not without feelings. Tears filled his eyes. In a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, he replied:

"Eugene, you know the stern necessity which compels this measure. And will you forsake me! Who then—should I have a son, the object of my desires and preserver of my interests—who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? Who will bring him up? Who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene was deeply affected, and taking Napoleon's arm, they retired and conversed a long time together. The noble Josephine, ever sacrificing her own feelings to promote the happiness of others, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe a boundless obedience."

The fatal day for the consummation of the divorce at length arrived. It was the 15th day of December, 1809. Napoleon had assembled all the kings, princes, and princesses, who were members of the imperial family, and also the most illustrious officers of the empire, in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries. Every individual present was oppressed with the melancholy grandeur of the occasion. Napoleon thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my

love for the people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be for ever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall retain always the rank and title of empress. Above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, her eyes filled with tears, with a faltering voice, replied:

"I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of our country. I feel elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment and devotion that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments which were expressed in public. But in private Josephine surrendered herself to the unrestrained dominion of her anguish. No language can depict the intensity of her woe. For six months she wept so incessantly that her eyes were nearly blinded with grief. Upon the ensuing day the council were again assembled in the grand saloon to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. The Emperor entered the room dressed in the imposing robes of state, but pallid, careworn,

and wretched. Low tones of voice, harmonizing with the mournful scene, filled the room. Napoleon, apart by himself, leaned against a pillar, folded his arms upon his breast, and, in perfect silence, apparently lost in gloomy thought, remained motionless as a statue. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment, and upon this there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. Never did a multitude gaze upon the scaffold, the block, or the guillotine, with more awe than the assembled lords and ladies in this gorgeous saloon contemplated these instruments of a more dreadful execution.

At length the mournful silence was interrupted by the opening of a side door, and the entrance of Josephine. The pallor of death was upon her brow, and the submission of despair nerved her into a temporary calmness. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was entirely unable to control her feelings, but, immediately upon entering the room, burst into tears, and continued sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly rose upon the entrance of Josephine; all were moved to tears. With that grace which ever distinguished her movements, she silently advanced to the seat provided for her. Sitting down, and leaning her forehead upon her hand, she listened to the reading of the act of separation. Nothing disturbed the silence of the scene but the sobbings of Hortense, blended with the mournful tones of the reader's voice. Eugene, in the mean time, had taken a position by his mother's side. Silent tears were trickling down the cheeks of the Empress.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes, and then rising, in clear and musical, but tremulous tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She then sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Poor Eugene could endure this language no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful but sublime tragedy.

But the anguish of the day was not yet over. Josephine, half delirious with grief, had another scene still more painful to pass

through, in taking a final adieu of him who had been her husband. Josephine remained in her chamber in heart-rending, speechless grief, until the hour in which Napoleon usually retired for the night. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his most faithful and devoted wife, and the attendant was on the point of leaving the room, when the private door of his apartment was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with grief; her hair dishevelled, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. She tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed—then irresolutely stopping, she burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that *now* she had no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon—but in another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and, forgetting every thing, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her arms around Napoleon's neck, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was for the moment entirely vanquished, and he also wept almost convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love, of ardent and undying love. In every way he tried

to soothe and comfort her, and for some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The attendant was dismissed, and for an hour they continued in this last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an anguish which few hearts have known, parted for ever from the husband whom she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved.

The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. Napoleon also settled upon her a jointure of about 600,000 dollars a year. She was also still to retain the title and rank of Empress-Queen.

The ensuing day, at eleven o'clock, all the household of the Tuilleries were assembled upon the grand staircase, and in the vestibule, to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended, veiled from head to foot. Her emotions were too deep for utterance, and she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage, with six horses, was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and left the Tuilleries for ever.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE WHITE LADY.

INTRODUCTION.

DURING a lengthened residence in Germany, I insensibly fell into the habits of the country: one of them being that of visiting an inn every night, where I drank my choppin and smoked my pipe. Among the usual guests were several who especially attracted my attention; for they had been formerly court servants, and I thought it very possible that they might possess some curious anecdotes about those sinks of iniquity, the smaller German courts of fifty years ago. Nor were my expectations deceived; for I heard the

following story from one of them, which made so deep an impression on me, that I carefully noted it down at the time. I have let the old gentleman speak in the first person, in order that there might be no alteration on my part, which was to be deprecated, as the stories are *facts*, and the events really occurred at the Court of H—, not very many years ago.

THE WHITE LADY.

You all know, as well as I, that our late most gracious master was at length left with only one daughter, as his sons died, one after

the other, at an early age. Through this, the throne devolved on a collateral branch, who, thirty years ago, would not have been even thought of ever being able to pay their debts; but man proposes and God disposes.

At the time, however, of which I am now speaking, the princes were still living, and the royal family flourishing. But, although every one of us knew that one of the princes would eventually mount the throne, the whole court paid much less attention to them than it did to the Princess Marie.

I was, at that time, only a footman, and had to follow behind whenever the young lady went out walking with her governess. I was always well pleased at it, though I felt very nervous at times; for the child gave way to the most extraordinary fancies, and was, at the same time, on such friendly terms with everybody, that a number of children and even grown-up persons would follow us.

Our troubles, however, were incessant. At one moment she would give away every thing she had upon her person; then she saw a stream, and wished to bathe, or a grass-covered terrace, and wanted to roll down it. Mademoiselle de Noel might well say that this was all very improper; and I occasionally was forced to interfere, and remind her of her gracious father. The child would entreat so prettily, and dance round us, and flatter, and play all sorts of mad tricks, that at last we were compelled to yield one thing, to keep her from doing all the rest. When we reached home again, I used to receive plenty of abuse; but the next time Marie would do just as she pleased; for even the Duke himself could refuse her nothing when she looked at him with her gentle brown eyes, or threw her arms round his neck and kissed him.

All this may be very charming in a child; but when the Princess grew up, and became daily more beautiful, it caused her much sorrow that she was forced to put those restraints upon herself which she would never learn. She wore one dress to-day and another to-morrow, and fancied herself most charming in each; in the same way, she imagined that she could change her lovers as she pleased, as if she did not know that the poorest girl and a princess are equal in two things: in their last journey, and in their first love. The difference of rank, of course, has a great deal to do in the matter: all of you, I dare say, when you were young, thought that you could make love to any pretty girl; but not one of you would have dared to talk about such things to a princess, even if you

were convinced that she was dying of love for you.

At court, though, there are always people enough who will run any risk, and try to seize the whole hand, when a princess wishes to have a whim, and only offers a single finger.

Thus it came, then, that the Princess Marie, before she was seventeen years of age, had had all sorts of intrigues, and acquired through them a considerable amount of chagrin.

I do not know the details intimately, for I was no longer near her person, having been appointed porter at the old palace in the residence; the duke and the prince, however, resided in the new palace. Still, things of this nature are talked about among servants, if only in whispers; for no one dared or would speak openly about it, for we all loved the Princess too much; she was always a kind mistress to us, and troubled herself about us, if matters did not go as well with us as they should.

I could see it all; for, if she had any sorrow on her heart, she would sit at the window and look out into the garden like a caged bird; the tears would then course down her burning cheeks, and her heart would try to burst from her bosom. Poor thing! when I saw her in this state, I could not have betrayed her to the Duke, even if she had done much worse, or he had questioned me himself.

We all entertained the same sentiments, and, strange to say, the ladies of the court as well. These women are assuredly to be pitied, for envy gnaws incessantly at their hearts; and yet they screened the Princess, through her kindness and condescension to them.

In the town itself, not a word was said about it; the citizens would have esteemed it simple calumny; and although they often grumbled about the Duke, especially about his love for sporting, yet I would not have advised anybody to say a word against the Princess, for he would certainly have repented it.

What the Duke thought about it all I never clearly discovered; he probably entertained his own views on the subject. Still he must have been acquainted with it; for when a too scandalous affair occurred, and, at the same time, it was stated that the Princess would be shortly affianced to a crowned head, he certainly said nothing further, but he placed her again under strict surveillance, and she was forced to live in the old palace with the first lady of the bedchamber.

Nothing more was heard for months, and her life was made bitter enough to her; for at that day there was a deep moat round the old palace, and the only road led over a bridge past me, and I knew every one who came in and out, and indeed had to write their names in a book.

At the same time, too, the court was very quiet. The Crown-prince had died very suddenly, and although the other two young gentlemen were still happy and cheerful, a fear and a weight lay upon everybody, and doubtless on the Princess, as if they had a foreboding that the old family was hastening towards its end.

It was no joke to have any thing to do with our illustrious duke then; for misfortune did not suit him at all, but caused a great alteration in him.

Christmas had passed silently and mournfully, and a terrible winter had commenced. I sat sorrowfully, too, at my window in the gateway, for I dare not go away, and yet had nothing to do. I assure you I could have counted the footsteps in the snow, so few people had gone in and out during the whole day.

It was growing dark, and they were beginning to light the lamps in the corridors, when the Chamberlain Vogel went past and stepped into my room for a moment.

"Of course you have heard it," he said as he took a seat.

"What?" I asked him; "I know nothing new."

"Well, that the White Lady began showing herself in the palace again yesterday."

This startled me. I sprang up and exclaimed, "That was all we wanted to settle it. Now the little life at court will entirely cease, and each of the royal personages fancy that the appearance of the White Lady forebodes his speedy death. I am only sorry for the poor Princess; they have deprived her of her liberty, and now she will lose both light and air."

"Yes, and the worst is," the chamberlain said, "that the White Lady disappears in the apartments of the first lady of the bed-chamber. She comes from the top of the corridor, near the plate-room and court-marshal's office, and then descends the narrow, steep staircase into the corridor which leads on the left to the rooms which his Highness formerly inhabited, and on the right to the Princess Marie's present abode. There she sinks into the ground."

I trembled all over as I asked him, "Does his Highness know it yet?"

"I fancy not," the chamberlain replied, as

he stood at the window, and played the tattoo on the panes; "but there I see a person coming over the bridge, who will be able to tell us, if he will. You know him better than I do—call him in."

It was Baron Bilgram, who was at that time page to his Highness, and whom I had often enough let in and out by night without writing his name in the book.

He came in quickly when I called him, and we hurriedly told him the whole story. I thought to myself that he would laugh at it, for he was still young and careless. At the same time, he had been at a bad school for the last half year, and had attached himself to Count Revel, who, though many years older than him, was only three or four-and-thirty, and reckoned the handsomest gentleman at court. The count was a very haughty man, and wore an expression as if he found no pleasure in any thing. He was, however, very clever, and a great favorite of his Highness, to whom he was first adjutant, so that nobody liked to say aught against him.

As the page laughed too loudly at our superstition, as he called it, I at length became vexed, and gave vent to my anger, which is not often the case with me: for I said: "If the gracious gentleman uttered his own sentiments, I should have nothing to say against it, for the affair will prove itself. But what he now says, is only what he has heard from Count Revel, who always boasts of his freethinking, that he may not be compelled to call his faults by their right name. I am only one of the lowest at court, but the gracious gentleman would do better, if he would listen more to the advice of a humble man than to the finenesses of the Count. Without God there is no real honor; and when I see how pale the gracious gentleman now looks, and remember how healthy he appeared half a year ago, it seems to me as if the Count did not make the best instructor for youth."

The chamberlain was terribly alarmed at my remarks, and secretly nudged me: but I knew the Baron better, for if he was not precisely handsome, he had the most honest countenance in the world, and was a true, worthy German. Nor was he at all angry; he only laughed still more, and said, "Donnerwetter, Mathies, are you a preacher's son?"

"The gracious gentleman tries to make the affair ridiculous," I replied, without suffering myself to be frightened; "but still I am in the right; we should not laugh at such a thing, for no one knows what lives between heaven and earth. And besides, it is our duty

to trouble ourselves about such things, and see whether it is a ghost, or flesh and blood; and doubly so for the gracious gentleman. For what would the Princess say, if I were to tell her that Baron Bilgram laughed heartily, because the White Lady had disappeared in her apartments, and must have terrified her to death?"

I knew very well that the page was devoted to the Princess, and purposely spoke thus; for he was almost of the same age as herself, and had been her favorite playfellow when a child. She was very fond of him too, and was always the same with him; I really believe more so than with other men; for he was not handsome, and never flattered, but was just what he was.

Still I could not account for the terror which my last words caused him. He sprang up from his chair, his eyes sparkled, and his voice almost failed him, as he said, "That is the case, then! I will find it out, even if a legion of devils rose to prevent me! Trust to me, Mathies. I will not be so careless any longer."

The good boy! I did not know that he at that time loved the Princess more than his life; that he had grown so pale and thin, because he was too honorable to have love-passages with his sovereign's daughter, and could not endure the idea that his wishes could never be fulfilled. Years after, however, he told me so, when he came back wounded from Russia, and I nursed him; this and a great deal more of my story, which I will repeat to you in his words, when I do not know it from my own experience.

Thus matters stood. Days and nights passed in this way. At one time the White Lady showed herself, at another she remained away; still the story was becoming known in the town with all sorts of additions, and the sentinels crossed and blessed themselves when the apparition entered the corridor, and pressed themselves close to the wall to make room for it to pass.

Nothing had been yet said to the Duke; but when, on the eighth or ninth morning, the sentry who stood in the narrow corridor near the plate-room was found dead and dashed to pieces, sixty feet below in the palace moat; when all cried unanimously, although not a soul had witnessed it, that the White Lady had hurled him down; when the oldest and best grenadiers refused to face the ghost; they were at length compelled to tell his Highness all the circumstances.

After a long consultation at the court-marshal's, it was at length decided that Count

von Revel, who remained perfectly cool in the whole affair, and was only vexed at the disgrace of the military, should inform the Duke of the occurrence.

The audience lasted a considerable time; the Count, however, came back fully satisfied; for the announcement had been received with perfect calmness. The gossip in the town appeared disagreeable to the Duke, whence the conversation had principally turned on the method to be employed, by which best to prevent it. Even when the Duke heard of the panic among his soldiers, he was at first silent, though he turned as red as fire, and then dismissed the adjutant with strict orders to recall all the sentries from the corridors and front passages, and leave them quite unguarded for the present. He then seated himself at his writing-table, and employed himself with other work.

I have often reflected why princes grow so clever, and learn to see through people so well, although at first starting they are not a bit cleverer than other men's children. They certainly possess every advantage. They have all they want at their command, and may follow the first impulse; besides, everybody only brings his best and cleverest ideas before them. But it cannot result from this alone, for at the same time men guard themselves before them more than they do before their equals. The main thing in the matter is, that the prince regards every thing, even other beings, as his own property; mine and thine, however, makes their eyes clear, just as with a jeweller, who distinguishes true from false at a distance, and will not suffer himself to be deceived, if there is the slightest flaw in the brilliancy of a jewel.

In this our master was an excellent judge. He had seen at a glance that the Count must have something in the background which he would not express. What it was, he of course could not easily discover; but there were all sorts of intrigues at court, which crossed one another in such a way, that it was impossible to be cautious enough.

Such noble gentlemen do not like free-spoken persons about them at all hours of the day, and they cannot do so, or else it would be terribly difficult to govern. In a serious case, however, like this, those people rise in value into whose very heart they can see.

The Duke was disquieted, as little as he allowed it to be perceived. He walked for a long while up and down his room, as gloomily and irregularly as if something were driving him to do it involuntarily. At last he rang for the page

The Baron entered, and remained standing on the threshold, not to disturb his master in his thoughts; he, however, looked him firmly and boldly in the face when he advanced towards him. "Are you afraid of spirits?" the Duke asked, and looked at him, half jestingly, half seriously.

The page's mouth revealed a slight smile, but he replied, after a little reflection, "I do not know, your Highness; I never saw one yet; but I believe that if a shadowless being were to cross my path, I should avoid it, could I do so with honor."

"But, if the spectre were to meet you on duty?" the Duke inquired further.

The page blushed, and was silent.

"I would not insult you, young man. A thing which is surprising can move the heart of the bravest, and you yourself confess that you do not know the invisible net in which mortals are entangled," the Duke said, very seriously.

"I dare not say any thing to the contrary, for only a trial would prove the truth of my words," the page replied. "In the end, a man can only die once, and I do not think that my heart would quake more at invisible hands than the bullet whose path I cannot see either."

The Duke regarded him kindly. "You are in the right. Good nerves and a good conscience render a man cold-blooded. I believe what you say of yourself. We will, however, render it certain; for you will be posted to-night in the corridor; you already know the reason. You will not be annoyed by company; I have withdrawn all the sentinels from this part of the palace. No one, however, must know what you have to do."

Joy beamed in the young man's eyes; a weight was taken off his overburdened heart; for he had, during the last eight days, been yearning to meet the ghost which disappeared in the princess's apartments. But he had nearly always been on duty, and on those nights when he was disengaged, and had been on the watch, the spectre had accidentally not made its appearance.

He uttered his thanks to the Prince for the confidence he had placed in him, but remained in the room, although the Duke had appeared to dismiss him with the words:

"At eleven o'clock, then, to your post, Baron. From now till then you have leave to prepare yourself. The countersign in the old palace is 'Calmness,' and to-morrow morning, at six, report yourself to me. But stay," he added, as the page remained standing before him; "you have perfect *carte*

blanche—if it is an impostor—dead or alive. If it is a shadow, you must ban it, for it must not come again. Well?"

"I have two requests yet to make, if your Highness will grant them," the page at length said. "I have already carefully examined the path the apparition follows several times: on the upper corridor there is not space enough to stand man to man; I would prefer taking my post on the broad passage on the first floor, where the apparition must come down the narrow staircase. And, in the next place, I should wish your Highness to allow me to wear a common grenadier uniform; it will be safer, for the ghost will not be able to recognize me at a distance."

"Consented," the Duke said, after reflecting a little; "a good idea!" He even offered him his hand, and called to him as he quitted the room: "Bilgram, do not forget; you will do me a great service, and can employ any method—any—but no disturbance."

Soon after, I saw the young man come towards the old palace and enter my room. He seemed quite delighted, and had regained his ruddy cheeks.

"Can any one hear us?" he inquired.

"How could they through those walls?" I said.

"Well, then, Mathies, the Duke has sent me. You must bring me a grenadier's uniform, with the accoutrements and musket, into the little ante-room before the apartments his Highness formerly resided in, by half-past ten. A light is not required; I shall see as much as I want by the lamps in the broad passage. It will cost us our heads, though, if any one but yourself learns any thing about it."

"At your service," I said.

A minister might have come to me, and I would not have done it without the Duke's written order. But the young man's word was worth more to me than a hundred pieces of paper. Consequently I did what he requested, and no one knew any thing about it, so cleverly had I contrived to procure the uniform; and I carried it in broad daylight, when no one would be surprised at seeing me enter the palace with a bundle to the duke's former apartments.

Afterwards, on my return, I stopped to speak to the page. He pretended, however, not to be at home, and only opened the door when I mentioned my name; he then double-locked it behind us.

He had a damascened dagger and his pistol case before him, and was cleaning the arms most carefully. We examined every screw-

bolt, and employed at least a quarter of an hour in selecting the best flints. At last we had finished our task.

"So," he said: "now I will sleep for a few hours, and then eat and drink, that I may have all my strength, for I have a troublesome task to night."

"I can think it," I interrupted him.

"But you must not think," he said, "and then none of your thoughts will rise to your lips; but you can listen. Something may happen to me—is not that the expression when running a mortal risk?—well, then, I have no fortune, so I need not make a will; but you shall have my pistols, and you can tell the Duke that I leave my debts to him; my mother thinks of me at all times, but to the Princess you can——" He paused for a time; "Well, then, you can tell her frankly that her name will be the last word on my lips. And now make haste and be off," he added merrily, and pushed me out of the door as if I had been a child—so powerful was the young baron.

Precisely at eleven the page went from the ducal apartments, dressed as a grenadier, into the broad passage, which was only dimly lighted, for the lamps were at some distance apart.

In the first place, he again examined the ground, and tried, for at least the tenth time, whether the stairs down which the apparition must descend were not wider than to allow him to touch both walls with his outstretched arms, if he placed himself on the lowest stair.

Then, however, his only care was to keep himself warm and awake, for it had become bitterly cold. He placed his musket in the corner, as it would be of no service to him, and walked up and down. At times he stopped before the flight of stairs which led from the upper floor, and looked up; he then walked twenty or thirty steps farther than there was any occasion to do down the broad passage towards the apartments in which the Princess resided, and thought all sorts of possibilities and impossibilities, just as such a young man is wont to do.

The Princess, however, was not in the palace, but at a party at the French ambassador's, who, at that time—and there was good grounds for it—was the most important of all the foreign envoys.

Shortly before twelve, her carriage drove up. When I had torn the gates open, he heard the sound of the horses' hoofs reëcho from the gateway below, and he smiled at his own folly as he quickly seized his mus-

ket, for he had wished the doors of empty apartments to open before him.

As he feared that the Princess, who was now coming up the passage with her ladies, might recognize him, he pulled the collar of his cloak higher up, and pressed his bearskin schako more firmly over his eyes. He grounded his musket, and drew up close to the wall, in the manner prescribed when the royal family passed a sentry in the passages, for presenting arms would have been awkward.

He had no necessity to conceal himself, for the Princess hurried past without even looking at the sentry, or hearing his heart beat. She seemed to be vexed, and in a great hurry, for dark rings shaded her eyes, and her mouth was contracted, as if she were more ready to weep than laugh.

The page heard several doors open and shut, and when he looked out into the courtyard, saw the last lights extinguished in the garret-rooms. All was quiet; he could only hear the clang of his own footsteps.

In this way midnight was long passed. The page thought at one moment on the Princess, at another on his annoyance if the apparition did not present itself, and the long-looked-for opportunity be deferred.

Fortunately the cold always aroused him from his reveries, and compelled him to think, before all, how he should keep his hands and feet warm.

Still he did not take his eye off the stairs, and that which he expected really took place, when he had nearly resigned all hope.

And yet a cold shudder seized upon him when, without the slightest previous sound, a white figure appeared at the stair-head, and began descending, without the least noise.

The page quickly roused himself, loosed the dagger in the sheath, threw his cloak behind him, walked to the stairs, and stood with outstretched arms in such a position that the apparition must necessarily walk into his arms, unless it turned back.

It came down slowly, step by step, without a moment's hesitation, though it must have seen the grenadier at the foot of the stairs long before. The page repeatedly told me that all the blood in his body seemed to have rushed to his head, and a shower of sparks dazzled his eyes. He did not, however, quit his position.

When the figure was six steps above him, he cried, "Halt! in the Duke's name."

The figure stopped, and motioned to him with its hand. He did not trouble himself

about this, for he had regained his self-possession and his coolness. "You will not pass me," he exclaimed, "until I know who or what you are!"

The page must have been well prepared, for he had scarce uttered the words before the figure leaped upon him like a tiger on its prey, and tried to hurl him to the ground.

It did not succeed, however. The page seized the man in his arms, almost without yielding a step, and a silent struggle commenced, about which he never liked to speak afterwards, for he felt from the commencement that his assailant was the stronger, and determined on having his enemy's life for his own; he did not hope to gain the victory, and he was too proud to call for assistance.

His only good fortune was, that his assailant must have walked some distance in the cold, so that his fingers were benumbed, and he was not able to draw his dagger, which the baron plainly felt beneath his dress, when he pressed him closely to him in the death-struggle.

Thus they at length fell to the ground, one above the other alternately, so that the page felt the warm breath which streamed out from behind his enemy's silken mask. At length, however, the page managed to draw his dagger, and, in his unbounded fury, was about to strike, when his opponent suddenly quitted his hold, and whispered, as if ashamed to beg his life—"Bilgram, I am Revel; I give myself up on my word: but listen to me."

The page hesitated a moment before withdrawing the dagger from his breast; but a sudden attack of trembling assailed him; he loosed his hold and rose to his feet. Quite exhausted, he leaned against the wall; the strangest thoughts flitted across his mind, like swallows round a church tower, where one is no sooner gone than another arrives; until, at length, the Duke's words occurred to him, "He must not come again."

His opponent had, in the mean while, also risen, and they stood opposite one another for a while, gasping for breath.

At length the page said, "I must know what you do here, if I am to help myself or you."

"A short question—a short reply," the count rejoined; "I love the Princess Marie, and she loves me in return. They have shut her up, so that I can only reach her by employing this superstitious tale. She and I are both lost if you speak."

"She loves him, and she is lost." A sharp pain pierced the page's heart; but after long

reflection, he said, "You have broken your oath to your master, Revel—I despise you for it—and yet I will risk my word and trust to yours. Promise me, on your honor, that you will never attempt this again, and never tell the Princess who or what is the cause of it, then I will save you for her sake."

The Count promised. The Baron then led him hurriedly into the ante-room, where he changed his own dress, and silently intimated to the Count that he should put on the grenadier's cloak and follow him. Then he accompanied him to the gate, and said to me, when I had let the Count out, and was again fastening the bolt: "The Count von Revel's name must not be entered in the book; every thing else is in order, Mathies. I will go and have a sound sleep; mind that I am called precisely at five o'clock, for I must take in my report at six."

He must have been tired to death, he looked so sad, and his eyes were quite dim. In consequence, I did not ask him any further questions, but wished him "Good-night."

The next morning the Duke admitted him directly, though his Highness had hardly left his bed, and received him with a meaning inquiry: "And now, my dear Baron."

"It will not return, your Highness," the page replied, and was then silent.

"But what was it?" the Duke asked, with evident pleasure.

"It will not return, your Highness," the page repeated. "I pledge you my word. That I may be allowed to pass over the details is a favor which my prince, as first gentleman of the land, will not refuse me, for my honor closes my lips."

The Duke was astonished; still, thoughts may have occurred to him, to which he did not like to give way, and which it were better to veil in mystery. He walked hurriedly to the page, and said: "Your word is enough—have you any favor to ask? If so, it is granted you beforehand."

"Your Highness's kindness has prevented a request which I hardly dared to ask. I hear that the Second Regiment of Hussars has received orders to march, and I should desire to be appointed to it."

The Prince looked at him, and nodded; he, however, made no other reply to the request, although he dismissed the page very kindly.

In the ante-room, Count von Revel was waiting as usual. He and the page saluted one another, because the other adjutants were standing around; but from that time they never spoke again, nor, I believe, did they ever meet.

Now they are all gone, and their restlessness has become peace.

The best of them all death carried off first. The page entered on the campaign as captain, and returned a colonel and a cripple. There was no hope that the invalid would recover, although the Duke did every thing in his power to save him.

The Queen was never happy; the Count

von Revel alone enjoyed himself all his life, for he understood, better than any one else, how to be cautious and careless at the same time, and that is always the safest on slippery ground. At last they say he became a Catholic, and according to the old proverb this would be very possible. Well! God be merciful to his soul! I never could bear him.

From Chambers' Journal.

POEMS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MR. LOWELL is yet another of the privileged few, among the younger bards of America, who have secured an audience, however small hitherto, on this side the Atlantic. Avowedly a poet of progress, the zeal of his *excelsior* minstrelsy is perhaps too fervent and vociferous for the taste of some readers; while to others it is his chiefest merit and surest guaranty of welcome. Although he has been described as a hermit, who from the cloister and the cell comes forth into the highways of existence, to speculate on the events of life, and to narrate, for the instruction of the busy multitude, some legend he has learned in seclusion, he is no dreaming *solitaire*, no mere creature of reverie and "dainty sweet" melancholy, but, in good New England sense, and with strong New England emphasis, a practical "work-a-day," healthy songster, whose clear voice tells of sound heart and lungs, to which the battle and the breeze of life come nowise amiss. Little patience has he with the self-absorbed rhymers who lie, from morn to dewy eve, "with idle elbow on the grass;" little reverence for the "silken bards" who walk delicately, and only on ground where they need not fear to graze their feet against a stone. His ambition as a poet is to aid in ringing out what our laureate calls "false pride in place and blood," "old shapes of foul disease," "the narrowing lust of gold," "the want, the care, the sin, the faithless coldness of the times." On the political and social questions agitated by his countrymen, he speaks out his convictions with energy

and even passionate earnestness—proclaiming, in trumpet-notes of no uncertain sound, his loyalty to whatsoever is noble and of good report, and his quick intolerance of wrong. On the capture of certain fugitive slaves near Washington, for instance, his indignation is roused to "see law-shielded ruffians slay the men who fain would win their own," and against those who can look on in apathy, and stifle the sympathies "that make man truly man." In proud protest, he says of himself—

I first drew breath in England's air, and from her
hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let
me rest;
And if my words seem treason to the dullard and
the tame,
'Tis but my Bay-state dialect—our fathers spake
the same!

Alliance to the state he is ready to subordinate, therefore, to what he recognizes as the instincts of nature in such a case as this; good citizenship he refuses to prefer to broad humanity, exclaiming:

Man is more than constitutions; better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to Church and State while we are
doubly false to God!

Nor can he comprehend those who "hear with quiet pulse of loathsome deeds," such as he here denounces. Then he warns that the slaves of North America are as certainly decreed to liberation from the house of bond-

age, as were the Hebrews of yore to their exodus from the land of Egypt; and that if modern slavemasters will be blind to the signs of the times, the passage may be through another Red Sea, "whose surges are of gore."

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart:
When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,
The word went forth that slavery should one day be no more.

That day he would thus eagerly, with no muffled bells, but with resonant, far-vibrating chimes, "ring in."

In illustration of the same view of the earnest purpose of his vocation, take the following picture: a "foiled potentiality" is the subject.

Who is he that skulks, afraid
Of the trust he has betrayed,
Shuddering if perchance a gleam
Of old nobleness should stream
Through the pent, unwholesome room
Where his sunk soul cowers in gloom—
Spirit sad beyond the rest
By more instinct for the best?
'Tis a poet who was sent
For a bad world's punishment,
By compelling it to see
Golden glimpses of To Be;
By compelling it to hear
Songs that prove the angels near;
Who was sent to be the tongue
Of the weak and spirit-wrong,
Whence the fiery-winged Despair
In men's shrinking eyes might flare.
'Tis our hope doth fashion us
To base use or glorious:
He who might have been a lark
Of Truth's morning, from the dark
Raining down melodious hope
Of a freer, broader scope,
Aspirations, prophecies
Of the spirit's full sunrise,
Chose to be a bird of night,
Which, with eyes refusing light,
Hooted from some hollow tree
Of the world's idolatry.
'Tis his punishment to hear
Flutterings of pinions near,

And his own vain wings to feel
Drooping downwards to his heel;
All their grace and import lost,
Burdening his weary ghost:
Ever walking by his side
He must see his angel-guide,
Who at intervals doth turn
Looks on him so sadly stern,
With such ever-new surprise
Of hushed anguish in her eyes,
That it seems the light of day
From around him shrinks away. . . .
Then the mountains whose white peaks
Catch the morning's earliest streaks,
He must see, where prophets sit,
Turning east their faces lit,
Whence, with footsteps beautiful,
To the earth, yet dim and dull,
They the gladsome tidings bring
Of the sunlight's hastening:
Never can those hills of bliss
Be o'erclimbed by feet like his!

Passing over several fine poems, of which we can give no specimens, we come to one entitled *An Incident in a Railroad Car*, which was suggested by the interest excited by a passenger's reference to Burns.

He spoke of Burns; men rude and rough
Pressed round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And when he read, they forward leaned,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs, whom glory never weaned
From humble smiles and tears.
Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sunlike, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

And so the poet proceeds to comment on this, as a sight to strengthen and purify our faith in humanity, believing that these listening travellers will carry away something of a fiercer reverence for beauty, truth, and love, their untutored hearts reflecting a clearer trust and manhood than before. *Rhæcus* is a gracefully-told myth, showing how truth will never let alone the heart that once hath sought her, though that heart, immersed in worldliness, brush off her "sweet and unrepentant messengers" with impatience and sharp rebuff; and how the heart may suffer by this its disloyalty to "the fair benignity of unveiled Truth, that plighted us her holy troth erewhile." The well-known circumstance of Cromwell's proposed departure from England to join the Pilgrim fathers, is the subject of *A Glance behind the Curtain*, exhibiting the future dictator in colloquy with John Hampden on the emigration pro-

ject, as they stand together on the pier,
"looking to where a little craft lay moored,
swayed by the lazy current of the Thames."
Hampden urges an exodus from a luxurious
land of bondage to that "savage clime where
men as yet are free;" while Cromwell is re-
strained from assent by an inward voice, which
says that Freedom has yet a work for him
to do at home.

What should we do in that small colony
Of pinched fanatics?
Not there, amid the stormy wilderness,
Should we learn wisdom; or, if learnt, what room
To put it into act—else worse than naught?
We learn our souls more, tossing for an hour
Upon this huge and ever-vexed sea
Of human thought, where kingdoms go to wreck
Like fragile bubbles yonder in the stream,
Than in a cycle of New England cloth.*

The following picture of *Midnight* is a fair
specimen of this poet's manner in dealing with
such a poet's commonplace:

The moon shines white and silent on the mist,
which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean, o'er the wide marsh
doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows silently far and
wide.

A vague and starry magic makes all things
mysteries,

* An evident echo of Tennyson's—
"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

And lures the earth's dumb spirit up to the longing
skies:
I seem to hear dim whispers and tremulous replies.

The fire-flies o'er the meadow in pulses come
and go;
The elm trees' heavy shadow weighs on the grass
below;
And faintly from the distance the dreaming cock
doth crow.

All things look strange and mystic; the very bushes
swell,
And take wild shapes and notions, as if beneath
a spell—
They seem not the same lilacs, from childhood
known so well.

The snow of deepest silence o'er every thing doth
fall,
So beautiful and quiet, and yet so like a pall—
As if all life were ended, and rest were come to all.

O wild and wondrous midnight! there is a might
in thee
To make the charmed body almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses of immortality!

In conclusion, we may remark, that Mr.
Lowell's writings in prose, the *Biglow Papers*,
&c., are widely read and highly praised by
his fellow-countrymen; but the humor and
fancy which characterize them seem to be
appreciated by such only as are "native and
to the manner born." And considering their
aim, this is as it should be.

From Dickens's Household Words.

ALWAYS UNITED.

As we grope through the mental gloom of
the Dark Ages, stumbling over the lamenta-
ble ruins of libraries, and schools, and arts,
it is sometimes the good fortune of the stu-
dent to see, glittering at his feet, a jewel of
price and brilliancy—glittering among the
crushed and irre recognizable fragments of arts
gone by, and the gross and clumsy para-
phernalia of a barbarian epoch.

As bright a jewel as ever shone in a cen-
tury of intellectual darkness and ignorance
was a man admired, revered, beloved, hated,
followed, celebrated in his own age; and who
has been famous to successive ages and to
this age almost universally, not for what he
had the greatest cause to ground his fame
upon—for his learning, his eloquence, or his
philosophy—but for being the hero of one of
the most romantic love stories the world ever

wept at—for being Abelard, the husband of
Heloïse.

The story of Abelard and Heloïse, if it be
not universally known, is at least universally
public. That a thing can be the latter with-
out being the former, I need only call Dr.
Johnson (in his criticism on Kenrick) to
prove. Every pair of lovers throughout the
civilized world have heard of Abelard and
Heloïse. They are as familiar in the mouth
as Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe,
Cupid and Psyche, Darby and Joan, Jobson
and Nell. Yet beyond their names, and the
fact that they were lovers, not one person in
twenty knows much about any of these per-
sonages. Every visitor to Paris has seen the
Gothic tomb of Abelard and Heloïse in the
cemetery of Père la Chaise. Every reader
of Pope will remember his exquisite poetical

paraphrase of Heloise's epistles to Abelard. Every student of the urbane and self-devouring Jean Jacques Rousseau has once wept and now yawns over the philosophic sentimentalities of La Nouvelle Heloise. The names, indeed, of these immortal lovers are on the lips of the whole civilized world; but of the man Abelard and of the woman Heloise, what they really were like, and what they really did and suffered, the knowledge of the vast majority of readers is very limited indeed. Their renown has been transmitted from century to century with the triple consecration of genius, passion, and misfortune; yet their works have been forgotten, and the history of their lives has become a tradition rather than a chronicle.

It is remarkable, as showing how much of our acquaintance with the subject of this paper—in England, at least—is purely legendary, that in the voluminous catalogue of the library of the British Museum there is but one work to be found in English concerning Abelard and Heloise; and this is but a trumpery imitation of Pope's poetical version of the letters. Scattered through the various biographical dictionaries are sundry meagre notes of Abelard and his spouse. These are all founded upon the only English work of importance on this topic that I have been enabled to meet with, (and the Museum does not possess it :) "The History of the lives of Abeillard and Heloisa, by the Reverend Joseph Berrington: Basle, seventeen hundred and ninety-three." This is an excellent book, containing, in addition to the biography, sensible translations of the *Historia calamitatum* of Abelard, and of Heloise's letters; but the good clergyman has not thought it worth his while to consult the authorities contemporary with his hero and heroine; and has, in writing their lives, taken for granted as historical and authentic all the romantic figments of a certain clerical rascal, one Dom Gervaise, formerly a Trappist, but who had been drummed out of that austere society; and who, in seventeen hundred and twenty, published a "History of Peter Abeillard, Abbot of St. Gildas, and of Eloisa his wife." This work was interesting and piquant, certainly; but in it the plain facts of the case were, for purely bookselling purposes, overlaid with a farrago of romance and legendary gossip. However, Mr. Berrington's well-meaning quarto, and the dictionary memoirs founded upon it, together with Pope and his imitator, are all the authorities we can muster on this world-known theme. One would imagine that the

Germans—fond as they are of sentimental metaphysics—would have eagerly seized upon the history of Abelard for elucidation and disquisition. Yet it will scarcely be credited that only three German authors of any note have thought it worth while to write at any length about Maitre Pierre and his wife. Herr Moritz Carrière has undertaken to eliminate Abelard's system of philosophy; in which he has done little more than translate the remarks of the most recent French writers thereupon. Herr Fessler, in the true spirit of a metaphysical *littérateur*, has taken the subject up in the most orthodox style of Fog; descanting, and doubting, and re-doubting, until the fog becomes positively impervious; and Abelard disappears entirely within it, leaving nothing before the eyes but a hazy mass of black letters sprawling over whitey-brown pages, in a stitched cover of blue sugar-paper. The third sage, Herr Feuerbach, (Leipsic, eighteen hundred, and forty-four,) is yet bolder in his metaphysical obscurity. His book is called "Abelard and Heloise;" but beyond these names dimly impressed on the title-page, the beings they stand for are not once mentioned again throughout the work; and M. de Remusat conjectures that by Abelard and Heloise, the foggy Herr means Art and Humanity. This is *lucius a non lucendo* with a vengeance!

In France, however, to make amends, the lives and writings of this unhappy pair have been a fertile theme for the most illustrious of modern French scholars. The accomplished Madame Guizot, the academicians Villenave and Philarète-Chasles, the erudite Bibliophile Jacob, (Paul Lacroix,) have all written well on the subject of Maitre Peirre. Nor must we forget M. Victor Cousin, who in eighteen hundred and thirty-six first published a work from the pen of Abelard himself, the *Sic et non* and the *Ode Flebiles*, or Songs of Lamentation of Abelard, from a manuscript which had been recently discovered in the Vatican Library. The earliest of the modern writers upon Abelard was the famous and brilliant Bussy-Rabutin; the latest, M. Charles de Remusat; who in eighteen hundred and forty-six published in Paris a voluminous and elaborate work entitled Abelard. No; not the last. M. de Remusat is but the penultimate; for even as we write, comes the announcement that the great master of philosophical biography, M. Guizot himself, has entered the list, and has added his Abelard to the distinguished catalogue.

Yet with all this, the story of the lives of Abelard and Heloise remains to be written.

Elaborate as M. de Remusat's work is, it is more a scholarlike explanation and examination of the system of philosophy and theology professed and taught by Abelard, than a life history of the Abbot of St. Gildas and the Abbess of the Paraclete. The field is yet open for a history of the lives and adventures, the fortunes and misfortunes of Abelard and Héloïse; of Abelard, more especially, could his history be separated from that of his partner in joy and misery—for Abelard was the glory of his age. Far removed above those obscure schoolmen of the Middle Ages whose names are only dimly remembered now in connection with some vain polemical dispute, he was a poet, a musician, a philosopher, a jurist; a scholar unrivalled; a dialectician unmatched; a theologian whose mouth—as his adversaries confessed—was only to be closed by blows. His profound learning, his commanding eloquence, the charms of his conversation, the beauty of his person, the purity of his morals—until his fatal passion—made him the delight, and wonder, and pride of France and of Europe. He was the only man among crowds of schoolmen and scholiasts, and casuists and sciolists, who was wise enough to comprehend, and bold enough to defend the sublime doctrine of Plato, "that God is the seat of ideas, as space is the seat of bodies; and that the soul was an emanation of the Divine essence, from whom it imbibed all its ideas; but that having sinned, it was degraded from its first estate, and condemned to union with the body, wherein it is confined as in a prison; that its forgetfulness of its former ideas was the natural consequence of that penalty; and that the benefit of religion consists in repairing this loss by gradually leading back the soul to its first conceptions." This doctrine, in contradistinction to the ridiculous figments of the Nominalists, the Realists, and Conceptualists of his age; this, the philosophy of Plato—illustrated by the polemics of Aristotle, enriched by the schools of Alexandria, and afterwards matured by Malebranche, Descartes, and Leibnitz—was taught by Peter Abelard to thousands of scholars of every nation in the twelfth century, while the Norman Kings of England were laying waste their own dominions to make hunting-forests for their beasts of venery; while princes and emperors were signing proclamations with their "mark," made by their gauntlet-fingers dipped in ink; while the blackest ignorance, the most brutal violence, the grossest and most debasing superstition, overran the fairest portion of Europe. The friends of Abelard were the noblest of the

noble; his admirers the fairest of the fair; his very adversaries were popes, saints, and martyrs.

In the year of grace eleven hundred and eighteen, when Louis the Fat was king of the French people, the metropolis was entirely contained in that space which at the present day forms one of its smallest sections—the Cité of Paris. In this famous island, dividing, as all men know, the river Seine into two arms, were concentrated all the grandeurs of the kingdom—the church, the royal palace, the law, the schools. These powers had here their seat. Two bridges united the island to the two shores of the river. The Grand Pont led to the right bank, towards the quarter where, between the ancient churches of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and St. Gervais, a few foreign merchants had begun to settle, attracted by the already considerable renown of the Lutetia of the Gauls. Towards the left bank the Petit Pont led to the foot of that hill, then, as now, crowned by a church dedicated to St. Gênéviève, the patroness of Paris. The neighboring meadows or *prés* (particularly towards the foot of the Petit Pont) became gradually frequented by the scholars or students or *clercs*, who attended the scholastic concourse in the Cité. The number of those noisy and turbulent young men, always increasing, soon overflowed the confined limits of the Cité. So they crossed the Petit Pont into the meadows at the foot of the hill of St. Gênéviève—first to play and gambol and fight on its pleasant green sward; afterwards—when inns and lodging-houses were built for their accommodation—to dwell in them. Thus, opposite the city of commerce grew up little by little a city of learning; and betwixt the two, maintained its grim state the city of law and the priesthood. The quarter inhabited by the students came soon to be denominated *le pays Latin*, and it is thus called to the day I live and write in.

In the Cité, opposite to the sovereign's palace—where in those days the sovereign himself administered justice, and where in these days justice is yet administered in his name—stood the great metropolitan church of Nôtre Dame; and around it were ranged fifteen other churches, like soldiers guarding their queen. Nôtre Dame, or at least the successor of the first Basilica, yet frowns over the Cité in massive immensity; but, of the fifteen churches, not one vestige remains. Here, in the shadows of these churches and of the cathedral; in dusky cloisters; in sombre halls; upon the shadowy lawns of high-walled gardens, went and came a throng of students

of all degrees, of all occupations, of all nations. The fame of the schools of Paris drew towards them (as in one department, medicine, they do still) scholars from every land on the face of the yet discovered globe. Here, amidst the confusions of costumes, and ranks, and languages, and ages, glided solemn priests and sage professors. Above them all, preëminent, unrivalled, unquestioned in his intellectual sovereignty, moved a man in the prime of life, with a broad and massive forehead, a proud and piercing glance, a manly gait, whose beauty yet preserved the brilliancy of youth, while admitting to participate with it the deeper hues of maturity. The simple elegance of his manners, alternately affable and haughty; an imposing yet graceful presence; the respectful curiosity of the multitudes whom he did not know, the enthusiastic admiration of the multitudes he did know, who hung upon his words, all announced in him the most powerful in the schools, the most illustrious in the land, the most beloved in the Cité. Old men uncovered as he passed; women at the doors held out their little children to him; maidens above drew aside the curtains from their latticed casements, and blushing glanced downwards towards him. The men and the children all pressed to see, and stretched their necks to hear, and shouted when they had seen and heard *Maitre Pierre*—the famous *Abelard*—as he went by.

He was now thirty-nine years old. He was the son of *Beranger*, the seigneur of his native place, *Pallet*, near *Nantes* in *Brittany*, where he was born in the year one thousand and seventy-nine. He was the eldest son; but no sooner had the time arrived for him to choose a profession, than, eschewing arms—the profession of every seigneur's eldest-born—he openly avowed his preference for letters and philosophy. He abandoned his birthright to his brothers, and returned to his studies with renewed assiduity. He had soon mastered all and more than he could be taught in the schools of *Brittany*, and accordingly removed to the University of *Paris*, where he studied under *William of Champeaux*, afterwards Bishop of *Chalons-sur-Marne*, and who subsequently became a monk of *Citeaux*. This reverend man was the most renowned dialectician of his time, but he soon found a rival, and next a master, in *Abelard*. Warm friends at first, their friendship changed to the bitterest enmity; a public quarrel took place between them, in consequence of which *Abelard* removed from *Paris*, first to *Melun* and next to *Corbeil*; in both of which retreats he was followed by

crowds of admiring and enthusiastic scholars. After a sojourn for the benefit of his health in his native *Brittany*, he returned to *Paris*, having been absent two years. A reconciliation was effected between him and *William de Champeaux*, and *Abelard* next opened a school of rhetoric. It speedily became the most famous school in Europe. Of this school were *Guy de Chatel*, afterwards cardinal and pope under the title of *Celestine the Second*; *Peter Lombard*, Bishop of *Paris*; *Godefroye*, Bishop of *Auxerre*; *Berenger*, Bishop of *Poitiers*, and the holy Abbot of *Clairvaux*, the great *St. Bernard* himself. In this school *Abelard* taught logic, metaphysics, physics, mathematics, astronomy, morals, and philosophy. His lectures were attended by all that *Paris* could boast of nobility, beauty, learning and piety.

If *Abelard* had died in his golden prime, at thirty-nine years of age, it would have been well. But *Wisdom* had decided otherwise. Pride was to be humbled, the mighty were to fall, and wisdom and learning were to be a mockery, a warning and an example to the meanest.

It is not my purpose to tell the miserable love story of *Abelard* and *Heloïse*. I wish to treat of *Peter Abelard*, the scholar and the philosopher—of that phase of his character which has been obscured and almost extinguished by the ghastly brilliancy of his passion for the niece of the Canon *Fulbert*. All who know the names of *Abelard* and *Heloïse* know the tragical history of their loves.

After his marriage, the forlorn, broken, and ruined victim, who had once been the renowned *Maitre Pierre*, retired to the Abbey of *St. Denis*, to hide in the cloister his misery and his remorse. He became a Benedictine monk. Previous to his inclostration, however, he prevailed upon *Heloïse* to take the veil. She obeyed the mandate of him whom she yet loved with all the fondness and fervor of their first fatal passion; but she did so with a breaking heart. The cloister was a refuge to *Abelard*; to *Heloïse* it was a tomb. Young, (not twenty years old,) beautiful, accomplished, she felt her life in every limb—she saw herself condemned to a living death. She who had pictured to herself a life of refined luxury and splendor; of being, perchance, with him to whom she had given her whole heart, the ornament of courts and cities, had before her the dreary prospect of a life-long dungeon.

The sojourn of *Abelard* in the Abbey of *St. Denis* was not long and not happy. Now that his glory was departed; that his repu-

tation for sanctity and purity of manners was tarnished; those who had long been his enemies, but whose carplings and croakings had been rendered inaudible by the trumpet voice of his eloquence, arose in numbers around him, and attacked him with that persevering ferocity which cowards only possess. He was assaulted by the weakest and most contemptible. The most ignorant monks of the ignorant brotherhood of Saint Denis hastened in their presumption to challenge his arguments and to question his orthodoxy. He was accused of heresy, of deism, of pantheism, of Arianism—of a host of doctrinal crimes—and eventually expelled the order. The dispute which led to his removal or rather expulsion from St. Denis, was as ridiculous as it was savagely pursued, and its relation will serve to show the futilities of monastic erudition in the days of Abelard.

One day, as Maitre Pierre was reading the Commentary of the Venerable Bede upon the Acts of the Apostles, he came to a passage in which the holy commentator stated that Denis the Areopagite was Bishop of Corinth, and not of Athens. Now the founder of the abbey of St. Denis (the saint with his head under his arm) was, according to the showing of his own "Gesta," Bishop of Athens; and according to the monks of St. Denis, he was also that same Areopagite whom St. Paul converted. Abelard quoted Bede to show that the Areopagite was Bishop of Corinth; the monks opposed their authority, one Hilduin, who had been Abbot of St. Denis in the reign of Louis le Debonnaire. Maitre Pierre contemptuously replied that he could not think of allowing the testimony of an ignorant friar to weigh against that of a writer who was revered for his learning and piety by princes, and kings, and pontiffs. This so enraged the monks that they complained to the King and to the Archbishop of Paris. They drew down upon the unfortunate Abelard royal reproofs and ecclesiastical censures; and not content with this, they positively scourged him as a heretic and blasphemer!

New troubles were yet to come. A book he had written, called the Introduction to Theology, was declared by his enemies to be full of heresies. He was cited before the Council of Soissons, badgered with interrogatories, threatened, rebuked; and was compelled to burn the obnoxious book with his own hands. It is upon record that Abelard wept. It must have been no ordinary sorrow to have brought the tears welling from the eyes of the stern philosopher. Love and

pride and his good name among men lay all a-bleeding. A hangman's brazier and a hangman's office were all the rewards of long years of patient study and research and soul-engrossing meditation. The glory of the schools, the master of masters, was reduced to the level of a convicted libeller; lashed like a hound, driven forth from among his fellow-men like a leper or a Pariah.

Hunted about from place to place; pursued by mandates, censures, and decrees; without shelter, without resources, almost without bread, Abelard hid himself in a solitude near Troyes. Here, in a barren and desolate heath, he built with his own hands a wretched hovel of mud and wattles. This hovel was afterwards to become the Paraclete.

Unable to dig, ashamed to beg, yet compelled to seek some means of subsistence, Abelard commenced expounding the Scriptures for his daily bread. He soon gathered round him a considerable body of scholars. Before long their number amounted to upwards of three thousand! Some rays of his ancient glories seemed to return to him. From the fees he received from his scholars, he was enabled to build a chapel and convent, which he dedicated to the Holy Trinity. But his enemies were indefatigable. The dedication was declared heretical; and, to appease his adversaries, Abelard changed the name of his convent to that of the Paraclete or Consolation. When, at length, wearied with continual disputes and vexations, Abelard accepted the abbacy of St. Gildas-des-Rhuys, in the diocese of Vannes, he signified to Heloise his desire that she should take possession of the Paraclete with her nuns. Her learning and renown had already elevated her to be the Abbess of the Convent of Argenteuil, in which Abelard had placed her; but Suger, the Abbot of St. Denis, had laid a claim against the lands and buildings attached to it; and she accordingly availed herself of the asylum provided for her by Abelard.

Abelard was not happy in his new position. He found himself in a barbarous district. His convent was rudely built and scantily furnished. His monks were dissolute and insubordinate. When he endeavored to rebuke their excesses, and to reform their way of life, he was met with taunts of the scandals of his past life. Yet here he remained during many years; and here he composed the pathetic poems called the *Odes Flebiles*—the Songs of Weeping; in which, under a thin veil of biblical fiction, he poured forth his own unutterable woes. Here he re-

ceived, after the silence of years, those impassioned letters of Heloise, which will be read and wept over in all time. He replied to her; but in a stiff, constrained, and rigid tone. The man's heart was dead within him. His misery was so immense that the selfishness of his grief can be pardoned. To the expressions of endearment, the written caresses that reached o'er hundreds of leagues, he could only return philosophic injunctions to resignation, and devout maxims and discourses. *He* was her "best beloved," her "life." *She* was his "dear sister in the Lord." He took considerable interest in the prosperity of the Paraclete. He framed a rule of discipline for the guidance of the sisterhood; he even visited the Paraclete. After several years, Abelard saw Heloise again. He was no longer Abelard, but the Abbot of St. Gildas: she no longer Heloise, but the Abbess of the Paraclete. There were visitations, benedictions, and sermons; and so they met and so they parted.

His enemies again renewed their attacks—his heresies were once again brought against him. A great ecclesiastical council was held at Sens, before which Abelard was summoned. There, his principal adversary was the Abbot of Clairvaux, the great St. Bernard. He was held up to execration as an abbot without monks, without morals, without faith; as a married friar; as the hero of a disgraceful amour. Saint Bernard compared him to Arius—to Nestorius—to Pelagius. He was fully condemned. His life was threatened. He appealed to Rome. "Shall he who denies Peter's faith take refuge behind Peter's chair?" exclaimed St. Bernard. His appeal was at length ungraciously allowed, and he set out for Rome. But on his way thither, "weary and old of service," he was induced to accept the asylum offered him by

Peter the Venerable in the monastery of Cluny. There, in prayer and mortification, he passed the brief remaining time he had yet to live. And in the priory of St. Marcel—an establishment dependent upon the monastery of Cluny—Peter Abelard died in the year eleven hundred and forty-two, being then sixty-three years old. Heloise survived him twenty-one years. Their son, Astrolabius, survived his father, but not his mother. He died a monk.

The remains of Abelard were, in the first instance, interred at St. Marcel. They were reclaimed by Heloise; and the reclamation having been allowed by Peter the Venerable, the corpse was removed to the Paraclete, where it was buried. The tradition runs, that when Heloise died, her body was deposited in the same tomb; and that, as the corpse was lowered into the vault, the skeleton of the dead Abelard opened its arms to receive her. The truth, however, is, that they were not at first buried together. It was not till fourteen hundred and ninety-seven that Catherine de Courcelles, seventeenth abbess of the Paraclete, caused their remains to be placed in one coffin. This double coffin was discovered and exhumed at the French Revolution; and the popular fury which destroyed the convent of the Paraclete respected the bones of Abelard and Heloise. After many changes of domicile, the bones were removed in the year eighteen hundred to the garden of the Museum of French Monuments in Paris. Hence, in eighteen hundred and seventeen, they were finally removed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, where they were placed beneath a monument formed from the ruins of the Paraclete. Their names are alternately engraved on the plinth, together with these Greek words: ΑΕΙ ΣΥΜΠΗΡΑΕΤ-ΜΕΝΟΙ, or Always United.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF EDGAR POE.

Much foolish wonder has been expressed that American poetry should be so little of a native product, and that what is really native should only be like a parasite growing up around the stately trunk of English poetry. The explanation is obvious. Poetry, though indigenous everywhere, needs a long time

and peculiar circumstances to make it national: in the poet's soul there must be the various *strata* of accumulated tradition, history, association, and sentiment, from the depths of which alone it can spring; and, to foster it into its proper development, there must be, in the society around the poet, what

will be a genial climate. Many seasons must pass over it, ere it can have the country's individual spirit, features, and complexion. America is but a young, though giant nation; and, unfortunately, its springtime of poetry was coincident with the abundant and glorious harvest of English poetry, which was enough there, as well as here, to be a stock for a whole generation. The various fruits of the genius of Burns, Byron, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and of many other great men, came easily to hand in America, and were as refreshing, cheering, and stimulating to the American heart as to the British, but took away the necessity and the motive for native cultivation and production. When the treasures of the noblest minds could be freely appropriated, (for the existing law of copyright makes importation nothing else than appropriation without payment,) was it to be looked for that the slow, difficult, and uncertain process of tilling, sowing, nourishing, and reaping the native intellect would be undergone? We believe that had America been other than a rude colony during that barren and artificial era when Pope was the best poet, America would then, dissatisfied with the inane and fantastic representations of man and of nature, have sought her own untried resources, and been open to the inspiration of her vast forests, plains, and lakes. She would have chosen to rush into a natural chaos of sensations, passions, and ideas, rather than remain in such a dead and merely sham world. Separating from the mother-country's literature, she would have been all in all to herself; standing forth, poetically as well as politically, a glorious republic! Fresh from the earth, she would have discarded all the mythology which was then here the poor substitute for poetry; and gods, goddesses, shepherds, and shepherdesses, would have vanished, offended, in spite of all their perfumery, at the healthy smell of the red clay. America, however, was then but a colony, absorbed in and oppressed by that physical toil necessary for conquering the soil to the first uses of man, and altogether without the literary vocation. When the republic arose, and when (half a century ago) American literature began, it was, unluckily for it, at the very time that British literature was showing a wonderful revival; and thus access to foreign harvest-stores has been greatly injurious to native labor and cultivation. Our highest literature has been in as wide circulation there as at home; and American authors, many of whom were gifted men, have been prompted to do nothing more than to supply the fugitive

mass of local and daily matter which a reading country demands. As yet, America is the land of journals, and not of great books.

But what was earnestly to be wished, and might almost have been expected, was, that the literary men of the New World, fresh and pure from nature like little children, uncontaminated with the deadly English association of *intoxication with inspiration*, and unsubjected to the many cruel social arrangements which have so often kept men of genius in this country running between the points of starvation and dissipation, should set an example of life, radiant with the beauty of that truth and virtue, the discovery and exhibition of which formed their vocation. The moral nature in them might have been predominant and grand, their character and conduct harmonizing with the inspiration and articulation of their poetry. They had it in their power to redeem the name of genius from its frequent associations with vice, scoundrelism, and shame. But in one instance, a far larger blot lies upon the young literature of America than ever fell upon British literature, from the individual errors of a Savage, a Chatterton, a Burns, a Byron, a Coleridge, a Motherwell, or a Tannahill. Deeply as the Muse may blush and weep over these, her shame and sorrow will be greater, and will be allied also with indignation and horror, at the name of the gifted, but self-degraded, self-ruined Edgar Allan Poe.* His poetry runs over with spiritual beauty, even when dealing with gloom and guilt; but his history, from earliest boyhood down to his premature death in a tavern, is all bemired with the coarsest sensualism, and was not wanting in displays of the meanest malignity, envy, and positive dishonesty. The beauty of his face corresponded with that of his poetry: his brow was broad and lofty, yet with all the "bumps" as exquisitely fitted to each other as the stones in the dome of a temple, giving it at once a massive and airy character; his eyes were dark, lustrous, and of a peculiarly ecstatic expression, as if their lashes had been fringing dreams; whilst the under-features of the face were marked by the most refined delicacy and the quickest sensibility; and yet this was the face which day after day presented itself before low tavern-keepers and bar-maids, in yearning supplication for the drunkard's bliss—

* The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe, with a Notice of his Life and Genius by James Hannay, Esq. London: Addey & Co. 1853.—Tales of Mystery, Imagination, and Humor, by Edgar Allan Poe. London: Clarke & Co. 1853.

this the Apollo-face which shone in all scenes of brutal debauch, until it set under the table, delicate lips and noble brow pressing the floor.

It is melancholy that in the literary world there are not a few whom infirmity of will, and not want of capacity, prevents from taking a commanding position, and performing some splendid work. The sun only rules and shines when in the sky; and these men are unrisen suns. Qualified to teach, direct, elevate, and delight the age, they pass their time in indolence, or in the production of mere trifles. Their genius goes not forth to labor in its own province; it lounges about, unbraced, making no effort, and having no purpose; dreaming of some achievement, but not following it, or, at least, soon quitting it, and at length ceasing to dream at all; for, by and by, as if it were genius no longer, it works, if it must work, at the routine tasks for which genius is not indispensable. Such men have constant uneasiness, and occasionally most poignant remorse over the waste of gifts and opportunities; and their bitter feelings often centre in the vain wish that *intellectual* were like *manual* labor, and could be prosecuted with equal patience and endurance from morning to night, until diminished. There is keen agony in the confession—

My drooping sails
Flap idly 'gainst the mast of my intent.
I rot upon the waters, when my prow
Should grate the golden isles.

But far more melancholy is it to think, that in the literary world (much as its moral standard has been raised within the last few years) there are still several gifted men whom dissipation has robbed of their true strength, whose genius is the abject slave of sensuality, and whose tasks alternate with debauches.

Certainly, there could not be a more oppressively sad history than that of Edgar Poe. He died in 1849; but, though he had died a full century earlier, the moral of his wrecked life would still have been freshly significant.

Poe's poems and tales, as well as the sad moral of his history, entitle him, as we shall afterwards see, to particular notice in this country. And that notice they are beginning to receive; for, within the last few months, various London editions of his works have appeared in a form for extensive circulation. Mr. Hannay's biographical and critical Memoir, prefixed to the collected poetry, is able, but written in an affected style. It is a composition ludicrously after the model

of Carlyle's "Life of John Sterling," and imitates not only Carlyle's quaintness, suppressed humor and suppressed pathos, (Carlyle always laughs and weeps *with his mouth closely shut*, so that the explosion either of sorrow or of fun comes chiefly from the nose,) but also Carlyle's habit of giving nicknames to his hero's acquaintances: for we have, from Mr. Hannay, "*M'Fungus* concocting philosophical histories," and "*Mincio Allan*." A sensible man like Mr. Hannay affecting eccentricity is ridiculous; and when, as in his case at present, it is in the character of a *mourner*, is worse than ridiculous. Mr. Hannay attempts Carlyle's manner of genial and rapid narrative and comment. "Poe went off to the Mediterranean, to free the Greeks from the Turkish yoke. *We rarely hear of a more heroic project!* [Intensely Carlylish.] He never reached the scene of war, (*which was doubtless a great loss to the Greeks!*) [Ditto.] But he turned up—whence or how, no man knows—in St. Petersburg."

A much more serious fault, however, than such petty affectation, is the biographer's jaunty manner in dealing with Poe's vices. The demerit of most of these is held to be more than balanced by this and that beautiful stanza. The only severity or indignation expressed is against those who have censured Poe's vicious career. They are called "dogs" and "pious scribblers." It is edifying to see a *scamp*, because he was a man of genius, more than forgiven, and the vials of wrath emptied upon those who have, both with great charity and moderation, spoken the truth about his morals! What a pity that all criminals, now consigned by history to infamy, had not been able to make poetry! Of course, since Poe, as an almost lifelong sot and rake, (for he plunged into vice ere he was in his teens,) is so gently treated—his flagitious overtures to his benefactor's young wife; his brutal attempt at frightening a lady from asking back money which she had kindly lent him in his need, by declaring that he would publish an infamous correspondence with which she was connected, that correspondence only existing in Poe's own wicked imagination; his humble retraction and his plea for mercy, on the ground of "not being in his mind," as soon as an avenger of the lady arose, in the shape of an indignant brother; his unmanly method of breaking off marriage, by *intentionally* making himself drunk, and going, on the bridal eve, to the bride's house, where he behaved so outrageously, that he had to be dragged to the door by the police; all these and many other dis-

honorable tricks are unmentioned by Mr. Hannay, probably because, on calculation, he found that they were more numerous than Poe's verses, and because the public conscience is not yet prepared to sanction any lower rate of compounding than *one line of poetry for one sin*,—many, many palliations and excuses may be found for Burns and Byron; but an apology for Poe has no footing, for not a single redeeming excellence of heart can be adduced, and the only light falling upon the dense and uniform shades of his character streams forth from his genius. Not the most fitful gleam of chivalry, generosity, or gratitude breaks out to relieve the darkness of this strange moral image. A total stranger to repentance he appears to have been: his gloomy moods were only *intellectual*, and had the same unethical character as his headaches after a debauch. The *raven*, in his remarkable poem with that title, sitting upon "the *bust of Pallas*," was a full and fit emblem of the dreariness which rested upon his intellectual nature. It was not the vulture tearing at his heart. Sin gave a weird darkness to his views and conceptions, but had no recoil into anguish of feeling or into penitence, even the most momentary. He could have taken the brand of Cain on his brow, and Cain's punishment would not have been too heavy for him to bear; that punishment never pressing at all upon his heart. His own manifold vices appear to have been regarded by him in quite an impersonal aspect, and for the sake, too, of æsthetics.

Nothing but genius, then, can be alleged in bar of trial or in mitigation of the sentence against Poe; and honest public opinion will say that *genius* has incomparably weaker claims than *insanity*. It is because they appreciate genius as well as virtue, that all right-thinking men will agree in interdicting genius from standing, as a substitute, in the place of virtue. Poe's vice is amenable to the same law as the clodpole's; and if genius were to procure a relaxation, it would be a suicidal act both to the law and to genius.

Edgar Allan Poe was born in Baltimore in the year 1811. His father was of good family, but, while a law student, had fallen in love with a pretty actress from England, whom he married, and with whom he (quitting former dry studies) went upon the stage. In a few years both died, leaving three children, of whom Edgar was the eldest, in utter destitution, and, probably, with no moral training but what was picked up from the "boards"—no very good picture-book for

children! But Edgar's singular beauty, vivacity, and precocious wit (he was then only six years of age) procured him a fast friend. Mercantile men have generally some soft place in their heart, some rare and genial nook, unsuspected by the world for a flower either natural or human; and a rich merchant, of the name of Allan, who had no children of his own, adopted the orphan, and meant that in due time he should be the heir of his large estate. The boy accompanied his protector to England, where he was sent to a public school at Stoke Newington, presided over by the Rev. Dr. Bransby. Through life, Poe's school-period recollections and associations were most vivid; and, in one of his tales, he supplies them as the green and tender foliage of a wood accursed by crime. The "misty-looking village" (how fine an epithet for the dim golden locality of early boyhood!)—the huge Elizabethan house, with its endless windings and incomprehensible subdivisions into rooms and closets, as bedchambers for the pupils—the large school-room, with its oak ceiling, pointed Gothic windows, and the various "terror-inspiring angles" allotted to the Principal and his assistants—the morning's awakening, and the night's summons to bed—the connings and recitations—the sports, tricks, and battles of the play-ground—and the periodical half-holidays, were all preserved fresh in his memory. Some of the boy's impressions are peculiar to Poe's idiosyncrasy of genius, such as the following:—"Of the church, the Principal of our school was the pastor. With how deep a spirit of wonder and perplexity was I wont to regard him from our remote pew in the gallery, as with step solemn and slow he ascended the pulpit! This reverend man, with countenance so demurely benign, with robes so glossay and so clerically flowing, with wig so minutely powdered, so rigid and so vast—could this be he who, of late, with sour visage, and in snuffy habiliments, administered, ferule in hand, the Draconian laws of the academy? Oh, gigantic paradox, too utterly monstrous for solution!"

After remaining in this academy for about five years, he returned in 1822 to the United States, and entered the University at Charlottesville, where, among the reckless and the rakish, this mere boy was the wildest of them all, and had the "bad eminence" in all kinds of profligacy. At an age, too, which only values money as an exchange for fine clothes, sweetmeats, and toys, he was given to gambling. Still, in the midst of all this dissoluteness, such were his powers, that he kept in the

first ranks of scholarship, and also distinguished himself as a sword-fencer and swimmer. His excess in the vices aforementioned procured his expulsion from the university. This he would have borne stoically; but the youth was not prepared for the coincident "persecution," as he indignantly reckoned it. The drafts on Mr. Allan, with which he had met his losses in gambling, were dishonored by that gentleman, who, in maintaining him liberally, had done all that even a fond and rich parent would have thought it his duty to do; and Poe, full of resentment, instead of remorse, resolved never again to see the face of his benefactor, but quitted him and the country where such parsimony could be perpetrated and tolerated, to throw himself into the Greek struggle against the Turks! It is not the first or the only time that a flagrant violator or neglecter of all his immediate personal obligations sets himself to do justice to a country, give liberty to an enslaved people, or set the whole mad world right. The ludicrousness of a naughty boy aspiring, either as a vindication of, or an atonement for, his vices, to be the saviour of unhappy Greece, is obvious enough; but, really, we are disposed to laugh quite as much at the spectacle of some full-grown sinners attempting to be philanthropists, and coming out strongly in the line of charity to mankind. Poe appears to have been somehow arrested in the execution of his grand project: THE BOTTLE, wider and more difficult far for him to pass than any sea, lay, probably, between him and Greece, for he never landed in Greece; but, after the lapse of a year, during which nothing was heard or is now known of him, this "pilgrim child" turned up in St. Petersburg, not as the saviour of Greece, but as himself wanting deliverance from the Russian police, into whose hands a drunken debauch had put him!

Mr. Hannay "likes to think of Poe in the Mediterranean, with his passionate love of the beautiful, in the years of April blood, in a climate which has the perpetual luxury of a bath; he must have had all his perceptions of the lovely intensified wonderfully." It may, however, be suspected that, in that one unrecorded year, Poe's "passionate love" of the *intoxicating drug* was not unindulged, and that a less pure "luxury" than that of the fine climate surrounded his senses. We confess that, whether we "like" or no, we are led to "think of Poe" as in many a tavern, especially when the sequel is mean and disgraceful captivity in St. Petersburg. By the

American minister's intervention he was set at liberty, and returned to the United States.

The good Mr. Allan forgave the young offender, and, willing to make every judicious exertion in his behalf, secured his appointment as cadet at the Military Academy, West Point. But, in the course of ten months, Poe was cashiered for neglect of duties and disobedience of orders, occasioned by his intemperate habits. Mr. Allan and his wife (a young lady, then recently married) received him with pardon and friendship; but soon the doors of this kind and indulgent home were closed against him. The unprincipled young man had made dishonorable proposals to Mrs. Allan; and the benefactor would have been either more or less than human, if, after this, he had continued his generous protection to Poe. Mr. Allan never saw the youth again; and at the death of the former in 1834, the latter did not receive a single dollar of the property, which very justly was bequeathed to Mr. Allan's own children.

What strikes us painfully at this, and at all the subsequent stages of Poe's wild career, is the absence of shame, the hardened *nonchalance*, when meeting the eyes of those whom he had wronged, or before whom he had been degraded. He knew not that he was, or had been, naked. He blushed not either at the sun or at the human face, most likely to reproach him.

At this time, in 1827, (when he was only 16 years of age,) he published a volume of poetry, marked by wonderful precocity of genius. Though, of course, much inferior to his later compositions, the volume has all his characteristics in the bud; most musically flowing language, here and there condensed into a majestic roll of words, such as in the three following lines:

"Thy naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome"—

a strange union of dreamy with sculptural ideas and descriptions, seldom exhibited unless in the juvenile poetry of Keats and Tennyson; communings with nature, as face with face and heart with heart; and a total absence of spiritual aspirations and speculations. Not the least noteworthy peculiarity is the maiden-like purity of the young rake's poetry—a peculiarity which, we believe, is only to be explained by his want of humor.

He began contributions to periodicals, but

they gained him little notice, and less remuneration. He threw down the pen, and girded on the sword as a private soldier. Like Coleridge in similar circumstances, who was discovered, he was recognized by some officers of the Military Academy, who strove to procure him a commission in the army; but he deserted! His next appearance was as competitor for two prizes which had been offered by a magazine proprietor for the best poem and the best tale. Poe's manuscripts happened to be the first taken up by the judges, who were so much struck with their merit, and, especially, with their *very fine and legible penmanship*, that without ever looking into the compositions of his rivals, they awarded the honor to him, as "the first of geniuses who had written legibly." One is disposed to think that the jury must have consisted of printers, whose predilections for easy "copy" were natural; but we are told that one of them was Mr. Kennedy, an eminent literary man and lawyer, who, in his first interview with the author, took a strong liking for him, and had the rags with which Poe at the time was clothed displaced by gentlemanly apparel. Through the kindness of this and other new friends, he was appointed editor of a magazine published at Richmond, Virginia—a responsible situation, certainly, for a youth who lacked all power of self-control. Yet then, as still, *talent*, though working without a high motive or a definite purpose, was the chief recommendation for the management of a periodical, provided only that talent could exert itself continuously enough to throw off a certain quantity of composition. The press will yet be wielded by men of other and nobler qualifications; Poe, however, was not sufficiently steady; his dissipation ran over the whole month, and did not leave even a day or two for hard work at his duties. Neither employer nor readers could bear such editorial neglect, and he was dismissed. Poe sought a reconciliation, and obtained it, along with full forgiveness and much important advice. His lapses continued to be numerous; but, as if to steady himself, and to get provided with a better conscience and a holier will than his own, he married his gentle and beautiful cousin, Virginia Clemm. She was his guardian angel, though in vain; still, in spite of errors which would have alienated most women, and which she was powerless to check, she watched over him with unremitting care and bridal love. Not less angelic towards him was her mother, who might have been expected bit-

terly to upbraid and resent the sorrow, neglect, and often extreme poverty, with which Poe surrounded her lovely daughter. A more noble and tender mother-in-law never existed. A deeply quiet and delightful home Poe had; its soft love, ready help, and silent order, were never disturbed or interrupted by his shameful errors, though, had he possessed genuine manhood, they would have been around him, to refresh and soothe him in his literary labors. Seldom, if ever, had a literary man such auxiliaries—certainly NEVER, if he deserved them so little, and abused them so much—as Poe!

In the beginning of 1837, his irregularities could no longer be endured by the proprietor of the magazine. He removed to Baltimore, next to Philadelphia, then to New York; but, in the close of the following year, settled in Philadelphia, with the "precarious" prospects of a contributor to newspapers and periodical literature. Why "precarious?" He had a pen which could have commanded more than daily bread—could soon, indeed, have made a small fortune. The precariousness lay in the moral character of the man, and not in the literary profession. After a short time, he became editor of a Philadelphia magazine, which he adorned by several tales, written with wondrous power of description and analysis. He now appears to have made efforts to escape from sensualism, and boasted to some friends that he had broken through "the seductive and dangerous besetment," and was "a model of temperance and other virtues." But then, as both before and after, reformation was very temporary; his vices had only been hushed asleep, to awake with new strength and mastery; he was soon more than ever their slave, and became, we are told, "regardless of everything but a morbid and insatiable appetite for the means of intoxication." His kind employer, a Mr. Burton, forgave many cases of neglect, provoking to him, and hurtful to the periodical; but a separation came at last, and the facts about it are millstones around Poe's neck, sinking him into a kind of infamy which no great poet or eminent literary man, however erring, ever approached. Burton had occasion to go out of town, and left Poe with the material and directions for completing in four days the forthcoming number of the magazine. On his return, after a fortnight, he found that Poe had not sent a line of the provided copy, or, indeed, of any copy, to the printers; and more, that Poe had drawn up the prospectus of a new magazine, and

had procured from the account-books the names of all Burton's subscribers, with the dishonorable aim of supplanting him. Burton encountered Poe in a tavern, and said, "Mr. Poe, I am astonished; give me my manuscripts, so that I can attend to the duties you have so shamefully neglected, and, when you are sober, we will settle." "Who are you," replied the unblushing Poe, "that presume to address me in this manner? Burton, I am — the editor — of the 'Penn Magazine' — and you are — (hiccup) — a fool!"

With another magazine in Philadelphia he soon found a connection; and in it some of his most brilliant tales—those formed on minute methods of unravelling apparently mysterious facts, circumstances, and figures even—appeared. His old habits, however, led to a quarrel with his new employer; and after making vain attempts to originate a periodical of his own, he removed from Philadelphia. In the autumn of 1844, he went to New York, where his genius opened up for him the best circles of society, and where he produced his most remarkable poem, "The Raven." There, too, his vice was as conspicuous as his genius, and there took place the incident to which we have already referred, and which we shall not more particularly detail, of his borrowing money from a distinguished literary lady, and of his infamous threat when the lady reminded him of his obligation. In 1846, his dissipation had brought him to extreme destitution, and his wife was dying. So prostrate were the energies both of his genius and of his manhood under his vices, that, at this time, but for his mother-in-law, the household would have been left to starve. The well-known N. P. Willis narrates as follows:—

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady, who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with a complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, and her appealing, yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son, disclosed the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. Winter after winter for years, the most touching sight to us in this whole city has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly clad, going from office to office with a poem or literary article to sell, sometimes simply pleading that he was ill,

and begging for him, mentioning nothing but that he was ill, whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing. Her daughter died, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel, living with him, caring for him, guarding him against exposure; and when he was carried away by temptation, and awoke from his self-abandonment, prostrated in destitution and suffering, she was *begging* for him still.

The New York journals plead hard with the public for charity to Poe and his family, and contributions were made; too late, however, for the comfort of the dying wife. Ere the relief came she was no more. Poe celebrated her virtues and her life of love for him in his beautiful poem of "Annabel Lee." Yet the elegy has no note of remorse, and he communes with her spirit as if he had been to her what she was to him. So strange was his moral and mental constitution, that his numberless frailties and errors do not appear to have shattered or obscured, much less displaced, the *ideal* of her in his soul.

For the moon never beams, without bringing me
dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright
eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling—my life and my
bride,

In the sepulchre there by the sea—

In her tomb by the sounding sea.

In 1848, he lectured at New York on the Cosmogony of the Universe. The lecture was published, and he himself regarded it as his greatest production. About this time he was engaged to one of the most brilliant women of New England. The marriage, however, was broken off by his outrageous behavior on the marriage-eve — behavior, too, which he meant to produce such an effect; he having purposely taken drink to make himself a brute in the eyes of his bride and her friends. His last recollection of that evening was, not the bride's kiss, but the clutching of the police, as they dragged him from the house. As if to blot out the memory of this insane and brutal scene, he plunged into every excess. He went to Philadelphia, where he had a number of depraved associates, and with these he sounded the depths of debauchery. Alms furnished him the means of forwarding himself to Richmond, where he joined (somewhat too late in his career) a temperance society. He renewed a former acquaintance with a lady,

was engaged to marry her, and indulged himself and his friends in anticipating a happy life amid the scenes of his early days. He set out for New York on Thursday, the 4th of October, 1849, to prepare for his marriage. Reaching Baltimore, he committed his trunk to a porter to be conveyed to the cars, which were to start in an hour or two for Philadelphia, and walked to a tavern for some refreshment. Fatal place! He, more than his trunk, needed a porter to take him by sheer force to the cars for Philadelphia. In the tavern he met with old acquaintances, who soon prevailed on him to drink; beastly intoxication followed, and brought on a dangerous illness. Next morning he was removed to an hospital, where, on the evening of Sunday, the 7th October, 1849, he died, at the early age of 38. Intemperance directly brought a dishonorable death to the existence which it had made mean.

Could any invention heighten the dark tragedy which we have thus rapidly sketched? Not the least mournful feature of it is, that Poe should have been morally unconscious of the guilt treading on before the fate; and that, in his life, he should have suffered, for erring, nearly as *passively* as in death. After any deed of shame, he looked as ignorant of, or indifferent about it, as did his cold and expressionless corpse in relation to the manifold and accumulated errors which led to, and were ended by, death. Wordsworth could not say of him as he said of the "marvellous boy," poor Chatterton, with whom Poe has often loosely been compared: "If he had not been the unquestionable genius he was, the brotherhood of poets would yet owe him a debt of gratitude for having exhibited to the world a bright and beautiful example of the ideal creator, knowing no desire which genius did not hallow, and possessed of a heart which kept pure the holy forms of young imagination. His temperance should be imitated by all, and his abstinence was surpassed by none." Poe, on the contrary, was a life-long debauchee, and stands forth the preëminent example of genius debasingly allied with immorality in all its forms; an example, fortunately, repulsive in the highest degree. Dr. Arnold somewhere remarks, that big schoolboys in the playground were to him a most melancholy spectacle, *as exhibiting so much vice, and so little misery along with it*. The observation has a thousand-fold greater pertinency in the case of Poe, whose only *felt* punishment for his bad career was an occasional want of food and clothing. His conscience was mere sensation, and its

pangs of remorse were hunger and cold. He is known to have been finely æsthetical in his ideas of furniture and dress; and we may suppose that he was sometimes grieved when his intemperate habits forbade the necessary luxury to his house and person. Poe was a mystery, too, even apart from the absence of a moral nature in him: for here was a man who had an ethereal genius, which dwelt in one of the very finest of physical constitutions, with senses revelling in the splendor and grace of nature and art; and yet he was a sor! Longfellow's "Excelsior" was not the motto of Poe's life, and he sank, not only defeated, but dishonored, into an early grave.

Did we not know how often *scamps*, if fine-looking, though not remarkably gifted, have a strange power of attracting friendship, and of keeping it long after it was naturally forfeited, we should have concluded, from the sympathy which Poe awakened in all who met him, and the constancy of attachment to him remaining in not a few, sorely tried by his coldness and treachery, worse even than his profligacy, that he must have possessed some noble redeeming qualities of heart. It is an undoubted fact that his wife and her mother clung to him in his most brutalized moods, and that not a few whom he had either wronged or shamed, forgave and loved him to the last. Such a fact, however, does not, as experience testifies, infallibly prove that there was genuine manly worth about him, in spite of his cloud of errors; and, alas! there is no other evidence of inherent, though sadly mixed and neutralized worth, than that solitary fact of doubtful meaning and value! Poe's *conduct* was bad, but *conduct* is often a mere mask; Poe's *character* was no better, but *character* is often a mere face; alas! his *nature*, to those who had opportunities of reading and studying it, was no better, and *nature* is neither a face nor a mask. Poe, as man, will ever be the monster-scandal of the literary profession.

It is time to turn from Poe's life to his writings. We take no notice of his critical essays, for these, though able in execution, are in spirit envious, malignant, and savage. He could not spare his brother authors, and, without any regard to merit, he treated their books in the most trenchant style, pretending to his friends that he did it merely to produce a "sensation" among readers who "loved havoc rather than justice," and that indiscriminate severity was "successful with the mob."

Poe has produced what makes but a slender volume of verse; and in it there is not one

large poem, if we except some scenes of a drama, a juvenile and extremely prosaic performance. His pieces are of the length of songs, and, being of pure poetry, are all the more precious that they are cut and polished into symmetry, and not heaped, joined, and cemented, for the sake of size. They have no junctures, transitions, or episodes. Poe's poetry, however, though perfect after its kind, is neither varied nor of a wide compass. Not only are the pieces few and brief, but they are full of self-repeating thoughts and melodies, and might all have been produced in one mood of mind. They are characterized by a passion for the Beautiful as seen or as remembered, yet the Beautiful as within or near shadows, such as those of night, of distance, or of death. In them all, woman is idealized into one form of beauty, with no other history than that she is loved, whether dead or alive; and loved by the poet, who calls down the soft moonlight to blend itself with her smiles, or the deepest shadows to mix with the darkness of her grave and the dreariness of his own solitude. His rapture and his grief are the rapture and grief of a dream, more profound though less pungent than those of a reality. In "The Raven," (a master-piece for its elaborate evolution of one idea, and for the entireness and finity of its impression upon the reader, as well as for the perfect music to which the shadowy idea arises, and with which the spell is wrought,) the poet's hopeless sorrow for the "lost Lenore" finds expression in a fictitious form, which is not so much the work of imagination as it is a dream. At midnight, in the month of December, whilst getting drowsy over books of "curious and forgotten lore," which he had taken up to banish or beguile grief for an interval, he hears a gentle "tapping" at the door. He finds no one there; but as the tapping is renewed, he opens the lattice, when

In there stepp'd a stately raven,
Of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he:
Not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady,
Perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

"Tis not the ghost of Lenore, but a raven with an ominous answer of "NEVERMORE," confirmed by silence and a fixed look, to all the poet's hopes of somewhere meeting with Lenore. His horror was deep and calm as that of a dream; and neither did the dark

visitor take away his thoughts from Lenore, nor make him forgetful of the cushion which she had once pressed, but would press again nevermore!

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now
Burned into my bosom's core:
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining,
That the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining,
With the lamp-light gloating o'er,
SHE shall press, ah, nevermore!

How full of the peculiar feeling of *never-ending* grief given by a dream is the closing stanza:

And the Raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas,
Just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Yet in this, as in all his poems, Poe is unconscious of, and has no aspirations for, the spiritual world above and before humanity. The raven comes from no "ark" of faith. Like Keats, Poe, though ethereal, is altogether unspiritual. None but earthly dreams are around him. Life and death, from themselves, cast shadows with which his imagination may dally; but nothing from beyond. Poe's poetry, then, dealing, as it exclusively does, neither with the spiritual world nor with the actual present human world, but with earthy abstractions symbolic of one or two modes of love and grief, cannot be defined unless in larger compass than we have here; and, in place of dissertation, we give a specimen—his poem called "The Haunted Palace," in which Poe describes his own ruined mind:

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion
It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners—yellow, glorious, golden—
On its roof did float and flow;

(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago :)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where, sitting
(Porphyrogene !)
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came, flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate,
(Ah ! let us mourn ! for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate ;)
And round about his home the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody ;
While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever,
And laugh, but smile no more.

Each of Poe's numerous tales is a poem, in its artistic evolution of one idea, and in its unity of thrilling effect. They are unrivalled

for the power of searching analysis applied to character, to mental moods and manias, to circumstantial evidence, and even to cipher. So confident, indeed, was Poe in his remarkable development of this faculty, that he undertook to read character from handwriting, and to unriddle, by ratiocination, all possible ciphers ; and did actually devote much time to such pursuits. Of course, in his tales he had the invention of the facts and figures to be explained by him, and had written the invisible words which he was to make legible. Still, nothing but the most wonderful analysis could have sufficed for the invention ; and one feels as if human calculation and sagacity could go no farther. Along with such analytical power, there is a spell, either of horror or of awe, about the secret to be found ; and you shudder as the clue is put into your hands.

A critic who had Poe's searching qualities would take special interest in the investigation, how far Poe's unfortunate habits tended to the conception and execution of such tales. During the inactive but dreaming hours preceding the helplessness of intoxication, and during the nervous and gloomy, but equally inactive hours after recovery from the fit, how would Poe's genius be engaged, and what the ideas which he thought of embodying ? Nor would it be unimportant to inquire how far these hours tended to give keenness to the edge of his analysis. We have often noticed that, in the case of some intellects, intermittent dissipation takes away breadth, but *sharpens* at the same time—like the oil and the grinding-stone, diminishing yet sharpening the steel. Several persons of Poe's bad habits take a microscopic view of things, and handle *bits* of these with astonishing anatomy.

From the Biographical Magazine.

ROBERT HALL.

THE REV. ROBERT HALL was born at the village of Arnsby, near Leicester, on the second of May, 1764. His father, bearing the same name, was a minister among the Baptists, (what he himself afterwards became,) and is represented as a man of good ability and earnest religion.

In early childhood Robert gave no particular indications of what he was to be. At two years of age he could neither walk nor speak. He was of a delicate frame, and seemed to be of slow perception. His nurse succeeded in teaching him the alphabet on the village grave-stones, and the first words

he uttered were those of the inscriptions, which both she and he delighted then to ponder. No sooner, however, did he attain the power of speech than his mental activity was in a high degree awakened, and the ardor and quickness which so distinguished him in after-life became predominant. As soon as he could speak he became a *talker*, and as soon as he became, to a certain degree, possessed of the signs of thought in language, he became a steady and rapid thinker. This seems to be much to say of a child; but in Robert Hall, if we may believe his biographers, — and of their veracity we have no question, — this was, to a very unusual extent, realized.

Being one, and the youngest, of fourteen children, his father was compelled to seek for him an economical education. In those days dame-schools were abundant, and into one of these young Robert was introduced. Thus has Dame *Scotton's* name been embalmed for immortality. A similar fortune has happened to Mrs. *Lyley*, a teacher of the young idea in the same village of Arnsby, who subsequently became his instructress.

At this time, while under six years of age, his unconstrained application to reading and solitary thought was remarkable. The graveyard, where he first learned to say his letters, spell, and speak, continued to be his favorite study. Hither, with pinafore stuffed with books, and with grave and moody countenance, the future intellectual Hercules would frequently retire from the din of his numerous tenant house; and there would he remain until the shades of night or the unscrupulous nurse would compel him to return.

At six he was sent to a school, a little distance in the country, conducted by a Mr. Simmons. Here his intellectual vigor and power of attainment became so great, that by the time he had completed his eleventh year his master ceded his superiority, and frankly confessed his total inability any longer to keep pace with his pupil. While at this school his favorite books were of a very extraordinary class. Before he was nine years old he had "perused and reperused with intense interest" the treatises of Jonathan Edwards on the "Affections" and on the "Will," and had carefully read Bishop Butler's "Analogy." It is not necessary to suppose that works like these, which are the productions of the mightiest and most matured minds, and which have supplied the acutest and profoundest metaphysical students with materials of inquiry and points hard of solution, were examined with much discrimina-

tion, much less mastered by our youthful divine; it is sufficiently extraordinary that he should at this age have attained to such a power and scope of mental action as to be capable of perusing, and that with "intense interest," and without any apparent encouragement, works so ponderous and involved. "The child is father to the man." Robert Hall, the child-student at Wigstone, was the faithful antecedent in taste and general bent of intellectual activity of Robert Hall, the friend and equal of Mackintosh, the first preacher of his age, and of whom John Foster said that "his like or equal would come no more."

Before he was ten years of age this little inquirer had become a rather prolific writer. The knowledge he so rapidly acquired was carefully elaborated, systematized, and thrown forth in the form of essays and sermons, which the young preacher thought good enough to be listened to by his frequently congregated brothers and sisters. About this time he and his brother had a solemn conference on the subject of the "division of the inheritance." Anticipating that their good father would some time or other die, Robert was anxious that there should be no misunderstanding between him and his brother about the "portion," and proposed that John "should have the cows, sheep, and pigs, and leave for him the nooks." It would seem that in his ardor to have a claim upon the books, he forgot the poor sister, to whom no portion was allotted.

His precocity was equally remarkable in the talent he evinced for public speaking. Soon after leaving the above school, and when his father was about taking steps towards his introduction into a theological academy, he paid a visit to a friend at Kettering. This gentleman was so struck with his power of address, that he prevailed on him on several occasions to deliver a kind of sermon to a select company, convened for the purpose, at his house. These, with the exception of the homilies he addressed to his brother and sisters, or fellow-scholars, which were not of rare occurrence, were his first efforts at public speaking. Of the wisdom of encouraging one so young to take a position so prominent, he himself after the lapse of many years said, "Mr. W—— was one whom everybody loved. He belonged to a family in which probity, candor, and benevolence constituted the general likeness. But conceive, Sir, if you can, the egregious impropriety of setting a boy of eleven to preach to a company of grave gentlemen, full half of

whom wore wigs. I never call the circumstance to mind but with grief at the vanity it inspired; nor, when I think of such mistakes of good men, am I inclined to question the correctness of Baxter's language, strong as it is, where he says, 'Nor should men turn preachers as the river Nilus breeds frogs, (saith Herodotus,) when one half moveth before the other is made, and which is yet but plain mud.'"

For a year and a half Robert was placed under the care of the Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, a distinguished preacher and careful trainer of youth. Here he made great progress in Latin and Greek, and the principles and practice of elegant composition. At fifteen he entered the Academy at Bristol, and had there as his tutors the Rev. Hugh Evans, Dr. Caleb Evans, and Rev. James Newton. Of his enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge at this place, and the progress he made, it is needless here to speak. He wrought diligently and rose rapidly. He bent all his energies to his improvement, aiming, above all things, at excellence and distinction as an intellectual thinker, writer, and preacher. He is represented by his able biographer, Dr. Gregory, as having probably "set too high an estimate on merely intellectual attainments, and valued himself, not more, perhaps, than was natural to youth, yet too much, on the extent of his mental possessions." These said possessions, however, it strikes us, are things "too much valued" but very seldom. A high appreciation of them is ever essential to that energy and patience of pursuit that will issue in making them one's own; and they are too precious an ingredient amid the complex lumber made the objects of human pursuit, and too rarely sought after, to merit any slighting remark of ours on any who are their lovers. Robert Hall may have underrated other attributes of the preacher, but that he overrated intellectual culture and endowment, we venture to question. Dr. Gregory may have been an erring judge. At the same time we must admit that young Hall's heart was not quite free from an admixture of pride—pride which, perhaps, went beyond the limits of the warranted. An incident occurs which in an hour of anguish extorts from him a confession to that effect. He was appointed, according to the College rules, to preach at Broadmead Chapel vestry, before the tutors and others. After proceeding for a time with facility, and much to the delight of the auditory, he "suddenly paused," covered his face with his hands,

exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish if once he acquired self-possession. He was therefore appointed to speak again, on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on retiring to his room exclaimed, "If this does not humble me, the Devil *must* have me."

After being an alumnus at Bristol three years, in 1781 he proceeded, as a student on "Dr. Ward's foundation," to King's College, Aberdeen, where he continued till 1785, when he graduated Master of Arts. To a plant so vigorous Aberdeen proved a kind and productive soil. Not only in having able professors was he fortunate, but in the companionship and friendship of one whose mind was of kindred texture, and whose name became afterwards perhaps even more celebrated than his own. This was Sir James Mackintosh, the eminent jurist, mental philosopher, and historian. At once these young men felt a strong sympathy for each other. They were of the respective ages of seventeen and eighteen, Mackintosh being the elder. Though in many things dissimilar, they had so many points of contact, and an attraction so powerful in literary taste, that they were ever in each other's company, and polishing each other's mind by the attrition of argument and interchange of idea. They read together, sat together at lecture, and took their walks together. Their tastes in the departments of morals and metaphysics were identical. They maintained incessant discussions, without ever disturbing their mutual attachment. Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher," Butler's "Analogy," "Edwards on the Will," were analyzed point by point, and debated with the utmost warmth and energy. "From these discussions, and from reflection upon them, Sir James learnt more as to principles (so he assured Dr. Gregory) than from all the books he ever read." Classics were not neglected. The brother-students read much in Greek—Xenophon and Herodotus being the favorites in history, and Plato in philosophy. From this their habit, which was well known in the University, it was not uncommon for their fellow-students to point at them as they walked out in company, and say, "*There go Plato and Herodotus.*" Their

admiration of each other was cordial and unfaltering—all the more genuine and impregnable for the many stiff contests in argument which it had survived. Sir James never failed, in after-life, to bear the highest testimony to the unrivalled excellences of his friend, and Mr. Hall always maintained that Mackintosh, of all the men of modern times, possessed the intellect which most resembled that of Bacon. Twenty years after this, when the powerful mind of Hall had undergone a temporary eclipse, his friend, then the Recorder of Bombay, hearing of his affliction, wrote to him a characteristic and very beautiful letter, from which our space will admit of only a few extracts:—

BOMBAY, Sept. 21, 1805.

MY DEAR HALL—I believe that, in the hurry of leaving England, I did not answer the letter which you wrote to me in December, 1803. I did not, however, forget your interesting young friend, from whom I have had one letter, from Constantinople, and to whom I have twice written at Cairo, where he now is. No request of *yours* could, indeed, be lightly esteemed by me.

It happened to me a few days ago, in drawing up (merely for my own use) a short sketch of my life, that I had occasion to give a faithful statement of my recollection of the circumstances of my first acquaintance with you. On the most impartial survey of my early life, I could see nothing which tended so much to excite and invigorate my understanding, and to direct it towards high, though, perhaps, scarcely accessible objects, as my intimacy with you. Five-and-twenty years are now past since we first met, yet hardly any thing has occurred since which has left a deeper or more agreeable impression on my mind. I now remember the extraordinary union of bright fancy with acute intellect, which would have excited more admiration than it has done, if it had been dedicated to the amusement of the great and the learned, instead of being consecrated to the far more noble office of consoling, instructing, and reforming the poor and the forgotten.

It was then too early for me to discover that extreme purity which, in a mind preoccupied with the low realities of life, would have been no natural companion of so much activity and ardor, but which thoroughly detached you [alluding to Mr. Hall's mental aberration] from the world, and made you an inhabitant of regions where alone it is possible to be always active without impurity, and where the ardor of your sensibility had unbounded scope amidst the inexhaustible combinations of beauty and excellence.

It is not given to us to preserve an exact medium. Nothing is so difficult as to decide how much ideal models ought to be combined with experience; how much of the future should be let in to the present, in the progress of the human mind. To ennoble and purify, without raising above the sphere of our usefulness; to qualify us for what we ought to seek, without unfitting us for that to

which we must submit; are great and difficult problems, which can be but imperfectly solved.

It is certain the child may be too manly, not only for his present enjoyments, but for his future prospects. Perhaps, my good friend, you have fallen into this error of superior natures. From this error has, I think, arisen that calamity with which it has pleased Providence to visit you; which, to a mind less fortified by reason and religion, I should not dare to mention, but which I really consider in you as little more than the indignant struggles of a pure mind with the low realities which surround it—the fervent aspirations after regions more congenial to it—and a momentary blindness, produced by the fixed contemplation of objects too bright for human vision. I may say, in this case, in a far grander sense than in which the words were originally spoken by our great poet,

—and yet

The light which led astray was light from heaven.

On your return to us, you must surely have found consolation in the only terrestrial produce which is pure and truly exquisite—in the affections and attachments you have inspired, which you were most worthy to inspire, and which no human pollution can rob of their heavenly nature. If I were to prosecute the reflections and indulge the feelings which at this moment fill my mind, I should soon venture to doubt whether, for a calamity derived from such a source, and attended with such consolations, I should so far yield to the views and opinions of men as to seek to console with you. But I check myself, and exhort you, my most worthy friend, to check your best propensities, for the sake of attaining their object. You cannot live for men, without living *with* them. Serve God, then, by the active service of men. Contemplate more the good you *can* do, than the evil you can only lament.

Let me hear from you soon and often. Farewell, my dear friend. Yours ever, most faithfully,
JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Long before Hall's studies had terminated at Aberdeen, he was invited to become assistant minister with Dr. Caleb Evans, over the Baptist church, Broadmead, Bristol. He accepted their call, on condition that he should still pursue his studies during the college session. This time, Mackintosh having now quitted the University, he devoted entirely, and with the utmost assiduity, to subjects more immediately congruous with the sacred office he had assumed. The Greek language, Moral Philosophy, Church History, Biblical Criticism, (such as it then was,) and Theology proper, were specially embraced. On his return to Bristol, he had a mind richly furnished, powerful, and intensely active, and capable with facility to marshal all its forces for combined action whenever required. His preaching at once attracted attention. Men

were not long in learning that a great mind and a genial heart poured forth their treasures from that pulpit. From far and near, rich and poor poured in to listen to his eloquence. Although he was at this time only twenty-one years of age, in three months after his settlement he undertook the duties of classical tutor at the academy where formerly he had been a pupil, and these, for more than five years, he discharged with credit and success.

In 1790, Mr. Hall was invited to succeed Mr. Robinson at Cambridge. Robinson's name is well known as that of one who for many years filled the first place amongst Nonconformist evangelical preachers, and who had gradually inclined, and at last entirely conformed, to the form of Unitarian doctrine taught in those days by Dr. Priestley. It has been said that no man in that section of the Church to which Mr. Hall belonged could have been thought of as a fit successor to Mr. Robinson, and that no other congregation in the body could present an adequate field for Mr. Hall's peculiar and distinguished powers. Mr. Robinson had been a daring speculator in theology, and being a man of superior endowments, estimable character, and winning address, he had managed to lead along with him into the fields of free and doubting thought many of those who attended his ministry. These now required a man whose preaching would be quite of a peculiar type. On the other hand, there were many simple and satisfied Christians whose demands were very different. Now Mr. Hall had been accused at Bristol of *looseness of doctrine*. He had been declared a Socinian. He was, too, held to be no Baptist, because he held liberal, "latitudinarian" views on the subject of baptism and strict communion. The co-relation was, as it proved, most opportune. The doubting people of Cambridge hailed with joy their new minister's arrival. "Thinking themselves liberal and unshackled, they could not but congratulate one another that their new pastor, a man of splendid talents, was *almost* as liberal and unshackled as they were." But this apparent harmony in freethinking led to an issue little contemplated. It is said that the *moral* condition of the church, acting upon the genuine heart and acute sensibility of their young minister, led to the adoption of a modified creed. "Their want of devotional seriousness, by the force of contrast, heightened his estimate of the value of true piety; and this produced an augmented earnestness and fidelity, which they first learnt to tolerate and afterwards to

admire." Mr. Hall's ministry at Cambridge embraced a period of fourteen years, during which his popularity and usefulness steadily advanced. The attraction of his genius penetrated beyond the conventional boundaries of sects. University men, from undergraduates to heads of colleges, attended his chapel. Extraordinary events gave occasion for extraordinary displays of his powers. The French Revolution called forth his "Apology for the Freedom of the Press." The excesses, again, of the irreligious democracy which subsequently had such disastrous prevalence in France, and spread itself over England, stirred his mind to write the eloquent and magnificent sermon on "Modern Infidelity." The general thanksgiving which followed on the Peace of Amiens brought forth his "Reflections on War." When that peace was again suddenly broken by Napoleon, Mr. Hall preached at Bristol his sermon on "the Sentiments proper to the present Crisis." Either of these productions would be sufficient to create a wide and lasting reputation.

The excruciating pain in the back, under which he had at intervals labored from very boyhood, about this time increased alarmingly. It embarrassed him in his duties, and preyed alarmingly on his spirits. Unfortunately, his medical adviser urged him to reside at some few miles' distance from Cambridge, and to have recourse to horse exercise. From this arrangement he derived no material benefit, while he was deprived of the refined and stimulating society he enjoyed in the town, as well as of general intercourse with his flock, both of which contributed so much to restore his mental elasticity after the dreadful paroxysms of exhaustive sufferings he endured. He sought for a substitute for these in closer application to study. Twelve hours per day he frequently spent in laborious abstraction.

The consequence of this might well be anticipated. A disordered body and an overwrought mind gave way under the pressure, and for two months mental derangement ensued. Careful and skilful treatment in that succeeded in his restoration. But he had only resumed and pursued his labors about one year when similar causes again led to the same distressing catastrophe. He again speedily recovered, but was now advised to relinquish his charge at Cambridge, and for a time as far as possible retire from preaching and all public excitement. It was about this time that he received the letter from Sir James Mackintosh inserted above.

No more returning to Cambridge, he now sojourned a while in his native neighborhood,

in Leicestershire, revisiting many a familiar spot, and recalling to recollection associations of early life. He saw Arnsby once more, with its graveyard and tombstones. On his father's grave he knelt and prayed. The "books" were now his, and the "cows and pigs his brother's;" but of his childhood's companions and of those who had gathered around the same hearthstone as himself, many, many were now reposing under those clods, and he himself was as one who had risen from the dead—from the shadowy and dismal regions created by the eclipse of the sun of reason. Having employed his mind leisurely for some year or two, partly in preparing critical notes on the New Testament, (which labor he relinquished on discovering that in Macknight's translation he had been anticipated,) and partly in preaching in surrounding villages and towns, he at last settled at Leicester. The congregation at Harvey Lane, when he became its minister, was small and sinking, and greatly inferior, in point of intelligence and respectability, to the people he had left at Cambridge. The splendor of his pulpit performances, however, and his diligence as a pastor, soon produced a change. In the course of his twenty years' ministry at that place, the chapel was twice enlarged, and to the last continued to be well filled. In 1808, he married, a step which contributed very materially to his comfort, regularity of habits, and general cheerfulness, and thus to the preventing a recurrence of his mental affliction. His church regularly increased. The whole county of Leicester felt the influence of his presence. He zealously promoted all the great philanthropic and religious institutions, Bible and Missionary Societies, then in their infancy, met with his ready and powerful aid. Christians of all denominations were embraced in the circle of his charity; and he was claimed as the property, not of a sect, but of the Church and the public at large. Through the press he still continued, although at rarer intervals, to pour forth the mellow fruits of his fertile intellect. A sermon on the "Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes" was much admired. But his discourse on the lamented and premature death of the Princess Charlotte was the most remarkable and powerful thing he wrote while at Leicester. No production of the press on the subject could for a moment be compared to it. A nation was weeping, and genius poured out its strains of panegyric and lamentation in a thousand pulpits; but far in advance of all, in power, grace, dignified and Christian patriotism, purity and

majesty of style, eloquence and wide excursiveness of thought, was the sermon of Robert Hall. In reading it, one marvels at the imperial grandeur of the execution, as the mighty preacher groups together and manages with a master-hand, and with the apparent ease of a child at play, the various momentous considerations which the event was fitted to awaken in a mind capable of comprehensive survey. It is Christian genius weeping and uttering wisdom at the tomb of a virtuous princess. Hall was a Dissenter, in many respects a reformer of the most radical sort; a friend of the people, and no worshipper of tinsel; but he at the same time had a reverence for rank. His strong love of the real, and his generous fellow-feeling, made him a cherisher of his kind without exception: his culture, the loftiness of his ideal, his love of art, his historic associations, his philosophic insight into the structure of society, made him bow to authority and greatness. At Westminster Abbey, at Handel's Commemoration, he "saw the King, George III., stand up in one part of the performance of the Messiah, shedding tears. Nothing, he said, had ever affected him more strongly. 'It seemed like a great act of national assent to the fundamental truth of religion.' " Had George III. been a peasant, it were well to see him weep then, but Hall's affluent imagination invested him with symbolic, representative attributes—he was, to him, weeping for a nation—he saw in him not only the man but the king-man, doing homage to the truth. The same sentiment of reverence for greatness was a main-spring in the production of the sermon on the death of the illustrious Princess Charlotte. She was at once of royal blood and of gentle, humble piety. Her death was the extinction of a nation's hope. Over her grave England was a mourner. The loss, who could idealize?—none but he who could idealize the elevation of her rank, her rare endowments, the influence of her illustrious example, and a nation's fond expectations, now for ever brought to an end! Robert Hall's panegyric and lament were representative; he put in the form of language what a generation felt, but which he only could combine into one, extract the essence of, and put forth in palpable and burning speech.

It was during his residence at Leicester that Mr. Hall took part in the controversy with members of his own denomination on the subject of "Terms of Communion." Mr. Kinghorn was his principal opponent. Mr. Hall made a bold stand against the dogmatic ex-

clusiveness which then very generally prevailed amongst the Baptists, (now rapidly disappearing,) and was known as the principle of "Strict Communion." It was an ill omen for this principle when a mind so capacious and a heart so catholic as Mr. Hall's made their appearance. Strength, critical acumen, historical analysis, power of ridicule, proud scorn of artifice, and quick despatchfulness, successively stood his pages, as he, with equal facility, disposed of the more weighty or the more absurd and futile of the arguments of his antagonists. Nothing is more prominent and beautiful, however, than the generous charity—the enlarged catholicity of spirit—which he everywhere displays. Bigotry vanishes—the petty sectarianism which feeds on ignorance evaporates before the steady light of his large-hearted and bold intelligence. With strong convictions without prejudice, and zeal to defend them without intolerance, he ever appears the honorable and dignified champion, fearless in concession, not less than in advancing to the contest, candid in judgment, and fair in the use of legitimate weapons. To his powerful defence is due, in an unwonted degree, the prevalence of more liberal views on this subject amongst the more intelligent Baptists of modern times.

Mr. Hall's views on the Church of England question were somewhat peculiar for a Baptist. They were frankly and concisely expressed by himself in the following letter, (written to a friend who had occasionally communed with Episcopalians,) about the mid-part of his residence at Leicester. We insert it merely to show how a well-informed and conscientious Dissenter was capable of extending a brother's hand to a Churchman.

March 6, 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND— . . . Perhaps I may not be quite prepared to go with you the full extent of your moderation; though on this I have by no means made up my mind. I admire the spirit with which you are actuated, and esteem you more than ever for the part you have acted. I perfectly agree with you that the *old grounds of dissent* are the true ones, and that our recent apologists have mixed up too much of a political cast in their reasonings on this subject. Though I should deprecate the founding of any *established* Church, in the popular sense of that term, I think it very injudicious to lay that as the corner-stone of dissent. We have much stronger ground in the *specific* corruptions of the Church of England, ground which our pious ancestors occupied, and which may safely defy every attempt of the most powerful and acute minds to subvert. With respect to conformity, I by no means think it involves an abandonment of dissent; and I am inclined to think that, were I in a private station,

(not a minister, I mean,) I should, under certain circumstances, and in certain situations, be disposed to practise it; though nothing would induce me to acknowledge myself a permanent member of the Church of England.

In regard to episcopacy, it appears to me entirely a human, though certainly a very early, invention. It was unknown, I believe, in the apostolic times; with the exception, probably, of the latter part of John's time. But as it was practised in the second and third centuries, I should have no conscientious objection to it. As it subsists *at present* among us, I am sorry to say, I can scarcely conceive a greater abuse. It subverts equally the rights of pastors and of people, and is nothing less than one of the worst relics of the papal hierarchy. Were every thing else what it ought to be in the Established Church, prelacy, as it now subsists, would make me a decided dissenter. . . .

I remain, &c.

After a ministry of more than twenty years at Leicester, he was, in 1825, invited to return to Broadmead, Bristol, the scene of his youthful ministry. He was now in his sixty-second year, and though retaining still the leading characteristics of more immature days, in chasteness of style and sobriety of conception, as well as general aptitude for the governance of men, he was a very different man from the Robert Hall who quitted Aberdeen for Bristol in 1785. His vivacity in conversation and his energy in the pulpit continued unimpaired, notwithstanding the agonies he endured from the unrelenting constitutional complaint already referred to. Still it was noticed that the scope of his conceptions was less expansive, and that his imagination (so Foster says of him when in his sixty-sixth year) had "considerably abated, as compared with his earlier and his meridian pitch." The same great man, perhaps the most discriminating of his admirers, then dejectingly adds—"His friends have now surrendered all hope of his doing any thing more in the way of authorship; they have ceased to remonstrate with him on the subject, but most deeply deplore this lack of service to the Christian cause, when they consider that he might have produced half a dozen or half a score (the more the better) of volumes of sermons, which would have filled a lamentable chasm in that province of our literature, and would have been decidedly considered, in their *combination* of high qualities, the foremost set of sermons in our language."

After a ministry at Bristol of six years, his attacks became more frequent and violent, until at last nature was completely overpowered in a paroxysm of unspeakable agony, and his great and happy spirit departed on February 21, 1831. By post-mortem exa-

mination it was discovered that his life-long sufferings were caused by a large, rough, pointed calculus, by which the kidney on the right side "was entirely filled."

Such is the very imperfect outline we can give of the public life of the Rev. Robert Hall. To analyze his mental character, and give a vivid picture of his *tout ensemble* as an author and a preacher, is next to impossible. A man so distinguished, so imperial, can have his picture nowhere except in the living heart of the generation he served. Foster tried, and confessed his inadequacy. Even his own published works (a large proportion of which, by the way, is from the too scanty notes of other people, taken while he was preaching) are incapable of conveying a true idea of his performances. For forty years he, perhaps, had no rival in England. We naturally ask, Wherein did his power consist? How enchained he the minds of thousands in rapt attention, as if without an effort? Why did the greatest men of the Senate, and the greatest men of the Church and of the Bar draw nigh to the spot where he stood? Wherein lay his power? Not, certainly, in any of the factitious trappings of the mere rhetorician. It was not in graceful action, nor in majesty of mien, nor in power of voice, nor in mastery of its intonations. In all these respects he was rather defective. His action was often cumbersome; he was at the farthest remove from pomp and flourish; and his voice was weak. The power of this great preacher was most assuredly in the *man*, somewhere, not in the accidents. And equally clear is it that it was not in the marked predominance of any one special endowment or acquirement separately, for this was a thing you looked for in vain in Robert Hall. Perhaps we shall be safe if we give it as our opinion, that his power may be accounted for by the fact, that in him all the powers, intellectual and emotional, were so equally balanced and so proportionately elaborated, as to produce a harmony and a momentum in action very rarely displayed. In natural endowment, in variety of attainment, in power of metaphysical analysis, in vigor and range of imagination, and in minute and labored culture, he was equally eminent. And where in all these respects do we find his like? But then we have to add to this another prime fact, viz., the absolute power he exercised over all he was and had. The whole machinery and wealth of his magnificent mind seems ever to be obedient at a nod.

Move in whatever region of thought he may, he is at ease. Whatever subject he

dilates upon, he moulds it at once into appreciable shapes, and makes it stand out clearly and in bold relief. If it be an abstruse problem in metaphysics, he deals with it as familiar; if a hackneyed maxim, his mere touch gives it a novel form and an added beauty. He was doubtless ambitious of high rank as a pulpit orator; but he had no scrambling for the highest seat, nor any strutting when he had reached it. He walked up when invited, and stood at ease, as one in his right place, seeming to think that nothing extraordinary had occurred. Preaching was his element. Study, too, was his delight. Although, unfortunately for after ages, he wrote but little, and that little with reluctance, he thought incessantly and without effort. He was a great reader, without impairing his power of independent thought, and an enthusiast in speculation while intent as a practical worker. Modern times present no instance where so great a man and so free an inquirer bent more practically to the demands of the world, and made himself more entirely available in the circle of his profession. Foster, his admirer and friend of his latter days, was in many things his equal—in some things his superior; but Foster's mind was barred against himself—his thoughts came out of their hiding-places only after a struggle, while Hall's were spontaneous and gushing as the flowing spring. If Foster was more massive, Hall was more excursive and soaring; and while the former had the advantage in point of terseness and strength of style, the latter was incomparably superior in elegance and grandeur, while in finished scholarship and regular philosophical culture, Hall had the field alone to himself.

Like most men of note in scientific theology, Robert Hall had his theoretical difficulties, and his deviations from the straight line of prescriptive teaching. When he returned from Aberdeen, and during his first residence at Bristol, his bold freedom of thought and phraseology gave great concern to many honest and grave people. "1784, May 7. Heard Mr. Robert Hall, jun.," says that good divine, Mr. Fuller, "from 'He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.' Felt very solemn in hearing some parts. The Lord keep that young man!" Dr. Ryland records, June 8, 1785, "Robert Hall, jun., preached wonderfully from Rom. viii. 18. I admire many things in this young man exceedingly, though there are others that make me fear for him." On a visit to Birmingham, Hall had been rather lavish of his

charity towards the Socinians of the day—had said something to the effect, that “if he were the Judge of all, he could not condemn Dr. Priestley;” which speech gave a “general disgust” to his friends at Birmingham. Excellent Dr. Ryland, faithful and affectionate to admonish, writes to him an exhortation to be on his guard, and to examine his charity; premising, “And indeed my fears and grief were never excited to such a degree concerning you as they now are,” etc.

Hall was an untrammelled thinker, had no notion whatever of prescription in faith, and was ever ready to speak forth his cogitations, suspecting nothing, fearing nothing. Hence his frequent excursions beyond the boundaries which timid and hereditary believers will scarcely approach. In many things, unquestionably, he was at one time unsound, judged by the standard of currently received doctrines. But Hall, in his unsoundness, was sounder than many who pique themselves upon their orthodoxy. There were two circumstances which ever preserved him from dangerous and excessive aberrations—his genial heart, and his Platonic philosophy. In illustration of the former he tells us that he “buried his materialism in his father’s grave”—feeling overcoming there the voice of an unsatisfying logic. The spiritualism of Plato, again, whose works he and Mackintosh so diligently pondered, carried him unharmed through the frigid regions of Scotch metaphysics.

Hall, though as capable as any of taking an independent course, tried more than once his hand at imitation. At the age of twenty-three he heard Mr. Robinson of Cambridge preach. His admiration was excited,—he thought he would copy style, manner, matter, and all. He tried, and failed. Some years subsequently, a friend alluding to the circumstance, he said, “Why, Sir, I was too proud to remain an imitator. After my second trial, as I was walking home, I heard one of the congregation say to another, ‘Really, Mr. Hall did remind us of Mr. Robinson.’ That was a knock-down blow to my vanity, and I at once resolved that, if ever I did acquire reputation, it should belong to my own character, and not be that of a *likeness*. Besides, Sir, if I had not been a foolish young man, I should have seen how ridiculous it was to imitate such a preacher as Mr. Robinson. He had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased; while my voice and manner were naturally

bad; and far from having self-command, I never entered the pulpit without omitting to say something I wished to say, and saying something that I wished unsaid; and besides all this, I ought to have known that for me *to speak slow was ruin*. You know, Sir, that force or momentum is conjointly as the body and velocity; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body must be made up in velocity, or there will not be, cannot be, any impression.” He tried his hand at Johnson also. “Yes, Sir,* I aped Johnson and I preached Johnson, and, I am afraid, with little more of evangelical sentiment than is to be found in his essays; but it was youthful folly, and it was very great folly. I might as well have attempted to dance a hornpipe in the cumbrous costume of Gog and Magog. My puny thoughts could not sustain the load of words in which I tried to clothe them.”

Mr. Hall was a great, but very select reader. Many valuable books he laid aside after discovering an error. Madame de Staël, on Germany, was thrown into a corner after a mere glance, because the authoress represented a certain idealist as being of the contrary school in philosophy. He had no patience with prolix and illogical writers. “Do you think highly of Dr. Owen?” asked a friend. “No, Sir, by no means. Have you read much of Owen, Sir?” “I have read his Preliminary Exercitations, etc., etc.” “You astonish me, Sir, by your patience. You have accomplished an herculean undertaking. . . . To me he is intolerably heavy and prolix. . . . As a reasoner, Dr. Owen is most illogical, for he almost always takes for granted what he ought to prove, while he is always proving what he ought to take for granted; and, after a long digression, he concludes very properly with, ‘This is not our concernment,’ and returns to enter upon something still farther from the point.” Still more severe if possible was his onslaught on poor Dr. Gill. “When Mr. Christmas Evans (a celebrated preacher from the Principality) was in Bristol, he was talking to Mr. Hall about the Welsh language, which, he said, was very copious and expressive. ‘How I wish, Mr. Hall, that Dr. Gill’s works had been written in Welsh!’ ‘I wish they had, Sir; I wish they had, with all my heart, for then I should never have read them. They are a continent of mud, Sir.’”

It is a remarkable fact that Mr. Hall had

* The reader will have by this time observed that Mr. Hall was unusually fond of the word “Sir,” in conversation.

but a languid taste for poetry. Milton's were the only poetical works he thoroughly admired. He could not read Byron. "I tried to read Childe Harold, but could not get on, and gave it up." "Have you read the Fourth Canto, Sir, which is by far the best?" "Oh no, Sir, I shall never think of trying." "But, Sir, independently of the poetry, it must be interesting to contemplate such a remarkable mind as Byron's." "It is well enough, Sir, to have a general acquaintance with such a character, but I know not why we should take pleasure in minutely investigating deformity."

His systematic reading was mainly limited to the great men of antiquity and to the ablest authors of modern times. During the first years of his Cambridge life he somewhat reduced his converse with books, in order more effectively to discharge his public duties. This he afterwards considered an error. He returned to his former habits, and ever after to the very verge of life kept faithful to his resolves. It was his plan at first to carry on five or six courses of study simultaneously; but this, during the last dozen years of his life, he abandoned, confining himself specially to one subject at a time. His field of subjects embraced a great variety, but the principal portion was allotted to ratiocinative works. Jonathan Edwards never ceased to interest him. Reading Chillingworth's "Religion of Protestants" was "just like reading a novel." In political economy he was a great admirer of Bentham, both in regard to theory and matter; and declared that if he were compelled to legislate to the world upon "uninspired principles," he should "take Bentham and go from state to state with as firm a step as if he walked upon a pavement of adamant."

Arnold learned German to read Niebuhr; and Hall, notwithstanding his apathy to poetry, studied Italian to read Dante. Probably his achievement was not very complete, for he confesses that he cannot say with Milton,

Now my task is smoothly done,
I can walk or I can run:

but still his progress in the language was so great that he perused Dante "with great relish."

Of one feature of Mr. Hall's character, as a minister of religion, we must not be oblivious—we mean his wise and anxious care for the secular interests of society. Though he was not a "political dissenter," as the phrase was in those days contemptuously

used, he still was, and that most emphatically, a religious politician. He had strength and clearness of vision sufficient to discern the interdependence of the secular and the spiritual in the affairs of men, and courage enough to set at naught the ignorant murmurs of some about his overstepping the proper line of ministerial duty. The French Revolution set his whole being on fire. The subsequent progress of a wild democratic spirit, never contemplated by the better men of the Revolution, again awakened his most watchful and anxious concern. On both occasions, as we have seen, he preached to his people, and addressed the world through the press. His sympathies and survey of things were wide as the poles, and yet so minute and pervading as to be cognizant of the every-day difficulties and perils of the poorest in the land. He was as cosmopolitan as the veriest visionary, and yet as patriotic as Cincinnatus, and as local and practical as any drudging member of St. Stephen's. He had seen so far as to apprehend the momentous truth, hidden from many wise, that to act for the benefit of man is to act religiously. His patriotism was nourished by his religion; and so, also, was his enthusiastic love of liberty, for he deemed liberty essential to human progress in intelligence and piety. England he loved for the same reason, for England was—then more even than it is now—the asylum into which Liberty had fled for her life. His country was to him not simply the soil which had fostered his youth and sustained his manhood—it was, in respect to the war waged between liberty and despotism, the very "Thermopylae of the universe." Listen to a few of the sentences he uttered when Napoleon threatened the invasion of England:

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain, though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought for an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favorite abode; but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed, in the only aperture where it can be suc-

cessfully repelled, in the Thermopylæ of the universe. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born; their fortunes are intrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the color and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the Continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it? It remains with you, then, to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral-pall, and wrapt in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. —*Works*, vol. i. pp. 189–191.

In the society of his friends, Mr. Hall was particularly frank and communicative. The impression was at once given that he was an honest and guileless man. In the company of cultivated females he delighted. Visiting the people of his charge, he would frequently, when he knew they expected him at a given hour, step in an hour earlier in order to have a chat and gambol with the children. His power of conversation was almost equal to that of Coleridge, while he was less obtrusive and dogmatic than that man of mystic wisdom. Foster said, "Hall commands words like an emperor, Coleridge like a magician"—alluding to the habit the latter frequently indulged in, of passing the bounds of the readily intelligible. In another place he calls Coleridge "the prince of magicians, whose mind, too, is clearly more original and illimitable than Hall's. Coleridge is, indeed, sometimes less perspicuous and impressive by the distance at which his mental operations are carried on. Hall works his engine-

ry close by you, so as to endanger your being caught and torn by the wheels, just as one has felt sometimes when environed by the noise and gigantic movements of a great mill."

Although free from dogmatism, Mr. Hall was always decided and unequivocal in rendering an opinion. His criticisms on persons, and, as we have already seen, on authors, were often caustic and unsparing—he did nothing by halves. "Speaking of Mr. —'s composition, 'Yes, it is very eloquent, but equally cold: it is the beauty of frost.'" "Poor Mr. —" (a nervously modest man) "seems to beg pardon of all flesh for being in the world." "Poor man," (speaking of Bishop Watson,) "I pity him! he married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife." "Pray, Sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. —?" (Dr. Chalmers, we presume.) "Why, Sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented; what do you call it?" "You mean, I presume, the kaleidoscope." "Yes, Sir, it is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form; but the object presented is still the same. His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon, but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."

Notwithstanding this outspoken boldness in rendering an opinion on men and things, Hall was eminently benevolent and genial in his intercourse. He spread a sunshine of delight around him wherever he moved. He was a true friend of *man*, and as such was recognized by the common instinct of all who approached him. True and ever earnest, he was no jester, no flatterer, no actor of parts; what he said he meant, and went straight on, as his clear intellect, regal judgment, and impulsive generous heart indicated, with few inquiries, if any, as to how men would think or speak. Not only was his soul instinct with goodness, but this goodness, too, ever emanated in beautiful forms.

CAPTAIN SIR JOHN FRANKLIN,

COMMANDER OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

With a Portrait.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN — whose protracted absence from our shores continues to be a subject of painful sympathy—was born in 1796, at Spilsby, in Lincolnshire. He entered the Navy, Oct. 1, 1800, as a boy, on board the *Polyphemus*, 64, Capt. John Lawford, under whom he served as midshipman, in the action off Copenhagen, April 2, 1801. He then, in the *Investigator* sloop, sailed with Capt. Flinders, on a voyage of discovery to New Holland; where, on joining the *Porpoise*, armed store-ship, he was wrecked on a coral rock, near Cato Bank, Aug. 17, 1803. While on his passage home, in the *Camden*, East Indiaman, Mr. Franklin had charge of the signals; and he distinguished himself at the celebrated repulse of a powerful French squadron under Admiral Leinois, Feb. 15, 1804.

On his arrival in England, he joined the *Bellerophon*; and, subsequently, under Capt. Cooke, took part in the battle of Trafalgar. On being transferred to the *Bedford*, 74, Mr. Franklin was confirmed a lieutenant of that ship, Feb. 11, 1808; and escorted the royal family of Portugal from Lisbon to South America. During the after part of the war, he was chiefly employed at the blockade at Flushing; he then, towards the close of 1814, joined in the expedition to New Orleans; and for his brave conduct on Jan. 8, 1815, he was officially and very warmly recommended for promotion.

On Jan. 14, 1818, Franklin assumed command of the hired brig *Trent*, in which he accompanied Capt. D. Buchanan, of the *Dorothea*, on a perilous voyage of discovery to the neighborhood of Spitzbergen. In April, next year, Franklin was invested with the command of an expedition to proceed overland from Hudson's Bay to ascertain the actual position of the Coppermine river, and the exact trending of the shores of the Polar Seas to the eastward of that river. This fearful undertaking endured until the sum-

mer of 1822, through a journey of 5,550 miles: its perils and adventures, Captain Franklin (whose commander's and post commissions bear date respectively 1821 and 1822) has ably described in his "Narrative" of the journey.

In 1825, he left England to coöperate with Captains Beechy and Parry in ascertaining, from opposite quarters, the existence of a North-west Passage. The results of this mission, which terminated in lat. 70° 24' N., long. 149° 30' W., will also be found in Capt. Franklin's Narrative, 1825-27.

On his return to England, in Sept. 1827, he was presented by the Geographical Society at Paris with a gold medal, valued at 1200 francs, for having made the most important acquisition to geographical knowledge during the preceding year. In 1829, at home, he received the honor of knighthood, besides the Oxford degree of a D.C.L. Sir John Franklin married, first, in 1823, the youngest daughter of William Porden, Esq., architect; and 2dly, in 1828, the second daughter of John Griffin, Esq., of Bedford Place.

From 1830 until 1834, he commanded the *Rainbow*, 28, on the Mediterranean station; and for his exertions in connection with the troubles in Greece, he was presented with the order of the Redeemer of Greece. In 1836, Sir John Franklin was created a K.C.H.; and was afterwards, for some time, Lieut.-Governor of Van Diemen's Land.

In 1845, Sir John Franklin was appointed to the command of another expedition to the North—the *Erebus* (Captain Franklin) and the *Terror* (Capt. Crozier)—on a fresh attempt to explore a north-west passage through Lancaster Sound and Behring's Strait. The ships left Greenhithe, May 19, 1845. Little intelligence has been received of this expedition since the day of its sailing.

At the close of 1847, Government re-

solved to send out three expeditions in search of Franklin and his party, numbering 140 souls. The first of these expeditions, H.M.S. *Plover*, sailed in January, 1848; the second expedition, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, was placed under the command of Captain Sir James Ross, and sailed in May, 1848; the third expedition (overland) under Sir John Richardson, having left Liverpool about two months previously. In the spring of 1849, the *North Star* left with provisions for Ross's expedition; and a reward of £20,000 was offered by Government to any land or sea expedition that might render efficient assistance to Sir John Franklin, his ships, or their crews, and contribute directly to extricate them from the ice.

The past year has been one of "hope deferred," as regards the subject of the Franklin expedition. In the autumn, there dawned a sudden light; though "the time of hope was nearly gone by in all hearts save that of the noble-minded wife, who *would not* part with hope." A whaler brought a sealed cylinder; but it only contained information

of Franklin's ships to June, 1845. Another whaler brought a story from the Esquimaux, that the ships of both Franklin's and Ross's expeditions were seen beset by the ice in Prince Regent's Inlet, as late as March, 1849. In November, Ross's expedition returned, and formally negated the circumstantial story. Almost simultaneously arrived Sir John Richardson; and since has returned the *Plover*. Neither of the three expeditions has brought any intelligence of the missing voyager or his companions!

The public sympathy has been touchingly expressed on the calamitous suspense; and prayers have been offered up in between 60 and 70 churches, by upwards of 50,000 worshippers, for the preservation and safe return of the missing expedition. A reward of upwards of one hundred guineas has been promised to any of the whaling-ships which may bring information of the voyagers; and Lady Franklin has offered £2000 to induce whalers to make search in parts not within the scope of the field covered by the Government expedition.

AN UNEXPECTED BALANCE AT COUTTS'S BANK.—Lord A. F.—[Fitzclarence] happened to drop into Coutts's with his friend Mr. W—, who wanted to draw some money, for which purpose he got a check from the cashier, and filled it up for 200*l.*: on receiving which, he observed that he had something to say to one of the partners, and excused himself for running into an inner room a few minutes for the purpose. Lord A., left standing by the counter, noticed, laughingly, "Well, it is a very pleasant thing to be able to walk in and get helped to 200*l.* in that way." "If your Lordship wishes to draw," replied the cashier, "I will hand you a check." "Oh, yes! but as I do not keep an account here, that would be of very little use," said my Lord; and the conversation went on, as his Lordship thought, jocularly. "I beg your Lordship's pardon; but I shall be very happy to cash it." "But I tell you, I have no money in the bank, and never had any at Messrs. Coutts's." "Your Lordship is mistaken; there is a larger sum than that standing in our books in your name." And consulting a large ledger, he pointed out the entry. It turned out that his royal father had vested certain amounts for the younger branches of his family, and had somehow

forgotten to mention the circumstance; and so there it might have lain for a long time, as it is a rule of the house never to announce moneys paid in.—*Jerdan's Autobiography*.

JAGUAR STEAKS AND GASTRONOMIC REFLECTIONS.—Several of the negroes were sent hunting; and wild ducks of various species, deer, armadilloes, and fish, with beef and mutton, gave us plenty for our table. Several jaguars were killed, as Mr. C. pays about eight shillings each for their skins; one day we had some steaks at the table, and found the meat very white, and without any bad taste. It appears evident to me that the common idea of the food of an animal determining the quality of its meat is quite erroneous. Domestic poultry and pigs are the most unclean animals in their food, yet their flesh is most highly esteemed; while rats and squirrels, which eat only vegetable food, are in general disrepute. Carnivorous fish are not less delicate eating than herbivorous ones; and there appears no reason why some carnivorous animals should not furnish wholesome and palatable food. Venison, so highly esteemed at home, is here the most dry and tasteless meat that can be had, as it must be cooked within twelve hours after it is killed.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The issues of the Press, both at home and abroad, for December, were in great part confined to illustrated and holiday books. The number of those interesting to the reading public is small.

Scandinavian Adventures during a Residence of upwards of Twenty Years. By L. Lloyd.

Memoirs of the Life of the Princess Palatine, together with her Correspondence with the Great Men of her Day, including a Memoir of the Court of Holland under the Prince of Orange, by the Baroness Blaise de Bury.

The Bye-ways of History. By Mrs. Percy Sinnett.

Memoir of the Rev. James Crabb, the "Gipsy Advocate." By John Rudall.

Business, as It Is and as It Might Be. By Joseph Lyndall. This work obtained the prize of fifty guineas offered by the Young Men's Christian Association for the best essay on "The Evils of the present System of Business, and the Difficulties they present to the Attainment and Development of Personal Piety, with Suggestions for their Removal."

An Investigation of the Laws of Thought, on which are founded the Mathematical Theories of Logic and Probabilities. By George Boole, Professor of Mathematics in Queen's College, Cork.

The Rt. Hon. Benjamin D'Israeli, M. P.: a Literary and Political Biography, addressed to the New Generation.

Fiends, Ghosts and Sprites, including an Account of the Origin and Nature of the Belief in the Supernatural. By John Neiten Radcliffe.

History of the Christian Church to the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, A. D. 500. By Rev. J. C. Robertson.

Once upon a Time. By Charles Knight.

Balder: A Poem. By the Author of "The Roman."

The Cross and the Dragon; or, the Fortunes of Christianity in China; with Notices of the Secret Societies of the Chinese. By J. Kesson.

The Bhilua Topes; Or, Buddhist Monuments of Central India. By Major A. Cunningham.

Campaigning in Kaffirland. By Captain Ross King.

Poema. By Philip Chaloner.

The Lays of Many Years. By the Rev. J. D. Hull.

The Doctor's Daughter's Domestic Manual.

Sketches of Character; or, the History of the Human Intellect.

The following new novels are announced:

Maud: a City Autobiography. John; or, Is a Cousin in the Hand worth Two Counts in the Bush? By Emille Carlen, author of Woman's Life, &c. Walter Evelyn; or, the Long Minority. Margaret; or,

Prejudice at Home and its Victims. Christie Johnstone. By Charles Reade, author of 'Peg Woffington.' The Cardinal. By the author of 'The Duchess.' Avillion, and other Tales. By the author of 'Olive,' 'The Head of the Family,' &c.

ITEMS.

Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have announced the commencement of a new series of their "Foreign Theological Library." The first volume is to be Dr. Hengstenberg's *Christology of the Old Testament*. Other very important works will follow immediately.

The first part of Bunyan's famous allegory has been translated into Chinese, and has just passed through the press. It is sold at 5d. per copy.

An announcement from Berlin informs us that William Von Humboldt has left behind him a collection of sonnets—352 in number—dictated by the deceased philosopher and minister at Tejal. They are just out of the press.

M. de Bacourt, one of the executors of Prince de Talleyrand, has addressed a letter to the *Journal des Débats*, protesting against the publication of certain letters ascribed to the deceased statesman, recently announced. He says he will oppose it by all legal means in his power.

The Abbé Cochet, Inspector of Historical Monuments of the Seine-Inférieure, so well known for his researches in France among the cemeteries of the Gallo-Roman and Merovingian periods, announces for publication a work in octavo, under the title of *La Normandie Souterraine*, in which he proposes to give the result of his experience in that department of archaeology.

Mr. Ruskin, (says the *Commonwealth*,) who is said to dress quite in a clerical fashion, and who almost intones his lectures, has been holding forth in Edinburgh against Greek architecture, and on the favorite themes of Turner and the pre-Raphaelites. His condemnation of the Greek architecture was—especially when we consider that he spoke in Edinburgh—bold and unsparingly severe.

Henri Conscience, the French historical novelist, has just received a sixth honorary decoration from royal hands—the King of Sweden has sent him the decoration of a Knight of the Order of Gustavus Vasa.

In a lecture on China, which he delivered at Bolton the other day, Dr. Bowring said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials enough for the wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not make the towers and turrets which adorn it.

After careful calculation, we find the issues of new publications and new editions are now averaging together 4,350 volumes per annum, which,

after making full allowance for the improvements in our system of registration, shows an annual issue of nearly one-fourth over that of ten years back. This conclusion is drawn from a pretty safe average, that of four years, thus:—

	New Books.	New Editions.
1839 ...	2,302 vols.	773 vols.
1840 ...	2,091 "	821 "
1841 ...	2,011 "	741 "
1842 ...	2,198 "	684 "
	8,597	3019—Total, 11,606 vols.
1849 ...	3,281 vols.	1062 vols.
1850 ...	3,025 "	1186 "
1851 ...	3,454 "	1016 "
1852 ...	3,359 "	1140 "
	13,119	4440—Total, 17,523 vols.

This does not include pamphlets, of which we have only taken the record during the last three years. In 1850, there were 1,198; in '51, 940; and in '52, 908. The noticeable excess for the first year arose from the pamphlet-writing on the Papal question, upon which there were no less than 180 published during one month. We shall hope from time to time, as opportunity offers, to add to this information, extending it to the publication price, average value, &c.—*Publishers' Circular*.

Gratifying news has just been received from Dr. Vogel, of the Central African Expedition, written on the eve of his departure from Murzuk to Lake Tsad, which was fixed on the 12th of October last. He hoped to reach the latter in the beginning of the present month.

The valuable collection of fossils and minerals belonging to the late eminent German geologist, Louis von Buch, has been purchased, by order of the King of Prussia, for the Museum of Natural History at Berlin. His extensive library, chiefly on the natural sciences, has also been purchased by his Majesty.

The King of Bavaria, on the occasion of his last birthday, founded a new order—an order of intellectual chivalry—in which the grandest celebrities of the Fatherland, authors, artists, men of science, and musicians—all who cultivate the arts of peace, who beautify life, and ennoble society, are to become associated.

The *Paris Gazette* announced, some time ago, that a sum of 4000*l.* had been left to the Institute of France, to be given to the discoverer of a cure for the Asiatic cholera; the annual interest of the sum to be awarded to those who may do most to relieve the terrible malady.

DEATH OF MRS. OPIE.—The death of Amelia Opie, aged eighty-five, is one among the thick-coming mementoes which mark not merely the flight of time, but the quality of popular fame. In her day, the part played by Mrs. Opie was not an obscure one. She was first known in her birth place, Norwich, as the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. Alderson, a physician of that cathedral town—and this at a time when Norwich possessed other local celebrities besides herself. Subsequently, as the fascinating second wife of the "Cornish Wonder," Mrs. Opie, by her grace and her musical tal-

ents, drew a circle around her in London, only broken up by the untimely death of her husband the painter, in 1807. The social reputation, too, was largely helped—nay, in the first instance, perhaps, created—by the attention which Mrs. Opie excited and retained as a novelist. She was sought and prized as one of the women of genius of her time—and the list then included Harriet Lee, Charlotte Smith, Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Inchbald, the Porters, Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Anne Radcliffe: most of these pioneers if not positive inventors in fiction—who opened in romance, historical and supernatural, in domestic fiction, and in the national tales, paths that the proudest men (as Sir Walter Scott bears witness for us) were only too glad to follow further, when their turn and time of appeal to the public came. Were they now published, Mrs. Opie's "Simple Tales," her "Tales of the Heart," her "Father and Daughter," (the most popular, perhaps, of her novels,) would be thought to want both body and soul: to be poor as regards invention, slight in manner, unreal in sentiment; and they are so, if they be tried against the best writings by the authors of "The Admiral's Daughter," and "Mary Barton," and "Jane Eyre." In their day, however, they were cherished and wept over, as moving and truthful. They won for their authoress a continental reputation; and one of them, "The Father and Daughter," in its translated and dramatized form as the opera "Agnese," with Paer's expressive music, (some of Paer's best,) and Ambrogetti's harrowing personation of the principal character, will connect Amelia Opie's name with opera so long as the chronicles of music shall be written.

In these pursuits, accomplishments and successes, the girlhood, married life, and first years of widowhood of Amelia Opie passed over. Then came a change—strange, though not without its parallel in the history of women of beauty, genius, and social success. She became tired of the world, its pomps, pleasures and vanities; and attracted, it is believed, by the influence exercised over her mind by Mr. Joseph John Gurney, of Earlham, (the brother of Mrs. Fry, and one of the most learned and refined of Quakers,) Amelia Opie sought and obtained a membership in that sect, of which the ordinances admit neither music nor tale-telling, nor the entrance of frivolous and imaginative gayety in any form. When she repaired to London from Norwich, it was to the Friends' yearly meeting, or to the platform of some philanthropic assembly, on which the slave, the prisoner, or some other "desolate and oppressed" creature, was the magnet of attraction. What was more noticeable still, by way of attesting the sincerity of a neophyte, Amelia Opie did her best to force her old self, the novelist, into her new uniform of staid silk bonnet and dove-colored shawl. After having ceased for some years from imaginative creation, the newly fledged Friend suddenly appeared as the authoress of "Illustrations of Lying," a work in which fiction, by thought, word, or work, was whimsically denounced in a series of small fictions. This was followed by "Detraction Displayed," a second draught from the same fountain. But neither in the world she had quitted, nor in the world she had entered, were these hybrid attempts to reconcile "old things with new" received with any extraordinary complacency. The fame of "The Father and Daughter," and of the opera "Agnese," could not be got rid of, could not be dyed drab; and, for its sake, the worldly

world of critics forgave the feebleness and unconscious disingenuousness of Amelia Opie's latter attempts to reconcile callings, habits and associations, essentially and sternly irreconcilable.

After some years of these new efforts, Amelia Opie gently and gracefully oscillated back to some place and pleasure in the world, where her earlier, and, we think, her more real life had been led. She was once more seen, though still as a Friend, in general society—and when seen there was always welcome for the vivacity of her manner, the kindness of her heart, and her anecdotes and reminiscences of gone-by works of art and fancy. By those who were personally acquainted with her, Amelia Opie must be always pleasantly remembered; by those who knew her not, she can never be overlooked, when the works and claims of the English authoresses of the nineteenth century have to be summed up.—*Athenæum*.

It is rumored, says the "*Builder*," that the Government are not indisposed to grant 50,000*l.* towards the estimate of the cost of the Albert park, viz., 250,000*l.*, leaving the balance to be supplied by the borough in the shape of an improvement rate, extending over a lengthened period, which, as the money will not be required instantaneously, will not be overburdensome to the rate-payers. The land to be purchased and taken, according to the parliamentary notice, is in the parishes of St. Mary, Islington, Hornsey, and Stoke-Newington, in all about 409 acres.

The Rev. A. McCaul, D.D., is elected to fill the chair of Ecclesiastical History at King's College, lately held by the Rev. F. D. Maurice, in addition to that of Hebrew and the Old Testament, which he has hitherto held. Mr. G. W. Davenport, of Magdalene Hall, Oxford, Doctor of Civil Law, has been elected to the chair of English Literature and Modern History.

Namik Pacha, who was formerly ambassador from the Porte to this country, has arrived in London to negotiate a loan to enable his country to carry on the war vigorously against Russia.

The Congregational Board of Education have become purchasers of Homerton College, so long under the superintendence of the late Dr. Pye Smith.

We are happy to announce that pensions of 100*l.* each have been this week conferred upon Mr. Alaric A. Watts and upon Mrs. Hogg, widow of the Etrick Shepherd.

Mr. William Howitt has intimated, in a letter from Melbourne, his intention of returning to England as soon as possible.

From Berlin it is stated that the Government has purchased, for 35,000 thalers, (about 5,250*l.*), the celebrated collection of fossils and minerals, and the library, left by the late Louis de Buch. A Cabinet order directs that these collections shall go to enrich the Berlin Museum of Natural History, to which shall be added also such of the books as relate to the natural sciences. The rest of M. de Buch's books are to pass to the Royal Library of Berlin.

The clearances going on in Ely Cathedral have brought to light a curious relic of antiquity in the shape of a leaden seal, or *bull*, of the time of Gregory IX. On a subsequent search among the old

records of the cathedral, the document to which it had been attached—a bull granted to one Roger de Brigham, vesting in the collegiate body the right of electing their own priors—was found, but its *bull* was missing, so that the connection of the two remains cannot be doubted. It is curious that this concession should have been made by a pontiff so rapacious as Gregory X., who, in the year 1229, levied an exaction of tenths in England with so much severity that even the standing crops were anticipated, and the bishops obliged to sell their property.

Messrs. Chubb & Son have just completed one of their large movable wrought iron fire-proof strong-rooms, for the Adelaide branch of the South Australian Banking Company. Its external dimensions are seven feet high, seven feet wide, and seven feet deep; and after deducting the necessary thickness of the fireproofing chambers, the internal contents amount to 254 cubic feet. The interior of the room is fitted with tiers of shelves, sufficient to accommodate a great quantity of books, dead-boxes, &c., and the farther end with two distinct strong iron closets for the deposit of cash, bills, and other valuables, which will be accessible only to the officials who possess the keys of these depositories. The room is lined throughout with hard steel plates, to render ineffectual any attempts to gain access to the interior by means of drilling, and the thickness of the iron plates forming the body of the room is three quarters of an inch at the thinnest part. The room is so constructed as to be taken to pieces for convenience of packing and transit, and can be erected in its new position in a few hours. The fireproofing composition is enclosed in separate chambers, which are secured in their proper positions when reerecting the room. The entrance is secured by a pair of strong fireproof wrought iron folding-doors, fitted with Chubb's patent detector locks, on their recently improved principle, throwing twenty massive bolts all round; secondly, by two case-hardened iron scutcheon locks over the keyholes of the main locks; and, further, by two of Chubb's bank locks, with twelve tumblers in each, as additional checks. Each door is made to open independently of the other, that in case of the accidental loss of any of the set of keys belonging to either door, access to the interior may be obtained by the other, in order that the business of the bank may not be impeded. The weight of the room, complete, is nearly seven tons.

We understand that the will of the late James Ewing, Esq., provides for his relief and relations in the most liberal manner; and amongst the princely gifts to our public charities may be mentioned—£20,000 to the Merchants' House, £10,000 to the Royal Infirmary, and £20,000 in the aggregate to the other charities. In addition to these, £13,000 have been left to the Free Church.

SPEECHES OF THE RIGHT HON. T. B. MACAULAY, M. P., *edited by himself*.—This volume, as the public knows, might never have appeared, if an edition of Mr. Macaulay's speeches had not been issued professedly by special license, really without the consent of their author, and so carelessly, inaccurately, and ignorantly printed as to make the deliverer of them ridiculous in the eyes of any educated man who should believe that he actually so uttered them. In his preface he says:

"I could fill a volume with instances of the injustice with which I have been treated. But I will

confine myself to a single speech, the speech on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. I have selected that speech, not because Mr. Vizetelly's version of that speech is worse than his versions of thirty or forty other speeches, but because I have before me a report of that speech which an honest and diligent editor would have thought it his first duty to consult. The report of which I speak was published by the Unitarian Dissenters, who were naturally desirous that there should be an accurate record of what had passed in a debate deeply interesting to them. It was not corrected by me: but it generally, though not uniformly, exhibits with fidelity the substance of what I said.

"Mr. Vizetelly makes me say that the principle of our statutes of limitation was to be found in the legislation of the Mexicans and Peruvians. That is a matter about which, as I know nothing, I certainly said nothing. Neither in *The Times* nor in the Unitarian report is there any thing about Mexico or Peru.

"Mr. Vizetelly next makes me say that the principle of limitation is found 'amongst the Pandects of the Benares.' Did my editor believe that I uttered these words, and that the House of Commons listened patiently to them? If he did, what must be thought of his understanding? If he did not, was it the part of an honest man to publish such gibberish as mine? The most charitable supposition, which I therefore gladly adopt, is that Mr. Vizetelly saw nothing absurd in the expression which he has attributed to me. The Benares he probably supposes to be some Oriental nation. What he supposes their Pandects to be, I shall not presume to guess. If he had examined *The Times*, he would have found no trace of the passage. The reporter, probably, did not catch what I said, and being more voracious than Mr. Vizetelly, did not choose to ascribe to me what I did not say. If Mr. Vizetelly had consulted the Unitarian report, he would have seen that I spoke of the Pandits of Benares; and he might, without any very long or costly research, have learned where Benares is, and what a Pandit is.

"Mr. Vizetelly then represents me as giving the House of Commons some very extraordinary information about the Calvinistic and the Arminian Methodists. He makes me say that Whitefield held and taught that the connection between Church and State was sinful. Whitefield never held or taught any such thing; nor was I so grossly ignorant of the life and character of that remarkable man as to impute to him a doctrine which he would have abhorred. Here again, both in *The Times* and the Unitarian report, the substance of what I said is correctly given.

"Mr. Vizetelly proceeds to put into my mouth a curious account of the polity of the Wesleyan Methodists. He makes me say that after John Wesley's death, 'the feeling in favor of the lay administration of the sacrament became very strong and very general; a Conference was applied for, was constituted, and after some discussion, it was determined that the request should be granted.' Such folly could have been uttered only by a person profoundly ignorant of the history of Methodism. Certainly nothing of the sort was ever uttered by me;

and nothing of the sort will be found either in *The Times* or in the Unitarian report.

"Mr. Vizetelly makes me say that the Great Charter recognizes the principle of limitation, a thing which everybody who has read the Great Charter knows not to be true. He makes me give an utterly false history of Lord Nottingham's Occasional Conformity Bill. But I will not weary my readers by proceeding farther. These samples will probably be thought sufficient. They all lie within a compass of seven or eight pages. It will be observed that all the faults which I have pointed out are grave faults of substance. Slighter faults of substance are numerous. As to faults of syntax and of style, hardly one sentence in a hundred is free from them.

"I cannot permit myself to be exhibited in this ridiculous and degrading manner, for the profits of an unprincipled man. I therefore unwillingly, and in mere self-defence, give this volume to the public."

The author of these *Speeches* has exercised no inconsiderable influence upon the course of events in our own time. He has in some degree made history as well as written it, and such an outline of his past career as this work contains, has in it an importance which will not be overlooked. In more ways than one it is important. It is not only a faithful transcript, so far as it goes, of the political career of a most eminent man, and a volume full of true and liberal thoughts, expressed with a noble eloquence, but it is also a fragment of the history of a party.

The literary pensions just granted by Lord Aberdeen, in the name of her Majesty, to Mr. Alarie A. Watts, and to Mrs. Hogg, the widow of the Ettrick Shepherd, have afforded subjects for conversation in literary circles during the past week. To Mr. Watts has been given a pension of one hundred pounds a year, and to Mrs. Hogg a pension of fifty pounds a year. The services to art-literature rendered by Mr. Watts have not been sufficiently appreciated by the public. The "*Literary Souvenir*" (of the sustained annuals by very far the best) was, while under Mr. Watts's editorship, a real service to the cause of illustrated books. The pictures were generally selected with great good taste; and the literature appended to them, whether poetry or prose, was always to the point, and good of its kind—the kind also being good of itself. But Mr. Watts's services to literature were not restricted to editorial duties: he was, and will perhaps be again, a graceful poet. Some of his verses (why has he been so long silent!) overflow with domestic pathos and beauty of no ordinary kind. It will be pleasant to him, no doubt, to learn that we have not heard a syllable said against the propriety of the grant. Authors, it is alleged, are seldom kind critics about one another. There is truth in the remark; but not less true is it that they are always ready to rejoice in the pecuniary welfare of one another.

A pension of 100*l.* a year has been bestowed by Government on the family of the late James Simpson, Esq., of Edinburgh, in recognition of the good services by Mr. Simpson in the matter of national education, and other subjects of public interest.



ENGRAVED BY SAUTAIN.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

ENGRAVED FOR THE SELECTED MAGAZINE.

